

A Great Mother

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Frances E. Willard

A GREAT MOTHER

SKETCHES OF

MADAM WILLARD

BY HER DAUGHTER

FRANCES E. WILLARD AND HER KINSWOMAN

MINERVA BRACE NORTON

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY LADY HENRY SOMERSET

Bring up this child for me in the love of humanity and in the expectation of immortal life.—MADAM WILLARD.

Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be—
The last of life for which the first was made.
—ROBERT BROWNING.

CHICAGO
MISS RUBY I. GILBERT
1905

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ANNA ADAMS GORDON

DEDICATED

TO

THE WHITE RIBBON WOMEN OF THE WORLD,

THEIR HUSBANDS AND THEIR

CHILDREN.

Weep not for me;
Be blithe as wont, nor tinge with gloom
The stream of love that circles home,
Light hearts and free!
Joy in the gifts Heaven's bounty sends;
Nor miss my face, dear friends.

I still am near,
Watching the smiles I prized on earth
Your converse mild, your blameless mirth;
Now, too, I hear
Of whispered sounds the tale complete.
Low prayers and musings sweet.

A sea before
The Throne is spread; its pure, still glass
Pictures all earth-scenes as they pass;
We, on its shore,
Share, in the bosom of our rest,
God's knowledge, and are blest.

—JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, *Cardinal.*

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INTRODUCTION.

By LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

IT is a curious psychological problem why the study of what constitutes successful motherhood should have been so much neglected by scientific minds among men and philosophic minds among women. Glittering generalities in abundance we have had, but thoughtful analysis has been well-nigh overlooked. It is, however, an accepted belief that the mother in her relation to the history of her offspring is an embodied fate. This has been recognized since the days when the names of the mothers of the Kings of Israel were, as a matter of course, recorded, with the sum of good and evil in their lives, to these times when, through the study of heredity by scientific methods, we discover that the child inherits its mental qualities chiefly from the mother. The basis of generalization on this subject is as broad as the race, and whoever helps to collect facts bearing upon it has rendered to the specialist a valuable service.

The evolution of motherhood is the most significant of all phenomena, and the most hopeful. The higher education now accorded to woman, so far from diminishing her motherly qualities, has proved a blessing to her little ones in the added thoughtfulness and knowledge that have enriched the heritage she was able to bestow upon them, and has rendered her care more wise and skillful. At the same time, our observation of life teaches us that some women have a special genius for motherhood—a gift as distinct as that of the inventor, the poet, or the statesman; and as in these instances the natural endowment can only be developed by life-long study and toil, so the great mother is a growth involving the utmost intellectual devotion, the ripest heart culture and the

rarest spirituality; while, at the basis of all this, there must be a physique carefully cared for, well poised and strong. All these qualities and many more met in the rare personality sketched in the pages that follow.

Madam Willard (as she was always called among the White Ribbon women, that they might differentiate her from her daughter-in-law, and as a token of their reverence) was one of the best products of New England nature and nurture, of pioneer hardihood, of the higher education in a breezy Western college, of the growth of a great soul living in loneliness on a Wisconsin prairie, and, after all that, of thirty years in a university town in the suburbs of the most vital and typical city of the New World. As a general statement it has been found true that the most successful teachers among women are likely to become the most successful mothers, and perhaps there is no greater misfortune to any country than one which I have yet to hear referred to by a sociologist, viz: that the majority of our women teachers remain unmarried. That this should be true is a significant comment upon the superficial ideas that so largely control men in their selection of wives, while it proves that women of more independent thought and action have a standard that holds them from being so readily mated, and hence they are not so rapidly married. Madam Willard, who began to teach at fifteen years of age, remained in that vocation until her twenty-seventh year. The improvement introduced into the training of children by the Kindergarten system is incalculable, and its beneficent influences will tell upon our national life, steadily lifting it to higher levels when many a noisy scheme for the world's regeneration is forgotten. Madam Willard's methods had in them the blessed Kindergarten philosophy from first to last. "Come, let us live for our children," was her watchword, and to study and educe their powers her occupation. The qualities that made her the favorite "school teacher" in all the country round were precisely those that eventually crowned her life-work with what might well be the crowning ambition of a woman—she became a great mother.

Not least among her qualifications for her career was the fact that she did not marry until she was physically in the blossom of

mature life. Doubtless she brought fewer children into the world, but we are learning that this is no misfortune since the question of quality altogether outranks the question of quantity in our overcrowded population. She was equally mature in mind; the discipline of twelve years invested in training little children and aspiring youths and maidens had given her not only a general insight into character but a specific understanding of the intricacies inseparable from the formative period of mind, and had developed rare ingenuity in making them happy though taught.

But the choicest trait of her character as school-mistress and house-mother was that unfailing optimism which she had by inheritance from a long line of ancestors wholesome and holy, a home training full of cheerful spirituality, and a personal faith in the unseen verities that never wavered, and that alone gives substance to any character or life.

Whatever may be the immediate reception of this book, of one thing I feel assured, that its pages will be sought in future times by those who would trace the sources of that mighty inspiration which has led to the significant and far-reaching organization of Christian womanhood, at the close of the nineteenth century, which the historian will be called on to explain.

It is my deliberate judgment, therefore, that this volume, sent forth by the leader of the White Ribbon host and her faithful kinswoman, will not only be a favorite hand-book of motherly teaching in the purest Christian homes, but one of the chief explanations of the character and achievements of that loving and loyal daughter whose life-work has so largely moulded the awakened womanhood of her epoch.

Isabel Somerset

Eastnor Castle, February, 1894.

A GREAT MOTHER.

CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD—YOUTH—EARLY TRAINING.

Thou camest not to thy place by accident,
It is the very place God meant for thee.
—Richard Chevenix Trench.

A DISTINGUISHED scholar has related that when in Venice, he was fond of sitting in the Square of St. Mark, to watch the cathedral as the sun declined toward the western horizon. In the light of early afternoon the architectural proportions of the edifice were dazzlingly outlined against the sky, and the brilliant mosaics on the outer walls glowed with life and color. As the sun went slowly downward the mosaics blended into dull unity, and later, light and shade forsook all details of the architecture which became in the gloaming a gray, undistinguished, though massive, pile; while, as the gazer was still spellbound in the gathering darkness, the afterglow of the departed sun suddenly lighted up the gilded domes and spiracles, and the whole marvelous structure stood revealed, not by its lower details, but by its summits glistening in the light diffused through the upper air.

So with a true and noble life. May we but catch the celestial splendor which plays along its summits in the afterglow, we have an abiding vision of that life as it was meant to be.

In the study of a completed human history, heredity must be counted with environment.

The ancestry of Mary Thompson Hill was of best New England stock. Her father, John Hill, of Durham, New Hampshire, was descended, in the fifth generation, from Valentine Hill and his wife Mary, daughter of Theophilus Eaton, leader and first Governor of the New Haven Colony. Her grandfather, Samuel Hill, Jr., of Durham, N. H., was a man of great probity of character, and his wife, Abigail Huckins, was descended from Robert Huckins, a leading citizen of Dover in 1640. Abigail Huckins Hill was "a Whitefield Congregationalist" and possessed a character strong by nature, and developed in force by the circumstances preceding and attending the war of the Revolution, which occurred when she was in middle life. Her later years were spent in the family of her son, John (Madam Willard's father), where she died, December 30, 1829, at the age of nearly ninety-seven. She was a woman of sanguine temperament, gentle as well as strong. She lived in utmost harmony with her son's large family. Her grandchildren who passed much of their time in her room, were kept in excellent discipline by her intense yet quiet decision. The eldest of these, James Hill, who became himself a man of great dignity of character, revered her memory, and always said that he never knew a more remarkable woman than his grandmother Hill.

Her son, John Hill, was, like his mother, a sort of moral Hercules. He was a strong opponent of slavery, long before the anti-slavery reform. One spring he employed at sheep-shearing, among other "hands," a colored youth. He was the first of his complexion known to that neighborhood, and his appearance at the family table created no small sensation. One of Mr. Hill's daughters went to him with a private request. "Sister Abigail," she said, "has a very poor appetite and cannot relish her food at the table with that colored man. Can he wait?" "No," replied the father, "but she can."

John Hill was a man of great decision and courage. In middle life he removed from New England to western New

York. He bought his new farm of General Wadsworth, of Geneseo, N. Y., one of the old patroons. Once a year Mr. Hill went in his sleigh to pay the installment due on the farm. The first time he did so he arrived, after a long trip, late on Friday afternoon. The clerks in the office had dispersed and General Wadsworth, a fine looking man of great dignity, said to him that it was too late, and it would not be convenient for them to attend to the business until Monday. Whereupon the sturdy farmer, with his fair hair combed back and braided in a queue tied with a black ribbon, with his long vest and knee-breeches, and with his broad-brimmed hat in hand, rose to the height of his six feet, and with his clear blue eyes looked the General in the face and said, " It is now or never, sir; the snow is going off. I have had a hard trip coming, and must return to my family to-morrow. I would not travel on the Sabbath, and I cannot afford to stay over."

This was a freedom unparalleled in the presence of the great proprietor, but it was well received. He went into the office, accepted the hard-earned silver, gave his receipt, and Deacon John Hill reached his home by sundown on Saturday night.

The next spring General Wadsworth made a journey in his carriage from one village to another of his vast domain. At Churchville he inquired for Deacon John Hill, and, being informed of his locality, about three miles away, drove over with his aristocratic wife and very handsomely paid his respects.

Deacon Hill's democratic principles and invincible courage were joined to great spiritual power. He was remarkable in prayer and exhortation. At times he seemed the channel for spiritual influence which swept over his hearers in great tides, a transforming power which could be fully realized only by those who had witnessed it in his family, or in the social meetings of his church.

If Madam Willard was fortunate in her paternal ancestry, she was no less so in her maternal descent. Her father

married his second cousin, Mary, daughter of Nathaniel Thompson, a stalwart Durham patriot, descended from William Thompson, also of Durham in 1640. In middle life Nathaniel Thompson, with his wife, Elizabeth Stevens, removed from Durham to Holderness, in the lovely lake region north of Lake Winnepesaukee, shortly before the birth of Mary, their fifth child. Upon the outlet of Lake Asquam Nathaniel Thompson built his mills, and upon its banks he made his home and planted his orchards. Here the little Mary, known as Polly, or Molly, in her own family, grew up, with her poet-heart fed by the very choicest offerings of nature.

The lakes, Asquam, Little Squam, and Minnesquam, taken either separately or together, have a special charm although the largest is much smaller than its neighbor, Winnepesaukee. Surrounded by the three Squam lakes is Shepherd Hill, on which now stands the Asquam house. Here was the favorite mountain retreat of the poet Whittier, where a tree and a ledge of rocks are still known by his name. "In position and setting," says one writer, "these lakes are unexcelled by any water pictures in the known world." Of this region Edward Everett has said, "In Europe I have seen all that is most attractive from the Highlands of Scotland to the Golden Horn of Constantinople; from the summit of the Hartz mountains to the fountain of Vaucluse; but my eye has yet to rest on a lovelier scene."

And Whittier sings:

> "Before me stretched for glistening miles,
> Lay mountain-girdled Squam;
> Like green-winged birds the leafy isles
> Upon its bosom swam."

Here little Polly Thompson watched the shadow of the pines in the waves below, the silver-hemmed islands, and the lights and shades of the encircling mountains. When she had become Mrs. John Hill, and removed first to

Danville, Vt., and later, to Ogden, N. Y., she was never weary of recounting to her daughters the poetry and tragedy of her youthful life at Holderness. When she was about thirteen, and her youngest brother but two years of age, their brave, strong father was sent for by his old neighbors to inspect a ship built at Durham shipyard. He took the horseback journey through the wilderness to the coast, pronounced the ship seaworthy, and it was slipping into the water from the dock when one of the skids broke and flew with great force, striking the leg of Nathaniel Thompson and producing severe compound fracture. This caused his death four days later at the house of a friend near by, and he was buried among his ancestors and near relatives in Durham. It was in 1785, three years after the close of the Revolutionary War, and public conveyances and mails between the coast and the interior of New Hampshire were practically unknown.

Alas, for wife and children on the banks of the Squam! Day after day passed without the return of the absent husband and father. The eldest son was sent eastward for tidings; the wife and mother, with heavy forebodings, addressed herself to the care of her large family, stationing her eldest daughter, Dolly, day by day at the chamber window whence there was a view far down the road over which the father had gone. At last, amid all the beauty of the summer's leafy garniture, there appeared a sight which congealed the hearts of the watching ones. It was the approach of the brother riding his own horse and leading the father's riderless steed, from which the stirrups were dangling. The daughter fainted, but the mother was brave for the sake of her children, though she knew that the husband and father would come no more.

Polly was a thoughtful girl, and, as she grew to womanhood in this lovely place, her early sorrow wore deep channels in her soul, through which softly flowed the peace and consolation which nature speaks. Many an autumn did she watch the red-cheeked apples drop from

the orchard trees, some of them rolling down the sloping bank into the waters of the lake which mirrored the crimsons and yellow-browns of the foliage on the hillsides; many a winter did she gaze on the fascination of the howling storms among the mountains, or the light which gleamed along their snow-clad summits as though the New Jerusalem there stood revealed; many times she rejoiced in the tender greens of spring-time along the lakeside, and in the sunsets and moon-risings of the summer days and nights.

When she was twenty-four years old she married and went to a new home in the hill-town of Danville, Vermont, overlooking the spot where now stands the famed village of St. Johnsbury, and with a view of the White Mountains gloriously lighting up the eastern horizon. Here her second daughter and fourth child was born, January 3, 1805, and named for the mother, Mary Thompson Hill. John Hill, the father, had a Vermont farm of three hundred acres and was well-to-do for the time and region. The school-house was near his home, and with his family the teachers often boarded. In the winter they were young gentlemen from Dartmouth or Middlebury College, and his daughter Mary remembered to her old age the conversation and bearing of these intelligent students, who asked the blessing at the table and conducted family worship when her father was away, who entered into stirring discussion of politics and theology with him when at home, and who repeated classic poetry to the poet-hearted mother and her children at twilight or by the evening fireside. She could not forget that Vermont fireside, for it was both hearth and altar. In her latest years the most valued ornament of her home, "Rest Cottage," was the beautiful little spinning-wheel which her mother used to draw up by the Vermont fireplace to spin a "run of flax" before retiring, while her father, undisturbed by the low hum of the wheel, read aloud from the large Bible placed on a stand at the other corner of the

hearth, conversing or commenting on the Scripture as he read; and at nine o'clock all knelt, while his low, magnetic, reverent tones in prayer would bring to each heart a deep sense of the divine presence and protection.

She well remembered the war of 1812-14, and at the age of seven zealously repeated the patriotic ditties of the time among her school companions. Her first great grief was when she parted from her mates, and her parents from their neighbors, in 1816, for the emigration to western New York. There was a colony of a few families, led by the Hills, which emigrated in sleighs in February of that year, to the far land of promise, the valley of the Genesee. Mary was ten years old, and there were older and younger brothers and sisters, and one motherless, four-year-old cousin, Hannah Thompson, in the sleighs which formed the little procession. Neighbors and friends accompanied them a few miles and bade a solemn farewell, for John Hill and his family were to be sadly missed in Danville. At the same time, from the neighboring town of Wheelock, went the Willard family, whose history in after years was to be inextricably intertwined with that of the Hills.

Sixty-four years afterward Mary Hill Willard revisited for the first time the place of her birth. The house was no longer standing, but she recognized at once the corner where its site was marked by the cellar, overgrown with shrubbery and vines, and the orchard her father had planted, and the school-house that was not far away.

In her reminiscences of those days she said:

"It was hard to go away from dear old Danville, for many relatives and friends were left behind; also our dear school-master, whose 'Good-bye, Mary,' went to my heart.

"We had a nice home, but I heard my father say to mother: 'My children will some day want to go west; a rich country is opening there and I will anticipate them by going with them.' However, we went suddenly at last, for a man who had gone from our neighborhood got home-

sick in the west, came back and wished to invest his money in our farm. Father sold it and we started for New York as soon as the snow was deep enough, going at last at twenty-four hours' notice. Father drove one sleigh, my brother James, another, and Mr. Eliphalet Watson, a third. We had bare ground a good deal of the way, and we children walked, at least, seventy miles in all. We did not consider the journey at all a serious matter. Mother said, 'When Mary walked she swung her arms and seemed to enjoy every step of the way.' From Danville we went to Ogden, after stopping a week at Le Roy. The overland trip occupied two weeks. Our first home in Ogden was built of logs. Ten years after father built the brick house, which is still in a good state of preservation."

A few lines, written more than thirty years after this removal, by Madam Willard for the amusement of her children, recall the bright and happy days of her New England childhood:

"From distant years a gentle light
Is ever brightening my way,
'Twill cheer me to eternal morn
By its sweet ray.

"'Tis from life's dewy, radiant dawn
That introduced my infant day;
From that sweet Eden, diamond gemm'd
Where children play.

"'Tis from my father's sheltered home,
That calm and love-illumined spot,
Where fragrant incense wreathed my brow,
Not yet forgot.

"'Tis from the bright and purling brook,
And from the towering elm-tree's shade,
And from the pure and holy joys
For young life made.

.

"Dainty reflections, clear and bright,
Still gleam from the delicious past,
Cheering the traveler to her home,
That home, her last."


Hill Homestead.
Willard Home.

Mary Hill, like other girls of New England training, knew the practice of household arts. She was, of course, taught to cook, but she liked better to spin and sew. Her only surviving sister, Mrs. Sarah B. Hall, says: "Her domestic qualifications were the result of painstaking and practice. She seemed not to have been made for the kitchen and was never placed there in her father's house. She had no natural liking for housework. Like her mother, she saw 'books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything.' She possessed in an unusual degree admiration for the beautiful, especially in language, and would often stop, in reading aloud, to say, 'What a beautiful expression!' Fine stitches in sewing, fine threads in spinning, smooth work in knitting, were her especial admiration. When a child she once shed tears of disappointment because she could not draw a skein of tow she had been spinning through her mother's open thimble.

"In the family she was pleasant, cheerful and affectionate, always anxious to do something for the improvement of those younger than herself. When age overtook her beloved parents she showed a most tender, loving sympathy for them when with them, and wrote to them frequently and affectionately when absent. Her love for her brothers and sisters was remarkable, especially its unabated warmth after she had a family of her own.

"As a young lady in society she was more than an average conversationalist, a sweet singer, and ever affable toward all. She loved the beautiful in dress, and, for a time, indulged in a stylish wardrobe. She made all her own clothing after the removal to New York State. At the age of fifteen she began to teach.

"As a teacher she ranked among the best. She was gentle, kind and persuasive. She never used harsh tones of voice, and seldom punished. She was always loved by her pupils, and they made rapid advancement, never thinking it a hardship to study."

Madam Willard's reminiscences contain the following references to her youth and early womanhood:

"In those days our home occupations were spinning, weaving and sewing. I was early introduced to these mysteries, but did not follow them far, being otherwise occupied. We had excellent schools. My parents were very desirous that their children should have good opportunities for education. If the children learned their lessons well they were praised for it, and that was the end of the matter; it never came up again. If they were bright and interested it was taken for granted that they would be scholars after awhile; they were not worried all the time lest they might not excel. I began to study grammar when I was nine or ten years old. The English language was a favorite study with me, and I did not learn any other. We had excellent teachers in Vermont; the last two winters they were students from Middlebury College.

"When we came into the new country of western New York of course it was all woods. The only schools were such as were extemporized. We very soon had them, however, because education was in the spirit of the community. Attending school and teaching were my occupations during all my early life. In those days girls no more thought of asking for a school to teach than they would have thought of asking some one to marry them. Teachers were invited by those who had the care of the schools. When we went to New York we found ourselves in advance of others of our age. As they must have a school, they early engaged me to teach the summer school in our own neighborhood, and I taught there for six successive summers and two or three winters. That was the beginning of my teaching career.

"Teachers were examined then as now. There was a committee appointed in the town to examine us in the common studies, reading, writing, spelling, geography, arithmetic and grammar. That was about as much as was

required. Later, physiology and some other studies were introduced.

"I taught from the time I was fifteen until I was twenty-six. I had some terms eight months long. The number of my pupils in school ranged all the way from twenty-five to eighty, averaging fifty or more. I enjoyed teaching very much. There was no foreign population; my scholars were all American-born. There were strong religious influences in the homes and the children were easily managed. I had little prizes for the last day, but I always gave something to every one. I think the schools in those days were more cheerful; more attention was paid to physical and social development. The children are too much crowded now; they have no childhood.

"There were in our family two boys and six girls. Four of us girls became teachers, one teaching thirty years. There was plenty of aspiration in our family. We reached out toward all the good that was attainable in our circumstances. We had a very harmonious home. We were all too busy to quarrel; we had only time to plan and attend to our work."

As a young lady, Miss Hill was fond of society, of which she had the best in this new country, settled by families of more than the average ability and culture. Her Puritan training had not forbidden a place for conversation, books and music, but worldly amusements had for her no attraction. Once she accepted an invitation to a dancing and card party without having been made aware of its nature, and her kindly disposition accorded a prompt excuse to the young man who was her escort, although she could not join in the pastime.

As a teacher her dresses for special occasions were of black silk or satin. Her wedding dress, made in the prevailing style in Rochester, N. Y., was a changeable silk, in which robin's egg blue was the chief color and one most becoming to her fair complexion, and hair of a delicate brown. Though of rather more than medium height, she

was slender and weighed little more than a hundred pounds at this time. Her hands added to delicacy and faultless symmetry an unconscious ease and grace of movement most remarkable. Her motions were dignified, deliberate and graceful.

Speaking of her father's mansion, Madam Willard said, sixty-five years after its erection :

"The brick house my father built must, to spiritual sense, be fragrant with my sister Maria's prayers. Other recollections stir my spirit with equal emotion.

"I remember sister Elizabeth on her bridal morning, so young and fair ; and sister Abigail on her wedding evening, lovely and pure, and the day when my brother John in Rochester, and myself at home, each took upon us the solemn marriage vows. I do not forget how the glory departed from the earth in our first great sorrow, when our loveliest of the lovely, our youngest and darling sister, Charlotte, born after our removal to New York, departed at the age of twelve from our tender care to the many mansions."

But though rooted in ancestral virtue and inherited talent, fed by the beauty of earth and sky and all lovely things, absorbing intelligence and grace from teachers, books and society, the tender, loving daughter and sister, the affectionate and faithful friend, the persuasive and popular teacher, had a life deeper and richer than inheritance and social influence alone could have made it. It was the life which springs from the primal seat of character, the will, and is nourished only by the highest truth.

CHAPTER II.

CONVERSION—EARLY RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE—THE CHURCH OF HER YOUTH.

Life and religion are one, or neither is anything.
—George Mac Donald.

Faith draws the poison from every grief, takes the sting from every loss, quenches the fire of every pain, and only faith can do it.—J. G. Holland.

WHEN the family fireside of the Hills, with its Scripture reading, its devout prayers and its uplifting hymns, was transferred from New England to the New York frontier, whatever comfort had been left behind, this central pivot of the home life was unshaken by the removal. The new neighborhood was a counterpart of the old.

"For years," said Mr. Zophar Willard, "there was a religious 'awakening' as often as the children grew up. Not a profane word was heard in the neighborhood. I never saw an intoxicated man until I was seventeen years old, and he was an importation." Sabbath services and weekly religious evening meetings were begun at once after the removal, and were held in private houses and in the new barns and school-houses, until the people were able to build a commodious stone edifice for worship.

But family religion, at whose altar father, mother and grandmother were priest and priestesses, bore its natural fruit in the religious life of all the children of John and Polly Hill, long before the "reformations" or seasons of religious awakening gathered in those who were older.

The daughter Mary had an intensely religious nature,

and from her earliest remembrance thought of God and eternity as a fine-natured, well-trained child must think. When about twelve years of age she experienced a season of deep solicitude in this regard. In later years she referred to the prayer of a good deacon for her at this time, with a touch of humor at the remembrance of the inclusiveness with which this prayer spanned her intense spiritual struggles.

"He prayed that I might give up my 'little all'; time, eternity, life, death, my friends, my hopes, myself! The universe had nothing that was not included in '*my little all.*'"

The struggle over, she entered upon the calm, majestic flow of a life attuned to the supreme, which knew little superficial agitation, but was a volume of deep thought and feeling, never really interrupted by any obstacles which life or death could interpose in a subsequent career of more than seventy-five years.

Madam Willard said of this early part of her religious life:

"For a year and a half my mind was absorbed with religious thought; young as I was, it was ever-present. The religious spirit seemed to have taken hold of the neighborhood. Before that, the spectre of death had crossed my pathway, a terrific figure, but after this special uplift the terror was gone entirely, and I have never had the same fear of death since. There was a peculiar sense of change about this time. I thought, 'The years will bring you care, practical care; you will have to contend with that as others have done.' The feeling was new to me. I felt responsibility at once and have felt it ever since, a care of my own that I did not know before. But I had too much trust in Providence to be at the mercy of cares, and so, with this feeling of responsibility, came also a deep sense of rest.

"My cousin, Mrs. Abbott, used to sum up her religious experience in six words: 'I feel nothing contrary to

love.' And her husband, if my naturally discursive mind became a little befogged, would say, 'All you have to do is to step right out on the promises.'

"In the earlier part of my life, being a teacher, and thrown under varying religious influences in different families where I boarded, my mind, at one time, became more disturbed than I was willing to make known to my friends, fearing to distress them. I resolved to pray and study the Bible and try to get out of the difficulty by myself. I was teaching in Churchville, N. Y. I used at the noon recess to take my New Testament and go into the orchard back of the school-house and most earnestly seek the light. I opened the Testament one day when it dawned on me that there were no promises but such as were conditioned upon faith. 'According to thy faith be it unto thee.' 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.' Faith in Christ has seemed to me a blessed possibility ever since; a gift to be cultivated, a possession, if need be, to be contended for. Faith would not be insisted upon as it is in the New Testament if we had not the endowment that makes it imperative for us to understand and develop it. What is not of faith is sin. I have never been troubled about this since. I know it shall be well with the righteous and that the Lord will take care of the rest. I have sought information in regard to the experience known as 'sanctification' but have concluded to have my own experience in regard to this. My experience is bright, but placid."

Of the "Old Stone Church" Madam Willard wrote as follows:

"It was built in 1832. John Hill, my father; J. F. Willard, my husband; James Hill, my brother; our neighbors, Edward Covell, Calvin Abbott, and many others, after consultation, decided to build this house of worship and it was not long before it was completed. In that meeting-house the last tribute has been paid and the final eulogy pronounced for the dearly loved and tenderly re-

vered when I was far away; tears have fallen that I could not witness and hearts have been wrung with grief in which I participated at a distance and alone. Here I have heard my father's voice in prayer and praise, and I remember to have heard my dear mother, in monthly meeting, with much emotion bear testimony to her love to Christ. Here my brother James, with impressive earnestness, has often spoken of his firm conviction that there is no other name in heaven or among men whereby we must be saved, and many others have I heard speak of their abiding, uplifting trust in the world's Redeemer. All of my father's family, and nearly all of my husband's family belonged to that old church; it is the sacred shrine of our two households and of many another."

Frances E. Willard adds this testimony to the church of her mother:

"It was a non-sectarian church, gathered from Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist and Unitarian, and called by the broadest possible name, 'The Church of God in Ogden.' Almost without exception, the households of Willard and Hill were members. My uncle Willard says of grandfather Hill: 'He was a wonderful exhorter, and when imbued with the Holy Spirit the tears would run down his cheeks, and a holy unction inspired his very tones. He was never satisfied except when thus broken down by the Spirit. Once he felt that he was not as helpful in the meetings as he wished to be, and he went home. That night the power of God rested mightily upon him, and his whole household, wife and eight children, joined with him in a most memorable family prayer-meeting. He was a marvelous man in prayer. His wife was one of the Lord's saints. She was goodness itself and a mighty power in word.

"She was so spiritually-minded that she would speak aloud to herself about God's beautiful world, for she saw and heard Him in all His works. Her son James was herself over again, and his daughter Morilla was so spiritual that she did not seem to belong to this world. When she died

there was a wonderful triumph, and her father said, 'I feel honored that God has made such a manifestation of himself under my roof.'

"My grandfather, Oliver A. Willard, was the first clerk of the church, uncle James Hill, the second, and cousin Henry Dusinbury, the third and last. Uncle Zophar Willard, uncle Ward Hall, cousins John and Sheldon Hill, were all officially connected with it.

"Ever since I began to speak in public, seventeen years before, I had greatly wished to declare, within these hallowed and historic walls, my loyalty to Him who is woman's best friend. But not until April 16, 1888, did my time come.

"At three o'clock on Sabbath afternoon we all gathered at the church, a quaint old structure standing at the foot of a long, graceful slope on the top of which is the picturesque Willard homestead of auld lang-syne. The present residents of that home, Mr. and Mrs. Way, had brightened and beautified the old sanctuary with fresh platform carpet, easy chair and potted plants. All the relatives who yet remain, and many neighbors, old and new, with youths and maidens, boys and girls, packed the church, and, uncle Willard presiding, we sang the old hymns so often echoed by these walls from voices long silent. 'How Firm a Foundation, ye Saints of the Lord'; 'Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah'; and 'There is a Land of Pure Delight' seemed to me tenderly to invoke the spirits of the sacred past. Then, in rich tones full of pathos, my cousin Sarah read the ninetieth Psalm, 'Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations,' and the pastor of the Churchville Congregational church led in prayer with a brother's sympathy.

"After that I frankly told the kind people all my heart, taking as a text: 'The Master is come and calleth for thee,' and setting what I tried to say in the key of

"'We are traveling home to God
In the way our fathers trod.'

"I told them what Christianity means to my heart and what I believed it means to custom and law, to society and government. It stirred my spirit deeply as I realized in some small measure what it signified to testify as one of the cloud of witnesses who belonged to the same household of faith and within these walls had found and taught the 'unsearchable riches of Christ.' As we thought of all these things we wept together, but the tears were those of Christian joy. Born of a Christian race, bred in a Christian home, I dedicated myself anew in the old stone church that day to Christ and His gospel."

An aged minister of the Free Baptist church, the Rev. Hiram Whitcher, writes on this theme:

"Josiah Willard and Mary Hill, the parents of Frances Willard, were brought up and converted in the same society and school district with myself. With them I was as familiar in my youth as with my own brothers and sisters. Mr. Willard's father and mother, with my parents and Mrs. Willard's, were charter members of the Union church at Ogden. My father was the first to die and represent this church in heaven, and the elder Willard was the second. I can easily account for the piety of the gifted daughter of Josiah and Mary Willard, for no persons ever went out from our church more truly pious than were these parents. And I can account for her masterly ability as an orator, for her grandfather Hill and his sister were the most gifted lay persons I ever heard speak.

"That old Union church is no more here below but it has a grand record, and its representatives I think will not suffer in comparison with others of much more note in this world. Six ministers were reared in it, and as many pious and gifted persons as in any other of its age. All I am, or have ever been, or hope yet to become, I owe, under God, to the ability and piety of this church."

CHAPTER III.

EARLY MARRIED LIFE — OBERLIN.

Love took up the harp of Life and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight.

—Alfred Tennyson.

JOSIAH FLINT WILLARD was descended from Major Simon Willard, a leader among the Massachusetts Puritans, who emigrated to Cambridge in 1634, and became the founder of Concord, Mass. In that part of Lancaster set off in 1732 into the town of Harvard, Elijah Willard, the grandfather of Josiah, was born. He early served in the war of the Revolution and in middle life became pastor of the Free Baptist church in Dublin, N. H., where he remained forty years, until his death in 1838 at the age of eighty-eight years. His first wife was Mary Atherton, also of an old and distinguished family of Lancaster, Mass. Their third son, Oliver Atherton Willard, born soon after the close of the Revolutionary War, became a man universally respected and beloved. He married a woman of a peculiarly piquant and original nature, Catherine Lewis, daughter of Captain Lewis and Martha Collins, his wife, of Southboro, Mass. Oliver A. Willard and his wife settled in Wheelock, Vt., where their four children were born, and removed in 1816 to Ogden, N. Y., then called "The Gilman Settlement," from a prominent family who, with a few others, had been the first to settle there in 1815. The young Willard couple with their little children settled on a farm adjoining the Hill farm and, after a few years of

pioneer life, built there a substantial stone mansion, still standing. Before the family had removed into their newly completed home, the father yielded to malarial fever and died at the early age of forty-two, leaving his eldest child, Josiah, at the age of twenty, to take up the care of his mother and the younger children, and the administration of the estate.

Since the age of fourteen, Josiah, with his energy and ability developed by the needs and opportunities of a new country, had been marking out his own career. While a mere boy, he had taught acceptably a summer school. Then he engaged as clerk in a store in a neighboring town, where his character and capacity made such an impression on the proprietor that he soon opened a store in Churchville, a village two miles from the Willard homestead, and placed young Willard in charge. Success followed him in this and other undertakings for which his capable and versatile nature fitted him. Upright, correct and careful, it was an astonishment to the whole community when Josiah Willard, in a weekly religious meeting held near his home, in the midst of harvest time, arose, and, in deep agony for sin, asked the prayers of those present. In the surprised and painful silence which followed, he fell upon his knees and besought for himself the blessing and forgiveness of God. So deep was the religious impression that it was the beginning of a revival which swept through the community. This brought into the communion of the little church thirty heads of families and made Josiah Willard more than ever a leader among the younger members.

When in 1831 he bore away Mary T. Hill as his bride to the Willard homestead, half a mile from her father's door, he was twenty-six, and she about the same age. Each was possessed of impressive personality, of fine intellect, agreeable manners, commanding personal appearance, and, for the time and country, was well educated.

For ten years they lived in the community which had been their home since childhood,—the town of Ogden, the



CAROLINE ELIZABETH WILLARD
(THE LITTLE DAUGHTER WHO DIED IN 1838.)

village of Churchville,—and four children were here born to them. The first early passed away; the second was their only son, named for his grandfather, Oliver Atherton Willard. The third, and, as the parents thought, the loveliest of their children, was Caroline Elizabeth, who was taken from them in her second year. The fourth was Frances Elizabeth Caroline, whose name is a synonym for helpful influence the world around.

More wise, devoted and tender parents than Josiah F. and Mary T. Willard it would be impossible to find, and their gifted children awoke in them desires for the very best intellectual and moral surroundings. A young graduate of Hamilton College, looking forward to the ministry, found with them a home while teaching in Churchville. He told Mr. and Mrs. Willard much of the young college at Oberlin, and dwelt especially on the devout, free, progressive spirit there prevailing. Doubtless his influence paved the way for the removal of the Willards to Oberlin, Ohio, in 1841. The chief motive was a desire of the father, still in his early prime, and already possessed of a modest competence, to supplement for himself the disadvantages of his pioneer youth, and to study at Oberlin with a view to entering the ministry should health and opportunity permit.

The mother welcomed for herself and the future of her children the inspiring influence of a college atmosphere, and cheerfully made the removal. The family was accompanied by Mrs. Willard's youngest sister, Miss Sarah B. Hill, a young lady of remarkable mental gifts, and already a teacher whose success gave promise of the power she was yet to wield as an educator.

Oberlin was a center of reform, as well as of education and religion, and it was natural that thither should be drawn a man of such uncompromising anti-slavery convictions as was Mr. Willard. His wife, too, was a true daughter of democratic John Hill, whose own early sympathy had been enlisted for the slave, and who, before

her marriage, had welcomed to her school the pioneer temperance reformer, General A. W. Riley, of Rochester, N. Y., and had signed in the presence of her scholars, the first temperance pledge ever presented to her.

Mr. Willard, with that constructive instinct and love of nature characteristic of him, at once bought ground in Oberlin to be adorned by his own hand with trees and shrubbery, and upon which, under his own supervision, a home should be built. Within a few months it was completed and his little family installed therein, while he pursued his Latin, Greek and other studies with a view to the college course.

Into this new and expansive life Mrs. Willard entered with enthusiasm. Gifted by nature with intellectual and social aptitudes, and having improved to the utmost all opportunities hitherto accessible, she was already a gracious woman,

"Nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command,"

and fitted to attract the attention and win the deep regard of the leading spirits of this educational and religious community. Endowed with conversational ability of a very high order, with an intelligence which absorbed its appropriate nutrition without seeming effort, with a nature which under some circumstances might have developed the poetic gift that had not, indeed, wholly slumbered; well read in the English classics, with intense interest in humanity, and deep sympathy with the joys and sorrows of others,—if the nearer duties of family life had not been absorbing in their demands, Mrs. Willard would have been at once "a bright particular star" in the social firmament of Oberlin.

But her responsibilities as wife and mother, and mistress of a hospitable home, were ever first in her recognition. Her husband was never in very firm health, and his duties as the head of a family, member of a college, and citizen in the community, made large demands upon his strength.

Their two living children, Oliver and Frances, were physically delicate and sensitive, and mentally active and promising of brilliant development. Nothing was ever suffered for a moment to interfere with the parental duties of Mr. and Mrs. Willard. Their lovely child, Caroline, had died after a brief illness, contracted in the temporary absence of the parents, and it was to them so crushing a blow that they mutually agreed that they would not both again be voluntarily separated from their young children, even for a night.

In the second year of their residence in Oberlin occurred the birth of their youngest child, Mary, a lovely spirit who made their home bright for "nineteen beautiful years," and the world brighter for all time by their published record.

Upon her children the utmost devotion of Mrs. Willard's nature was lavished. So forgetful of herself was she, that on one occasion when, with her versatile and active little Oliver, she was visiting her eldest sister, Mrs. Maria Gilman, that wise and piquant woman remonstrated, saying:

"Mary, *you* are of as much account in the sight of God as your little boy is!"

In the early years of Frances' life, her mother borrowed Lamartine's "History of the Girondists" which she much wished to read, but returned the book unopened, saying that Frances needed her care.

"Her talent for motherhood," says this daughter, "in the estimation of her children, amounted to positive genius." If other children have shared this conviction with regard to their mothers surely none ever deserved it better. Yet none saw more clearly the truth that the best service a mother can do her children is to maintain the standard of her own life at its highest; to be always in advance of them, able to

"Allure to brighter worlds and *lead the way.*"

Mrs. Willard entered with zest into the life and the friendships at Oberlin so far as she could do so with due attention to family claims, and recognized with joy that thus she was also fitting herself for the wider duties which were awaiting her with the advancing life and development of her children.

The five years at Oberlin sped apace. Baby Mary's young life gladdened the household, and the Willard house became more than ever a home-nest, perpetually hovered over by the mother-bird. Still there was found time for short flights into the outer world of life and thought, as well as for the inner life of piety and aspiration.

The wives of the married students and a few other ladies joined classes for mutual improvement led by the wife of President Finney of the College. Their meetings were generally held at the house of Mrs. Willard. She also was one of the more brilliant members of the Rhetorical Society, where her gifts of voice and pen were in demand. Added to this she studied and recited in college classes as home duties would allow. The anti-slavery sentiment of Oberlin found ready sympathizers in Mr. and Mrs. Willard. "The Slave's Friend," was the earliest reading of their children, and the sympathy of the family for the oppressed was never suffered to become passive.

"I knew by hearsay," said Madam Willard, "that there was an underground railroad through Oberlin when we lived there. My husband coming hastily to the house one day said to me, 'The rescuers have some fugitives in charge. There may be at some time a fugitive secreted in our cellar. You would better know nothing about it, so that if you are interrogated by the pursuers, you may be oblivious.' Afterwards I knew that somebody had come and gone, and was informed that the fugitives were conveyed safely to the boat for Canada in a wagon under a heap of corn-stalks, their pursuers passing them on the road without suspicion."

A letter to Miss Willard from the Hon. Edmund B. Fair-

field, United States Consul at Lyons, France, refers to these early years at Oberlin :

LYONS, FRANCE, May 25, 1891.

I often, when not too busy with the everyday duties that press upon me, think of those days of auld lang-syne, when one day, in 1840, I came first along Main street in Oberlin, and the first man that greeted me in my dust—for I had walked that morning from Wellington and it was August—was one whom afterward I learned to call Father Shipherd, who greeted me, "How do you do, my brother, have you just come?"

A few years later, I first knew your good father as he came one day to join a class that I was teaching Latin and Greek. One evening, I think it was in 1843, he invited me to take tea with him, and I then and there, for the first time, came to know you and your family. I could never forget any of you afterwards.

Mr. Willard was a member of the junior class in the classical course in Oberlin College when an attack of hemorrhage of the lungs warned him that a change of his manner of life, with occupation in the open air, must be sought, if his life was to be preserved. Reluctantly relinquishing cherished plans, and with heartfelt farewells to friends and neighbors at Oberlin, the family prepared to remove to the territory of Wisconsin, where relatives and acquaintances from western New York had preceded them.

CHAPTER IV.

THE REMOVAL TO WISCONSIN.

The hero is he who is immovably centered.
—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Duty done is the Soul's fireside.
—Joseph Cook.

IT was in the spring of 1846 that the family cavalcade set out for the newer west,—before the days of western railroads,—and while the primitive conditions in northern Ohio, southern Michigan and northern Illinois, through which the route lay, made traveling with teams a matter of difficulty. There were two teams conveying household goods, one of them driven by the invalid father assisted by his son, Oliver, now eleven years of age; the other by Mr. Elisha Carver, a young student from Oberlin in Mr. Willard's employ, while Mrs. Willard drove a family horse before the carriage containing, besides herself, her two little girls, Frances and Mary, aged respectively six and a half and three years, and a young lady, Miss Sherburne, who went as Mrs. Willard's assistant.

Mr. Carver writes of this journey to Miss Willard:

We started from Oberlin early in the week, going only six or eight miles the first day. We had one double wagon, loaded heavily with goods, in which I was the only passenger; one single wagon, partly loaded with goods, driven by your father and Oliver in turn. Both the wagons were covered with white cloth. We usually stopped where night overtook us, sometimes at a public house, sometimes at a farm-house. The family carried their own provisions, so that lodging was all that was needed.

We never traveled on the Sabbath. Our first Sabbath was spent on the east side of Cottonwood Swamp, at a very small, badly furnished

tavern. They had but little food for our horses, and demurred at keeping us. I suppose if we had patronized the bar it would have been all right. On Monday morning we started across the long dreaded swamp and succeeded in getting over without as much difficulty as we had anticipated, although it rained a good deal and kept the roads bad. We traveled on until the next Saturday and came to the first "railroad" that I ever saw. This was built across the swamp, about half way from the eastern to the western line of Michigan. The "rails," instead of being laid lengthwise of the road as in more modern times, were laid across it, and instead of being iron, they were logs, from one and a half to two feet in diameter. Before we got to the end of this "railroad" we found that one of the axle-trees of the wagon on which I rode was broken. This occurred not far from a farm-house. It was almost night on Saturday and your father asked the privilege of stopping over Sunday. The family seemed pleased to have us stay. The man had been a wagon maker, I think, and he and your father commenced work on a new axle-tree. They kept at it until quite late Saturday evening, got up early Monday morning and finished in good time to start. We spent a pleasant Sabbath; the people were very kind to us.

The third Sunday we were somewhere at the south end of Lake Michigan; I think we got there early in the day on Saturday. There was no stopping place for a long distance ahead, and for this reason we remained there.

We started on Monday and got to Chicago Thursday night. It was then a low, muddy place of four thousand souls; in the main street there were posts put up, with the words, "*No bottom here.*" In the morning your father said to me that we should have worse roads now. I thought it impossible, but I decided that your father was correct long before night, for by nine o'clock we had gone only six miles and we had to hire two extra teams to help us along. Before we started again we unloaded about half the contents of the wagons, and with what remained we found it hard enough to get along. I think we did not make more than six or eight miles the next day. We stopped at a public house at night and your father asked the privilege of staying over the Sabbath, but they refused to keep us so we had to hitch up and go three or four miles before we could find a stopping place, quite late at night.

On Sunday a meeting was held in the school-house close by, which we attended. This was the first meeting we had seen since we left Oberlin. We reached Janesville, Wisconsin, our destination, about the middle of the week, after a journey of a little over four weeks.

An incident of that journey impressed my young mind strongly

with the fact that people make nothing in time or money by traveling or working on the Sabbath. A party with four wagons, all covered and painted black, drawn by four fine horses, came up with us on the second day after we started. They traveled every Sabbath and got along no faster than we did. They would pass our stopping place on the Sabbath, and we would pass them during the week, each succeeding time a little earlier in the week. The last time we went by them was in the forenoon of Monday after the third Sabbath and we soon got so far ahead that we never saw them again.

Well does the writer of these pages, herself "a little pilgrim" just arrived with her father's family at the house of her uncle, Mr. L. D. Thompson, near Janesville, remember the coming to his gate of the Willard family at sunset of Wednesday, May 20, 1846. The three families abode together under the hospitable roof for a few days, twenty-two souls in all,—while the heads of the families reviewed the way by which they had been led since they had parted in Monroe Co., N. Y., a few years before.

Mr. Thompson and his sister, Mrs. Hannah Thompson Brace, were first cousins of Mrs. Willard, the children of her mother's youngest brother. Mr. Thompson had now resided three years in Wisconsin territory and had made for his family a comfortable pioneer home, although the wolves still ventured to peer into his windows sometimes at night, and the sky was often lighted with prairie fires for miles around.

The newly-arrived families soon purchased farms near Janesville, then a small village, and the ensuing autumn saw each in a home of its own. Mr. Willard's choice was a beautiful location on the east bank of the charming Rock river, four miles below the village by the road over the only bridge, though a much shorter distance in a direct line. The estate was considerable at first, and by subsequent purchase was enlarged to one thousand acres. The majestic river was bordered by a primitive forest, at the edge of which, with an outlook over broad miles of prairie interspersed with "oak openings," the new home was built.

Mrs. Willard's quick sympathy with nature rejoiced in

the beauty of this lovely region, and she wrote her eastern friends, "Man only mars the face of nature here." But the life to which she was now called was in strong contrast to any she had hitherto known. Labor of all kinds was in great demand and the supply, as always in new countries, was scanty. Mr. Willard's practical knowledge and native aptitude in the handling of tools was of use in the building of their home, at first a mere "protoplasm," but the germ of that which grew, under the repeated additions and embellishments of years, to be the beautiful "Forest Home" residence, which took the premium at the county fair, and to the remembrance of which the affections of the whole family were riveted for life.

A weaker woman would have shed tears at the thought of the cultivated society in Oberlin which she had exchanged for the almost complete isolation and the constant struggle with new and unsubdued environment which was now Mrs. Willard's portion; the loneliness of her residence without neighbors and the hardships of living in an unfinished pioneer dwelling with untrained help in domestic service, and even that often unattainable, would have caused complaint and discouragement.

But no word of either ever escaped her lips. The beautiful hands, a vision of delight to all who could appreciate beauty of form and texture, and exquisite grace of movement, took up uncomplainingly any household task, even to the heaviest, that was necessary to the comfort and well-being of her family, and it lost the character of drudgery under their transforming touch. Her thoughts were often with the poets and philosophers, but oftener they were with the common tasks which required all the force of the trained intellect which she brought to bear upon them. Miss Beecher's "Receipt Book" and "Domestic Economy" lay constantly on her bureau, and the peerless old-time New England cookery she had learned of her mother was broadened to the new conditions by common sense, as well as supplemented by the wisdom of the latest domestic

science. Her dauntless spirit was a tower of strength to her family and dependents, and her skill in nursing, which was the natural concomitant of her expansive, sympathetic nature, found ample scope in the malarial diseases and the accidents which life on the frontier brought to her loved ones.

Mr. Willard's delicate health rallied in the life-giving breath of the prairies. His upright character, devout life, keen intelligence, and interest in politics and practical affairs, together with his personal magnetism, made him easily and naturally a leader in the new country. He became widely known as an authority in agricultural and horticultural matters and was for many years president of the county Agricultural Society; later, also of the state Agricultural and Horticultural Society. He was a politician in the days before this word had become a synonym for corruption, no taint or suspicion of which ever attached to his name.

The Methodist Episcopal church was, after his removal to Janesville, most convenient to him. He had been, in his youth, a member of the Union church, already described, in Ogden, N. Y., and had assisted to build its church edifice on a site given by his father from the corner of his farm. In Oberlin, he and his wife had united with the Congregational church, the only one then existing there. But with his tastes leaning somewhat to the ritualistic, and the keen sympathy with other and more demonstrative natures often characteristic of the most quiet souls, he now found in the Methodist church (to which he was introduced in Janesville by Esquire Wheeler, a leading member and an old friend of the Willards from New York) a religious home which was ever afterward satisfactory, and of which he remained a loyal and a conspicuously useful member to the end of life. He held various offices in church, town and county and was a member of the Wisconsin Legislature when the territory was admitted to the Union in 1848.

The following extracts from the letters of men widely known in the communities which were Mr. Willard's homes, are typical of a multitude of testimonies which might be given concerning him.

From the Hon. D. J. Powers :

I am not a great admirer of men as they average, I am sorry to say. I have always regarded Mr. Willard as one of the few men that I admired in all respects.

From Prof. C. B. Woodruff:

I seem to see before me the grand figure of my much-loved brother, Josiah Willard. I see the genial smile with which he greeted everybody, the intellectual man of action whose hand was ready for every good work. I see him in legislative halls, prominent in the advance guard of reform, pressing with rare intelligence and energy the appropriations for charitable institutions of the state, among them the Institution for the education of the blind, of which he was first trustee while I was superintendent.

What cannot I say that is good concerning such a man? One who seemed born to make people happy, born to be a leader of men, and to command their highest regard and admiration!

When I first made the acquaintance of Mr. Willard he was just opening highways and developing his farm, which became a perfect model. The grounds displayed a refined taste, and the home was surrounded by charming evergreens, trailing vines and beautiful flowers, presenting to the eye a vision of unsurpassed loveliness.

From Prof. W. P. Jones :

A man of singularly original manner and expression. Always urbane and polite; while always observing, he was as full of inquiry on almost every topic as a novice, yet ready at any moment to express an opinion on nearly every subject in thought and language breathing the fragrance of originality.

These qualities in her husband opened before him public duties which took him often from home, and threw upon Mrs. Willard added responsibilities there. Of those days she said in later years, "I was content to disappear, that I might reappear in my children."

During the first winter in the new country, Mr. Willard's health being still delicate, and the home and its surround-

ings in the first stage of evolution, Mrs. Willard wrote a friend in Oberlin :

JANESVILLE, WIS., February 22, 1847.

MY DEAR MRS. S——:—I dreamed of being at your house a short time ago, and, though nothing seemed changed from what it was when we left, yet having our "shanty" for my point of observation, I realized in your home nearly my ideal of palace splendor. I saw there such convenience and even elegance as I cannot describe.

We live very much retired this winter. I have attended church only once ; Mr. Willard has not been able to attend for five months. If we are not lonely, I assure you we should be so, if it were not for our books, papers, letters and dreams ! Do you wish to know what I am doing? Aside from the everyday cares of family, I am studying domestic economy, and expect when you come out here you will find me the "very spirit of order," if I do not get through with it and turn my attention to something else previously.

Perhaps I write in too light a manner. A thing may be innocent in itself and yet not be well-timed.

I suppose the people of Oberlin are attending now to that which most concerns us, and "the only thing which, in a short time, will concern us at all." I hope and trust that the pulse of your spiritual being beats full and strong.

We are far from all religious excitement. Still I feel that I ought to say we have found the Saviour a precious solace in our solitude.

I cannot express to you how happy I should be to see you at our prairie home.

I was very much obliged by your kind note. Mr. Willard will answer your inquiries. I would write a longer letter if I could command the time, but I have no one to assist me now [in household duties], though I expect to have, soon. You do not know, and cannot be told, how much we think of former associations and former friends.

Give my love to Mr. S. and the children.

Yours very affectionately,

MARY T. WILLARD.



FOREST HOME.

CHAPTER V.

LIFE AT FOREST HOME.

Nature, so full of secrets coy,
Wrote out the mystery of her joy
On those broad swells which were her toy.
Her virgin heart to Heaven was true ;
We trusted Heaven and her, and knew
The grass was green, the skies were blue.

And Life was sweet ! What find we more
In wearying quest from shore to shore ?
Ah, gracious memory ! to restore
Our golden West, its sun and showers,
And that gay little nest of ours
Dropped down among the prairie flowers !
— Lucy Larcom.

IN her later years Madam Willard often spoke of the misgivings and sinkings of heart with which she entered upon the long journey from Oberlin into the unknown wilderness; but her family, friends, and neighbors saw only her patient and dauntless courage. When time's perspective had enabled her to see it in its relations and consequences, she said :

"It was the best of moves ; we brought up our children by themselves and *with us* as we could never have done in an older country, and so they were saved the dangers and difficulties which they might not have been strong enough to meet. About the first years of this pioneer life the least said is, I think, the best,— it was so severely practical. But we carried all we had learned with us, and we gave it to our children in daily lessons, not so much from books, but just as we lived it out for ourselves. And so it came to pass that in our new home, with all its disadvantages

and privations, a great deal of intelligence mixed itself up with our very queer conditions and circumstances.

"After a while, things rounded out into rural beauty and loveliness. The State Institution for the Blind came within a mile of us, and we could always have from this Institution music-teachers for the girls. Some of our Oberlin friends became near neighbors, and encouraged schools for the few children who were there. Then Oliver went to Beloit College, and Frances and Mary to Milwaukee College, and later, to Evanston."

This sententious account is characteristic of her courageous optimism. "My mother," says Miss Willard, "condensed her sense of the loneliness of our life on the farm in a playful reply to a lady in Evanston who asked her to give some points for an essay on the best means of culture in rural neighborhoods. Mother's answer was, 'I should say, pack up your duds and go where folks live.' This had in it a volume of philosophy, for while on the farm she was one of the most cheerful women imaginable. Indeed, I never heard her utter a discouraged sentence or indulge in a downcast tone."

In those early years of enforced manual labor on the part of the parents, Sunday was the chief holiday, and it was as we should expect, a holy day at Forest Home. When the bridges across Rock river were "few and far between" the family was four miles from church by the road and the minister came to this part of his circuit only once a month, or once a fortnight. Then the children were dressed in their Sunday best, the big wagon was brought out with the family horses, Jack and Gray, and the family and "help" entered the vehicle,—the latter to be dropped at the Roman Catholic service. But soon it was decided not to leave the house alone, as prairie fires sometimes came perilously near; cattle broke into fields or garden; and the family was dinnerless till a late hour. The parents and the son then alternated in remaining at home, caring for the place and preparing the Sunday dinner, which was to the children, at

least, an important event. To inhale the rich aroma of roast chicken, home-raised vegetables and steaming coffee, especially when prepared by the young Oliver in nice perfection, kept the Forest Home Sundays in fragrant memory, notwithstanding many deprivations.

The father was extremely careful as to what his children should read on the Sabbath day, but gave them comparative freedom in the afternoon rambles in which he accompanied them. He would whistle to the dogs, of which, when he had a thousand sheep, he kept several, and father, girls and dogs would set off for the pasture, leaving the brother lying on his face on the front piazza, reading, perhaps, his favorite, D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation, and the mother in the sitting-room with the big family Bible in her lap. Frances liked to "skip" stones in the broad flowing river, or to make a whistle with her knife, but was generally won from these pastimes by the loving arts of the little sister, or hindered by the Sabbath-keeping principles of the upright father. Sometimes he would cut a chip from the gnarled old cedar tree, smooth it and give it to his daughters, saying, "Did you ever smell anything more wholesome?" "Even to this day," says Frances, "the odor of red cedar, though but in a lead pencil, brings back the river softly flowing, the sentinel trees, father's manly figure marching ahead, and Mary and myself walking demurely after, in the path the cows had worn."

The mother's walks with the children on Sunday afternoons were in the orchard. Taking her scissors with her, she would clip a sprig of caraway or fennel for the girls, or a bunch of sweet-smelling pinks for Oliver from the pretty little beds in the heart of the orchard, where no one was privileged to go except with mother. Here she talked to them of the beauty God had spread out for them; she taught them tenderness toward every little flower and chirping bird; and showed them how to find the loveliness in cloudland. The father did not "talk religion" very

much, nor did the mother. They had family prayers always, with Scott's "Practical Observations" at the close of the Bible Reading. I think the best religious teaching these wise parents gave their children was in the Sabbath-day singing. The father had a fine bass voice, and the mother a tender, well-trained soprano. There were no "Gospel Hymns," but in the *Mother's Assistant*—a family magazine—were sweet songs of Christian faith, and they had the old Methodist hymn-book, with its "Guide me, O thou great Jehovah," and Kirke White's "The Star, the Star of Bethlehem."

The children at Forest Home greeted the return of spring with such keen delight as city children cannot know. The first flower,—who should find and bring it home to mother? The hillside behind the house and the big ravine were the favorite hiding-places of the "wind-flower" or anemone, that hardy pioneer which ventured first to spread its tiny sail and catch the favoring breeze. Next came the buttercups, then violets, and later, the crow's-foot geranium, shooting-star, wild lady's slipper, wild rose, lily, and a hundred other flowers with sweet, shy names.

When the witchery of spring-time came the girls would take turns in waking each other, and first of all in the house, would steal away to their best-beloved "outdoors." It seemed to them that they learned secrets then, such as dear old Mother Nature did not tell to most folks.

They put their ears to the ground as Indians do, and heard sounds afar off, or thought they did, which answered just as well. Voices came to them as they listened, through the woods and from the prairie near by that thrilled their hearts with joy. The jay, the bluebird and the robin made music vastly sweeter than any that they ever heard afterward. But the prairie chickens had organized the special orchestra that they listened to with most delight. It was not a song at all, but a far-off mellow rolling sound, a sort of drum-beat rising and falling,

circling through the air and along the ground, "so near and yet so far," it seemed to them like a breath from Nature's very lips. Perhaps it came so gently and with such boundless welcome to them because it was the rarest, surest harbinger of spring. Now the lambs would soon be playing in the pasture, now the oriole would soon be flashing through the trees; the thrush singing in the fields; and the quail's sweet note would cheer the farmer at his toil; the river would soon mirror the boughs that would bend over it in their rich summer green, for winter was over and gone, fresh spring rain was often on the roof, and the deep heavens grew warm and blue.

"Father's reaper," says Frances, "was among the first that went its ringing, jingling way among the fields of beautiful Rock Prairie. Jack and Gray seemed proud to draw it; father got up on the high seat and drove, often letting Mary or me squeeze into the seat with him or mount gentle old Gray and ride *á la Turk;* while Oliver seated back to his father, and busy with a long-handled rake, watched the bearded heads of grain, and as the revolving wooden wings, or cylinder, brought them against the sharp teeth of the scythes, he 'raked off' in sizes large enough for a bundle. Then the girls and boy helped the harvest hands 'shock up' these bundles in long, slanting rows, and then how carefully all watched the sky, and hoped it might not rain until the wheat was stacked or drawn into the barn. Sometimes, when stormy clouds piled themselves above the close-cropped fields, all would work, as for dear life, to get in the wheat before the rain, and once, at least, the deafening thunder-clap found the whole family out in the field; but the deluge spoiled our harvest. For the most part, though, we had a jolly time, and nothing gave Mary and me more delight than to mount the great load and lie flat on top of it, as the wagon, driven by our brother, creaked under its heavy burden, and look straight up into the boundless, beaming sky that bends above the eyes of childhood.

"But in all the harvest home there was nothing sweeter to us than the sense of independence and security that came from feeling that the old farm could supply our wants; could garner up for us and all the hundreds of four-footed and two-winged creatures that were our fellow-beings and our friends, enough to keep us safe and sound in all the winter's cold. We liked to see the big pumpkins go bumping down the cellar stairs into the bin, and the loads of mealy Mashonac potatoes, the crisp squashes and cabbages, sweet turnips, carrots, beets and the appetizing onions. We liked to see the corn-crib, full to overflowing, and the great hay-rick, with its delightful fragrance. We liked to watch our mother's wonderful butter, that smelt of clover blooms, and her toothsome cheese, and to talk of her bread, 'the like of which no other woman ever made or can make,' said brother Oliver. We rejoiced in her pickles and preserves, her wild plums, and 'rare ripe' peaches, and it seemed to us that people who buy everything at the store live at a poor dying rate, and take everything second-hand—finding life a sort of hash of things left over."

In time, the need of some more methodical study of books by the children was felt by the parents, and a providential opportunity for securing an accomplished young lady as companion and governess was eagerly embraced. The father made a large pine table with a place below for the children's books, and around this, in a room set apart for the purpose, on a bright June morning, sat Miss Burdick, the eighteen-year old teacher, and four girls from eight to fourteen years old, Mr. Willard having invited two others, daughters of a new neighbor, to share the privilege with his own. This was the first day's schooling the Willard girls had ever known, and they entered into it with zest.

"Miss Burdick was a whole picture-gallery and musical performance in herself to the children. She had come from a city; she knew about the world—that great world they had read about in books. She was a lady in every utter-

ance and motion. She had rippling brown hair, a pleasant smile, a silvery little laugh and a beautiful white hand. Her trim, graceful figure was very small, almost fairy-like. She taught her attentive quartette many songs; she was skillful with the pencil and they all learned to draw, and, after four o'clock in the afternoon they went out 'to sketch from nature.' She was a botanist and taught them how to 'analyze,' and they ransacked the fields and woods to bring her 'specimens.' She could recite poetry by the hour, and they gave her no rest until she had given them all she knew of Walter Scott, Wordsworth, Cowper and the rest. She told them of the Hudson, where her home had been, of the old Knickerbockers, of Madam Emma Willard's famous school for girls, of Washington Irving and his Sunnyside home, of the Catskills and the Palisades, and the great, fascinating city beyond. She encouraged their aspirations, corrected with care their 'compositions,' and chilled no tender buds of hope and ambition in their hearts."

Over all these varied interests the mother-spirit was predominant, and the remembrance of her presence there is inseparable from the life at Forest Home. When, some time after the removal to Evanston, the place was sold, it was a sore trial to untwine the hearts of the children from that dear spot. Mary's "Adieu to the Old Home," written in her budding womanhood, with the great world just opening most attractively before her, shows how strong were these ties to the home of her childhood:

Farewell, old home! And it is a sad one, too, that I must part from thee, that thy walls shall shelter me no longer, that thou wilt be to me no more what thou once wast, a dear, dear friend! The little garden, too, will bear no flowers for me; the myrtle and the fir, the laughing, the sweet-scented roses will bloom no more for me, but for others that we know not now. The merry birds will never come again and perch on the tree before my window to waken me that I may see the glorious sun coming through Aurora's gate. The creeping vine that once put forth its tendrils for thy garniture, old house, I never more shall see. And then the barn! I love that place. I have spent more happy hours there than I can tell. I have

played in the sweet clover and hidden myself away under its fragrant shelter, and there wrote a composition of my own. Thoughts have appeared to me springing out of the lovely clover blossoms, and many a time have I received an approving smile from my teacher, after I had finished my effort some Friday afternoon; she did not know where I had gained my inspiration. Oh, yes, old barn, I thank thee for thy kindness to me. Good-bye, my darling pets, dear little calf and cosset lamb and sweet-songed birds, though I must part with all of you, I never will or can forget any. Again, good-bye, old home; others may wander through thy pleasant pastures and walk beside the still waters of thy murmuring river. The merry laugh of foreign, childish voices will make that home, and other gleeful boys and girls will tumble on the sweet clover under thy comfortable roof, old barn! I go away to strangers, and it seems to me as if I were going to another world. My home will be a pleasant one, yet thy memory will cling ever to my heart, throwing tendrils round and round about me as the cypress vine winds around the pillars of the dear old place. Now, once again, for evermore, farewell.

Later, Frances wrote of "Forest Home Revisited."

At Forest Home once more. For several days I have been wandering about, and seeing in the present the beautiful past. I am in an unused room in the upper part of the house, that we live in no longer. I am sitting in the old, old rocking chair that I used to kneel beside, while I murmured my evening prayer, a great many years ago; mother sat in it then. The spell of memory is upon me. I am thinking of the sweet old days that will never come back.

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Down the tangled aisles of the garden, the evergreens—father's trees—cross branches as if in the act of swearing fealty to us, who are, who should be, much to them. Oh, the old garden paths! "Broadway," "Wall street," "Mother's Walk," how we named them all when we were children. And here on "Curve avenue" is my old "Eagle's Nest," yet undisturbed; the rough seat far up among the branches, as I made it ever so long ago; and the faded shingle with the name of my retreat yet clings to the tree. It was a dangerous climb up to that seat; I am a grown woman now, and not again shall I sit there hidden by the branches while I read, or write, or "think my thoughts," no, not again, for the old days are past, and the new ones hasten.

There among the crab-apple trees was our "graveyard for pets," as the rough sign said years ago, when the whole garden was "Fort City," and Mary, Orley and I, active business proprietors. Alas for the canaries, lambs, robins and kittens, that we have in succession petted

and buried. The funeral procession, the crape, the simple hymns of Watts, the flowers thrown in upon the grave, the shaping of the mound, the little sods, the white pine "tombstones," inscribed :

"POOR YORICK,"
We loved him, and he died ;

"IN MEMORIAM."

"Brighty and Beauty,"

"Hush the light laugh and merry jest, as you
approach the grave of
RUBY ; well beloved."

Oh, I have not forgotten them, though the days are long past and the "tombstones" uprooted, the flowers we planted dead, and the graves indistinguishable. I remember we once lost a favorite white kitten ; wishing to honor its memory particularly, we removed a shrub from the woods whose name we did not know, and, ignoring Linnæus and his nomenclature, we christened it the "Kittie Tree" ; under that name it grew as well, but it is gone now.

How the pleasant memories have led me astray. I thank Thee, oh, bountiful God, that I have so much of happiness, of quiet enjoyment, to remember. I thank Thee that I have not forgotten, cannot forget. I thank thee that, wherever I may dwell, no place can be so dear, so completely embalmed in my heart, so truly the best beloved of all to me, as Forest Home.

Thus wrote Frances at the age of twenty. Who would not envy a childhood which left such memories? When she had well-nigh reached the age of fifty, and the world was girdled with the tokens of her work for "God and Home and Every Land," Forest Home was again revisited by mother and daughter, with the vacancies which death had made filled only with memories of father, Mary and Oliver "passed into the skies," and the pathetic story is fully told in *The Union Signal* of July 18, 1889.

Such are the impressions and the memories of Forest Home for its inmates. The vision of home which there dawned on neighbors and guests is shown by the following extracts from descriptions, the first written by a lady who was a neighbor at Oberlin, and later lived near Forest Home, Mrs. Maria Goodell Frost :

When I found the Wisconsin home of the Willards and enjoyed its bountiful hospitality for the first time, I felt, as never before, how far-reaching are the influences of a sweet, pure home. This was a model home. There was a charming simplicity and refinement,—nothing to mar its beauty, nothing one would wish to alter. The work of education had been going on and was still progressing. The "olive-plants" were under perpetual care and culture, tended by loving, capable parents, who had one interest, one heart, one mind. First duties came first; these secured, others came duly into line. Nothing was neglected that would tend to perfect this miniature world. The family government was approved and rejoiced in by each child. There was equality and deference, each to the other by the heads of the family. The mother's opinion was weighed and respected by the father. Both loved order, as "Heaven's first law." They said, "Let there be order," and there *was* order, both indoors and out,—a system that allowed no confusion or discrepancy. This was one of the few perfect homes that I have visited. But it was an earthly home and must needs dissolve, *as such;* yet it remains, in its essential features, in its spiritual sense. It has its relation to its counterpart in heaven. There is a drawing thither of spiritual forces that inspires Frances in her work, and strengthened the mother in the sacrifices of her later years.

I cannot yet leave the old home; my memory lingers there. I recall the two little rooms, opening into each other, one given to Frances, one to Mary, where each could preserve her own very distinct individuality, and each act upon the other. The wardrobe and books of the one were separate from those of the other, yet were enjoyed together; all their little presents were kept apart, and yet were talked over by both, as the history of each shell or pin-cushion was reviewed together. The games were always refined and improving. The entire contrast in the sisters, and the entire harmony, were remarkable. Each had a welcome for every guest. Mary must take and tend the baby. Frances loved to converse. To rightful authority she yielded gracefully, repressing her abhorrence of everything unjust and oppressive, because the home teaching was to treat the sinner as Christ does.

This lovely Christian home I never found again. After a ten years' absence from Janesville, "Where is the Willard place?" I asked in vain. "Why," my husband would say, "we have just passed it!" "But I did not see it." I never could see it. The home no more consisted in house and furniture than our heavenly home does. *It was not material.* Part of it is in heaven, part on earth. May it be my blessed privilege to see the reunion of the Willard family, and find in heaven the missing home!

Several years after the Willards removed to Wisconsin there appeared within their horizon, which had so few social stars, a cultivated lady and gentleman from Georgia, the Rev. and Mrs. P. S. Whitman, of Macon. The society of these friends was much prized by the parents, and the accomplishments of the lady in music and French eagerly sought for the benefit of their young daughters, during the temporary residence of Mr. and Mrs. Whitman in their vicinity. Nearly forty years after, a memorial meeting for Madam Willard was held in Toccoa, Georgia, by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of that place, of which Mrs. Whitman was then president. Mrs. Whitman gave out the hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," for the opening of the meeting, saying that it was the hymn sung by the Willards at family worship the first evening which she passed under their roof. Mr. Whitman made an address in which he spoke of the home life of the Willard family in part as follows:

When the family left Oberlin, they made their home in a region newly settled but indescribably beautiful. Their dwelling was on the verge of an undulating prairie, with forest grounds in the rear, extending in a delightful slope to the banks of Rock river. No schools were near them, but there was no cessation in learning. . .

And there it was, amid that rural magnificence, that we first saw the family,—isolated, indeed, but a school of learning it was, in the best sense of the phrase. In time, the children went abroad to learn—attended the best schools. But it was there, in that Wisconsin home, that a passion for learning assumed such a sway over the heart and mind of the daughter who now survives, that, had she never seen a seminary or college, she could not have been kept from becoming a scholar and a thinker.

In sight of Madam Willard's tomb is now rising a university with millions of endowment to start with; but the education upon which the highest weal of this nation and the world depends must commence in an institution which has a better foundation than golden millions can supply. Its foundation must be in the moral and intellectual training and development such as Frances E. Willard enjoyed when we first saw her, at the age of fourteen, in that sequestered home on the banks of Rock river in Wisconsin.

CHAPTER VI.

LIFE AT EVANSTON — THE FIRST GREAT SORROW THERE.

Be like the bird, that, halting in her flight
Awhile on boughs too slight,
Feels them give way beneath her and yet sings,
Knowing that she hath wings.

—Victor Hugo.

THE fledgelings at Forest Home were fast outgrowing their sheltered retreat. When they had made some tentative flights into the outer world, and the parents saw that change or separation was inevitable, they decided to abandon the home nest, now grown so beautiful and dear, rather than submit to a separation from the daughters. The son was already a Freshman in the College at Beloit, Wis., twelve miles from Forest Home, when the daughters, under the safe conduct of that accomplished lady and teacher, their mother's sister, Miss Sarah B. Hill, spent a term in the college for girls at Milwaukee, Wis. The friendships there formed and the record for scholarship made only whetted the appetite of the eager girls for continued opportunity for study among those of their own age, amid the appliances of scholastic culture.

About this time one of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal church, accompanied by the enthusiastic and gifted editor of the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, spent a Sabbath in Janesville, and Mr. Willard listened to their eloquent description from the pulpit of the opportunities for education in the young Methodist suburb of Chicago, Evanston, where a theological seminary, a college for young men, and another for young women were already in



MARY
OF "NINETEEN BEAUTIFUL YEARS."

successful operation. His attention being thus arrested, and his interest aroused, this careful father visited Evanston, was much pleased with what he saw, and decided that there he would send his daughters.

The impression made by Mr. Willard when he accompanied them, in the spring of 1858, to the Northwestern Female College, at Evanston, has been vividly described by President W. P. Jones, then at the head of the school, and has been quoted elsewhere. They spent some very happy months as inmates of this college, but the heart of the mother rebelled at the thought of separation from her girls at the age when they most needed the parental counsels. Mr. Willard shared in this solicitude, and soon made arrangements for the renting of Forest Home, removing to Evanston early in the ensuing autumn. Here he hoped to educate his daughters while keeping them under the home roof, and also to have the companionship of his gifted and brilliant son, during the study of theology at Evanston to which he was looking forward.

A resident of Evanston at that time writes:

When the inhabitants of Evanston were few and far between the advent of a new-comer was an event of no inconsiderable importance. On a Sunday in September, 1858, some interesting strangers were present in our church, and, in accordance with our usage, we old settlers stopped to shake hands with them and welcome them to our village and our homes. Thus began our acquaintance with the Willards. As they accepted an invitation to take supper with us that Sunday afternoon we found in the hum of social converse that we had guests of no ordinary type, and all subsequent acquaintance only confirmed that first impression. Mr. Willard was one of the finest specimens of a Christian gentleman, intelligent, urbane, and well informed in matters of general interest. With experience in Eastern and Western life, he had discerned the great future of Evanston, and decided to make it the place of his permanent residence. His love of the beautiful was manifest in the flowers and shrubbery with which he surrounded his first home, and the attractive qualities of those who composed the family circle were soon recognized by all who from time to time mingled in its social joys. From the first, Mr. Willard took a high position in the estimation of his

fellow-citizens, which the superior abilities of his wife and daughters helped to enlarge and maintain. Thus happily commenced associations which link the name of Willard with that of Evanston in all parts of the land.

Of the village and the Willard home in those early idyllic days Bishop Foster has written:

> Nestling amidst the profuse foliage and deep shadows of an old oak forest on the sunset shore of Lake Michigan is one of the loveliest villages anywhere to be found away from the hills of New England. The spot was selected as the sheltered, restful location of a cluster of literary institutions. Nature had indicated it as classic ground. The public buildings and tasteful homes have grown up amidst the grand old trees, almost without marring them of a single limb.
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> It was the privilege of the writer to spend three delightful years in this favored spot. Midway between his home and the lake shore, and lending charm to a favorite ramble, rooted amidst thick-set hedges of young evergreens and many-tinted flowers, rose an unostentatious but inviting home. The perfect taste without prophesied the grace and refinement within. It was a staid, safe, restful-looking place.
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> Five were the inmates—the father and the mother, one son, and two daughters. . . . The son was already a graduate, with honors, of one of the first colleges of the country, and was then pursuing a course of theological study; the two daughters, just blooming into womanhood, occupied a front rank in the classes of the excellent institution of which they were pupils.

A safe and restful place, indeed, was the first Evanston home of the Willards, playfully named by the daughters, "Swampscot."

From the first the Willard family was a component part of the young community, and their hospitable door had a gracious welcome for all. But for the first year, with the son still absent in college, and the daughters earnest and industrious students, society in its general aspects was strictly subordinate to the claims of home by the mother, and by the father to the demands of his business in the adjoining city. Frances was graduated with valedictory honor from the Northwestern Female College, Evanston, in 1859, and her brother, Oliver, also with high honor, in

the same year from Beloit College. He came immediately to his home in Evanston, there to enter Garrett Biblical Institute in preparation for the ministry. The younger daughter, Mary, was graduated from the same institution as her sister, in 1860, at the age of seventeen.

Perhaps no part of the Willard family life flowed onward with greater conscious enjoyment than the years when the sharpness of the struggle for education was past, and the children, with keen, well-trained intellects, and in all the promise of budding womanhood and early manhood, were all under the home roof, entering into companionship with the parents who were still in the prime of life and able to take up social pleasures, and all the burning questions of the day with as great a zest as the younger minds about them. "This home," said Oliver, afterward, "was one in which we were a family unbroken by death, discord or distance."

But stirring times were at hand. The excitements of the campaign which resulted in Mr. Lincoln's first election to the presidency were followed by those of the rapid secession of the Southern States from the Union, by the firing on Fort Sumter, the call for troops, the going of volunteers from the peaceful, scholastic village to the front, and all the dire sorrows of civil war. Evanston was a centre of patriotism, and no household could have been more a unit in sympathy and zeal than that under the Willard roof. No one, however, believed that the war could last long, and the momentum of personal and family and village life, though with the added factor of the great national struggle, flowed onward to the close of the year 1861.

Later, in the same spring, Mr. and Mrs. Willard had the great satisfaction of witnessing the public confession of the faith of their daughters in the Lord Jesus Christ and their union with the visible church. Soon the son had completed his theological course with great honor, and had

gone, though unordained, to his first charge in Edgerton, Wis.

And now the first great shadow rests over the Willard household. The sweetest and most tender bud in that garland of happiness began to droop. Mary, a queenly, artistic and beautiful young soul, the most carefully shielded and tenderly cherished, because the youngest and most clinging of their children, showed signs of great delicacy of constitution, and suffered in the winter of 1861-2 from illness; but she rallied so far as to be about the home and even to go out a little in the society of which she was so great an ornament. Says Bishop Foster, who knew her well, "Gentle and sheltered as was the path along which Mary traveled, her feet soon became weary. One day—it was one of the long sunny days of her nineteenth summer—she came in and laying her head on her mother's bosom, said, 'I am so tired.' It was her dying pillow."

"Nineteen Beautiful Years," writes the same sympathetic pen, "is the sisterly tribute that Frank, in tears and loneliness, brings to lay on Mary's grave, a tribute as full of touching beauty as the life whose memory it seeks to perpetuate was full of sweetness and innocence. It is more than a tribute, it is the fulfillment of a solemn commission breathed from the lips of the dying: '*Tell everybody to be good.*'"

The extracts which follow are from the closing chapters of this beautiful little book—the first of many written by the elder daughter, but surpassed by none in touching beauty, in literary charm, and in far-reaching influence:

When the spring days came on, and nature wore again the fair, familiar look that Mary loved, a lassitude crept over her, strange and painful to behold. Away through the trees the waters of Lake Michigan flashed in the sunshine; she watched them idly, sitting by the window in her easy chair, but felt no disposition for the run or the brisk walk down to the pebbly shore which till now had always been a favorite pastime with her. Often she held a book in her hand, but mostly with her fingers between the leaves, while, with eyes gazing far off, she mused upon—who shall say what?

The pensive expression that stole over her face gave to our anxious hearts their only clew. Soon the disease that had been long lurking in her delicate frame manifested itself in an unmistakable manner. A few days passed when she reluctantly admitted that she did not feel able to sit up beyond the morning hours, though she continued to make her toilet in the neat and tasteful way which was habitual to her, and sometimes whiled away an hour by reading. She had recently penciled some heads of the reformers, Luther, Knox and Latimer, from a book of elegant engravings. These she retouched with much care. She seemed unusually fond of listening to hymns, especially to some of those sweet familiar ones which were found in the later Sabbath-school collections.

A few brief entries from her journal are given here.

"*April 7.*—I write while lying on the bed, not very sick, but feeling weak and tired. I have chills often, and after them I am feverish. Mother seems anxious, though without need, I think, and is almost constantly doing something to make me better. Father, Aunt S. and Frank are very thoughtful and gentle with me, so that it is almost a pleasure to be sick, since sickness shows me, more clearly than I could see if in health, what loving friends God has given me. When I feel so faint as I have for the last two weeks, I can quite appreciate Aunt S's longing for 'the sunniest of all climes,' which cures every one who goes to it; where there are no sombre days like this, and never any more winter. But when I am better again the old love of life returns, and the weather ceases to have such an influence upon me.

"*April 10.*—How the tides of life ebb and flow! Strange, shapeless thoughts flit through my mind—coming I know not whence, going I know not where. Glimpses of a purer realm than ours—a more exalted life than mine. I wish I could keep them longer.

"*April 11.*—Mother is so wonderfully unselfish in her devotion to me, now I am sick, that I cannot help noticing it, even in her. To-day she thinks me better, though I am still very weak. As I was lying here awhile ago, the thought of *the silence of God* came to me with great force. How patiently He waits for 'His own good time,' sees His laws broken all over the world, and the fiendish tyranny of human beings; the cry of the wretched and oppressed reaches His attentive ear, but He is silent amidst it all. And yet we who love and trust Him know full well that *God's day is marching on!*"

These were the last lines she ever wrote. Her disease became more violent. For seven weeks her veins burned and her lips were parched with fever.

And now the wish to visit her old home in Wisconsin became her ruling passion.

"Now talk about going to Forest Home!" she would say, nestling among the pillows and looking at the flowers she held, herself as fair as they, with the bright hectic flush on her cheeks and the brilliant new light in her eyes. She liked to talk about the river, how blue it was, and how silently its waters glided away toward the south; about the trees, and how much taller they would look than when she saw them last.

So day after day passed, the fever raging, the cough growing more violent. It was a study of thrilling interest to watch the refining of every sense—the ethereal purity of her wasting face.

The fresh air pouring through an open window would exhilarate her almost beyond what she was able to bear. "Oh, this air! It is like heaven!" she sometimes said. The taste of a strawberry often made her exclaim with delight. The exquisite perfume of a rose would bring tears of joy into her eyes. "Come and see! Oh, mother! smell this flower!" she would exclaim, sinking among the pillows, faint with the shock to her strangely acute sense. She often asked us to tell her the news about the war. "We must pray for the soldiers," she said, "especially for those who are sick. I can sympathize with them."

The loving nature which was hers was most strikingly shown in the words and actions of these last days. Reticent and undemonstrative when in health, the feelings of affection that always glowed in her heart for her friends were now permitted to have full sway. Their kindness in sending her bouquets, fruits and messages impressed her deeply. "How good every one is!" she said. "If I were a queen there could be nothing more done to comfort me. Oh, humanity, humanity! It is wonderful to me!"

Death and everything connected with it was always a terror to Mary. This peculiarity was in marked contrast with the singularly religious and trusting character of her mind. Anxious to avoid giving her needless pain, we concealed our suspicions of her danger and spoke hopefully of her recovery. We knew that she was ready for whatever God would send upon one who had always been a loving and obedient child toward Him.

Two or three days before she went away from us, she looked up suddenly, when we were alone together, and said, with the bright, peculiar look that she always wore when she had something pleasant to communicate, "Well, do you know? It has come to me lately, that if I died, I should go right to heaven!"

This was more than she had ever before declared with confidence. Full of humility in her religious life as in all other things, she looked tremblingly toward her Saviour, and though hoping in His love, so

keen was her sense of her own imperfections that she had not perfect assurance.

She seemed in haste to recover, that she might be useful to those around her. Such words as these were often on her lips, "I would like to be well, if only for one day, so that I might do good to some one. I've never helped anybody yet, unless one or two of my Sunday-school class, and I'm not sure about that."

But her time of trial was soon to end. Two days before she left us she said, speaking of her physician, in whom she had perfect confidence, "I like him very much, but I don't need him any more. Please ask him not to come — *I'm getting well.*"

And now her last day upon earth was passing quietly away, although during its morning hours we thought her better, and felt less than our usual concern. She asked to be carried into the family sitting-room. When her father spoke of going to the city for a few hours, as his business had been neglected a long time, she requested him to put it off a little longer, saying, "Next week I shall be so much better that I will not keep you a single day." She asked for music and a chant was sung:

"From the recesses of a lowly spirit."

"Oh, I like that!" she exclaimed.

She asked her father for some silver coins, and jingled them in her hands, saying, "I like the part of mineralogy in which the noble metals are described, and the part about the precious stones. Isn't that a beautiful chapter in the Revelation where the New Jerusalem is pictured, with its walls of emerald and of sapphire?"

By and by she was carried back to her own room saying:

"To-morrow will be Sunday, and no one will be in. I can lie there in the sitting-room all day long, and have such a pleasant change."

Sweet girl! She little knew what that "pleasant change" would be!

In the afternoon she slept for a short time. Awakening suddenly she started up, exclaiming in hurried tones:

"Read the Bible to me! Please read it quick!"

"What shall I read?" asked her father as the Book was brought.

"Oh, something that will make Christ appear beautiful!" she said.

Father steadied his voice and read that matchless fifty-third chapter of Isaiah.

When he had finished she said, "That's good; but can't you find a place where it says Christ is sorry for sick people?"

"Yes," he replied. "I will read about the mother of Peter, who was healed."

"But, oh!" said the sick girl, "can't you find some place where he says *He's sorry now?* They say Christ loves us better than our mothers do, and yet mother is anxious that I should get well; but—Christ—don't—seem—to—care," and tears were in her eyes.

"Oh, yes! No one cares for you as He does!" said her mother, eagerly; "and whatever He does with my darling is just the wisest, kindest thing!" and she turned from the bedside unable to say more.

"Yes, it is true; I know that it is true," murmured the dying girl; "but we cannot see it always."

Then she was silent and seemed to sleep. Oh, there were breaking hearts around her as she lay there so still, with her pulse fluttering—with her heart making seven strokes to one of her father's heart! And all the while the sky was blue as a violet; the sunshine falling through the trees before the window made a dark mosaic set in gold, upon the floor; and the birds sang just as merrily as if no grief were in the world. Her flowers were in vases on the table; her work-basket with stitches on the needle that she had not drawn through; her favorite "Ave Maria" was open on the piano; her little kitten playing in the grass. There she lay in her youth, with her dreams unrealized—with the work, for which she had longed so earnestly, undone. The world went on with noise and strife; her native land was shaken by the onset of contending hosts; her nearest and dearest friends watched her with agonized hearts, and still she slept—unmindful of joy or sorrow, heedless alike of the bird's song without or the smothered sobs within.

The shadows lengthened, and all was still in the pleasant village, as it had been a hundred nights before.

Out upon the shoreless sea the tremulous spirit was drifting, though she knew it not, while

> "We watched her breathing thro' the night,
> Her breathing soft and low;
> As in her breast the wave of life
> Went heaving to and fro."

The mystic change which the morning was to bring found no prophecy in these childlike words with which she accompanied her good-night kiss to a friend:

"Pray that I need not cough much, and that mother and I may have a beautiful sleep, and that, if God is willing, I may grow strong again."

Late in the night she said: "Please talk to me of Forest Home. When are you going there?"

"Why do you wish to know?" we asked.

"Oh, because when you go I'm going too."

Thus did she cling to life with the ardency of youth and hope.

She whispered, brokenly, these words, evidently in reverie:

"I'm sorry—but I couldn't help it. It was born in me to be afraid of the dead—and of graves."

Soon she started up in pain. "I feel so strange!" she said.

Her mother hastened to prepare an anodyne, saying:

"It will make you better, my child." But in a changed and deep-toned voice Mary exclaimed:

"*No! none but God can help me now!*"

"We knew that she was stricken then,"

we saw it in her face.

The curtains were drawn aside. Through an eastern window streamed the earliest beams of sunlight; but for that gentle girl had dawned

"Another morn than ours."

"Mary," said her father, in a voice kept steady and clear by the wonderful love he bore her, "if I should tell you that God wanted you to go to Him very soon, how should you feel?"

She turned her head toward him suddenly, and as if in reproach. For a moment she did not answer. We waited in agonizing suspense. Then speaking slowly, and in a firm but mournful voice, she said:

"I did not think that I should die, I am so young," and added, after a slight pause, "but if God should want me, I don't think I should be much afraid, but I would say, '*Take me, God,*'" the last three words being uttered in an almost supernatural tone.

"Does Christ seem near to you?" her mother asked a moment afterward.

"Oh, yes, I see Him a little but He seems a good ways off."

Looking up beseechingly, she said, "Please tell me if you think I have been good."

Very eagerly we answered—as we could most truthfully do—that her life had been beautiful and pure. But even while we spoke she turned her head away from us and murmured:

"But after all, that makes no difference now. I wish *Christ* would come nearer."

"Shall we pray to Him?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, pray; pray thankful prayers!" she answered eagerly.

So we knelt beside her while the June breeze came through an open window and fanned her fading face, and asked Christ to reveal himself clearly to Mary; implored Him to make her as conscious of His presence as she was of ours, and to strengthen her for the conflict

with her first and last enemy, Death. While we were yet praying she clasped her hands, exclaiming:

"Oh, He has come! He has come! He holds me by the hand! He is all mine—oh, no, not all! He is everybody's, and yet, mine!" And, looking up with strange, dilated eyes, she said, "I'd like to talk good to you, but I'm too weak."

We asked her if she would see any of her friends from the village —several having assembled. "Oh, no!" she answered wearily, "only us four."

She lay with her eyes closed and soliloquized thus: "Christ talks to me. He says, 'She tried to be good, but she wandered; but I will forgive her and save her. I didn't die to save good people, but sinners. I saved the thief on the cross.'"

In a moment afterward she repeated these words without the slightest variation.

We asked her if she had any message for her brother who was absent, and for the sweet girl who was soon to be his wife.

"Oh, tell them to help others to be Christians," she replied.

We asked her what we should say to her Sunday-school class from her.

"Tell them all to be good!" she exclaimed, with great earnestness; and gathering all her strength, she repeated with almost startling energy:

"*Tell everybody to be good!*"

As in the days when we were children, just before we went to sleep, we asked the same question, so now, before the long sleep came to her, I said, "Mary, will you forgive me for all that has been unkind in my conduct toward you?"

She turned her face toward me and slowly opened her wonderful eyes:

"I forgive you, since you ask it," she said; "but, oh! you were always good—you never were unkind."

And now the parting moment had come. With a beautiful smile upon her lips she murmured, "*I am getting more faith!*"

Suddenly she opened her eyes—the pupil so wide, the iris so blue —they did not seem like mortal eyes just then. She looked with intent gaze at the pleasant morning sunshine; at the fair sky and waving trees; at each of us who stood beside her. We knew that she was saying good-by to the world that had been so beautiful, to the friends who had been so dear.

"Now—take me quick—dear God!—take me—on this side!" she murmured, brokenly, stretching her hands toward the right. She closed her eyes wearily. Her breast heaved once—twice—and she was gone.

Her father laid her back upon the pillows with the words: "Lord Jesus, receive her spirit. She was a precious treasure; we thank Thee for these years of joy that we have spent with her; and now, O God! we give her back to Thee!"

So the fresh young soul went back to its Creator and Redeemer, while we stood spell-bound in that solemn place, "gazing steadfastly up into heaven."

On the tenth day of June we carried her out of the little parlor whose walls had so often echoed back her pleasant tones or ringing laugh and in the church where she had been baptized, and where she had shared in the honors of "Commencement Day," just and tender words were spoken of her by one who, while she lived, had inspired her with a reverential love.*

"*Blessed are the pure in heart,*" was the text from which he preached.

Her years were few
Her outward beauties all in budding-time,
Her virtues the aroma of the plant
That dwells in all its being, root, stem, leaf,
And waits not ripeness.

—*George Eliot.*

*Rev. H. Bannister, D. D., Prof. of Hebrew in the Garrett Biblical Institute.

CHAPTER VII.

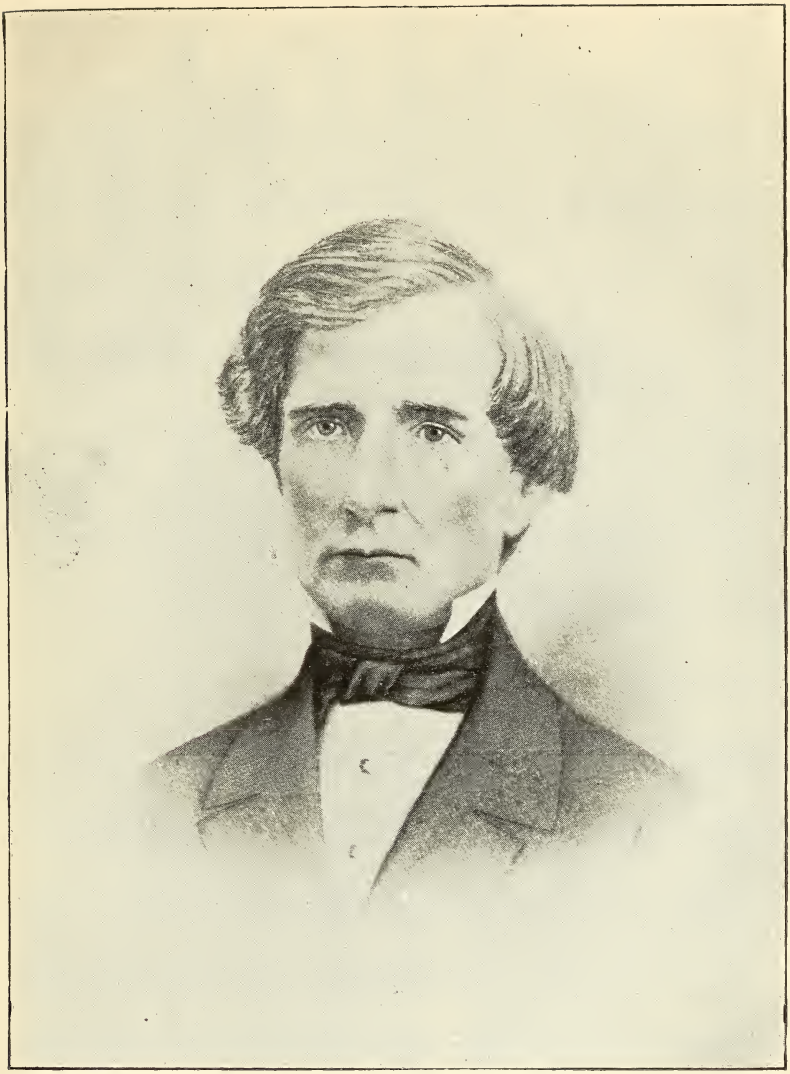
A NEW HOME — WIDOWHOOD.

For neither life nor death nor things below,
Nor things above,
Shall ever sever us, that we should go
From His great love.
—Frances Power Cobbe.

Nothing but the infinite pity is sufficient for the infinite pathos of human life.—From John Inglesant.

A FEW weeks after the death of Mary the marriage of her brother Oliver took place. It was a quiet Evanston wedding, July 3, 1862. The bride was Mary Bannister, daughter of friends and neighbors of the Willards. Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Henry Bannister; the former was professor of Hebrew in Garrett Biblical Institute, the theological department of the University. Their daughter was the intimate friend of Frances and Mary, as well as a classmate of the latter. All the world was changed to this circle of young people by Mary's departure, but with chastened spirits each took up the great problem of life with fervent desire to reach its highest solution by the help of God. Soon Oliver, now an ordained minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was appointed to Denver, Colorado. Thither with his young wife he removed, when that now large and handsome city was a village, at the end of five days and nights of continuous stage-ride beyond a railroad, a more formidable journey by far than that from Boston to San Francisco in well-appointed palace cars.

The spirit of the mother, indeed, of the whole family at home, now reduced to three, was far enough from that of



As ever Truly Yrs
J. D. Williams

those who mourn without hope. The household, stricken in its heart of hearts, was yet a cheerful place. Neighbors remarked that they never saw a family so calm in presence of such loss. The Christian faith and fortitude of the mother, the intense interest of the father in the affairs of the nation, now at almost the lowest ebb of the civil war, the deep and discursive questionings of the bereaved sister, made a mosaic over which gleamed "the light that never was on sea or land"— a picture composed of material that does not crumble and tinted in hues that do not fade. Instead of a household devastated as by a tornado of grief, it was one out of which, indeed, a beautiful life had gone, but one in which all the doors and windows were open to the breezes and the sunlight of earth, and all hearts attentive to the radiance of heaven streaming in through the rift which the going of the beloved one had made.

But the long watching by night and by day which the mother had been unwilling to share with others, and the heights and depths which her spirit had sounded, told upon her health, and she needed, after a few weeks, to seek change, which she did by visits to old friends in Wisconsin and elsewhere. Later the Evanston home was closed for the winter, the daughter accepted the offer of an attractive position as teacher in the Pittsburg Female College, and Mr. and Mrs. Willard made their temporary home on the North Side in Chicago. With the ensuing spring they returned to Evanston, but the children were all gone, and the loneliness of the home was too oppressive.

Frances wrote in her journal:

My poor dear father and mother are returning home for the first time to find no children there! No more the little sun-burned girls who used to go to the big ravine to meet their father when he came home at night; no more the wild young things running to open the gate for mother when she came home from the lecture; no more the active boy who "put out" father's horse and related how matters had gone in his absence, or who got the Sunday dinner while the family drove home from church; nor yet the tall young man who met his father at the depot with the horse and "democrat" wagon as he

returned, tired and harassed, from the city, nor the young ladies who played and sang songs that drove his nervousness away. Mother will miss her grown-up daughters with their humorous account of all the sayings and doings in her absence. She will have no more need to go to the hall door and call out, in her sweet, kind voice, "Tea is ready, girls; come, Oliver." She will have no more need to crimp those pretty white ruffles that only she could do up just right, no need to plan for new bonnets and dresses, no need to see that the tea-table looks nice, and that the extra plates are on for the young friends who came to see us; no more my sister Mary's slight figure in the pretty blue dress with the white ruffle and the neat cuffs; no more her glossy hair and sweet face to be seen anywhere. Mother's favorite song, "Allen Percy," her younger daughter will never sing for her again. Nor will Oliver come down with his manuscript for her criticism, nor I, perhaps, with my favorite passage for her reading. When they go to church, with what pain will they look at one another from the opposite corners of the dear old pew, and think of the three who used to sit between!

The following letter from Mrs. Cynthia Hanchett to Miss Willard describes the change that was now made in the household:

In the year 1863, while we were in Chautauqua, my father wrote us to come to Evanston, saying your father wanted us to live with him, as the house was so empty without Mary, whom God had taken home, Frances, who was in Pittsburg, and Oliver, who was in Denver. So we moved there in May, took the house furnished, and commenced housekeeping with your parents as boarders. Your father evinced a genuine interest in us, and my husband went into business in Chicago. How much we enjoyed our six o'clock dinners after they came home from the city! Your father always saw the funny side of the happenings of the day, and brought them out, as he alone could, for our amusement. When a few years later he was laid beside Mary at Rosehill, we felt that we had, indeed, lost a true friend. He always had a very warm place in my heart.

Your mother sat in her room a great deal, reading about heaven and thinking about Mary. Everybody that came in talked of Mary, until there seemed to be a sweet sacredness about the house and its surroundings. I came to know which was her favorite room, and her favorite window, the flowers that had been brought from Forest Home, and those she loved best.

Your mother used to say, "I almost think I see Mary in the garden, or walking in the grove opposite;" not a house was standing among those great trees then.

Life seemed to take on a different hue from the years I spent with your mother. Even now I sometimes long to step into her room and get the way all smoothed out for me. It seemed so natural to her to be helpful, to take in the past, and reach out to the bright beyond. She thoroughly believed that "all things work together for good to them that love God."

When you wrote that you were coming home from Pittsburg, how anxious she was to have everything arranged for your happiness! Then the coming and going of your friends put new life into everything around us. As long as the house stood there I never felt like passing it. I wanted to open the gate and walk in, just as though I belonged there.

Frances writes:

In the summer vacation of 1863, my first book, "Nineteen Beautiful Years," was written one year after my sister Mary left us. Sitting in the old "Swampscot" home, the only thing that I *could* do was to write of her whom we had lost. My father felt unable to hear the recital of the life he loved so well, but mother went over the manuscript with me. When it was written, I started for New York city under the kind care of my father's special friend, Mr. Thomas C. Hoag. By invitation I visited Sing Sing on the Hudson, where Rev. Dr. (now Bishop) Foster was then stationed. His daughter Annie, who was my chief admiration, entered heartily into the plan, and arranged for me to read my manuscript to the assembled family and some of their guests who were strangers to me. The ordeal was not inconsiderable. I went through it as best I could, and when, at its conclusion, I looked up with tearful face, all those kind faces were tearful too, and the doctor's noble countenance was hidden in his handkerchief. Never was a young author treated more tenderly. They all felt that the little book had written itself and would do good; indeed, the larger part was Mary's, transcribed from her own girlish journals. I had dedicated it to my dear father and mother. Doctor Foster wrote the introduction, and Harper & Brothers, who had been his parishioners at St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal church, accepted the manuscript.

During the school year of 1863-4, it was the writer's privilege to be received by Mr. and Mrs. Willard into their lonely home; to use as her own the room which belonged to the daughters, one now in heaven, one far absent "about her Father's business," to sit at their table and to share their fireside, a privilege to be reviewed with gratitude at the distance of thirty years.

The first resting-time of her whole life had now come to the mother. Day after day she sat in her chamber, reading her Bible, thinking "long, long thoughts" of the past and the future. Sometimes with her hands employed in knitting or other work undertaken without pressure as to when it should be finished; oftener they were folded as though in unspeakable rest and peace. With her living children now far from her, her husband absent at his business house in Chicago through the day, and her household cares delegated to another, the leisure to read and think and pray for which she had often longed in earlier years was now a precious boon. During the autumn she would walk out through the large garden sometimes and bring bright flowers, feathery grasses, and branches gay with autumn leaves with which to adorn the parlor. But it was in memory, not in hope or expectation that the voices of her children would often echo there again. Equally with the son, the daughter felt that she must shape her career with a view to action in the world's arena,—and the mother was too wise to hinder her. The parlor was seldom entered except for callers. Intimate friends were usually received in the front chamber, which looked forth upon a grassy park peopled with tall, native oaks and hemmed by the gold and silver of Lake Michigan's beach, so near that its plash and murmur in fine weather, or its hoarse roar in time of storm, was ever in our ears. It was seldom that Madam Willard went forth through the gate which had so constantly swung in former days, except to church, and for an occasional call upon her nearer neighbors. Neither at this time did she seek for much reading, except the Book of books. The daily paper was conned by Mr. Willard on the train, and the happenings it chronicled were often the subject of conversation at the table, intermingled with witty comments on passing social and personal events. No shadows were allowed to fall across that table, but all was bright and cheery as of old. But when we three had adjourned to that upper sitting-room, and were seated around its

comforting fireside, what talks went forward, dropped when the early hour for retiring arrived, but the theme taken up often on the following evening, or in the long Sunday afternoons. God and eternity, consciously or unconsciously, was the groundwork of all thinking, and Madam Willard's Christian philosophy covered the field of natural and revealed religion as broadly, if not as minutely, as Butler's Analogy, which, I think, she had not studied. No one ever needed it less. The eternal world was the real one to her, and the present was its vestibule. The ground of moral obligation was to her no perplexing question; neither was the broad view of the moral government of God. Sometimes it happened that divergent views of other questions were expressed in the little circle. If the thinking went on diverging, or in lines not destined to meet, the subject was quite likely to be brought up on the following Sunday afternoon in the presence of a college professor who frequently dropped in at that time, and who continued to be, to the end of their lives, one of the most valued and intimate friends of Mr. and Mrs. Willard. If, as it rarely chanced, Mrs. Willard's position was assailed by each of the circle, her maintenance of it was most characteristic. Fortified by her keen and sympathetic observation, by her thinking rather than by reading, she resolutely stood her ground, the friendly controversy stimulating her matchless powers in conversation, until she was often radiant in her matronly dignity and beauty, and resplendent in the power of her Christian faith. I have looked in vain among the gifted women of my acquaintance in two hemispheres for any who could equal Madam Willard in the gifts and graces, the humor, the subtle sympathy, the quick thought and crystallized expression required by the highest style of conversation.

In the longer days of spring and summer she seldom joined Mr. Willard and the youngest member of the circle in their favorite rambles, at sunset or on Sunday afternoon, through the woods and along the lake shore. Nature, of

which her husband was an intense lover, and which spoke to him through bird and tree and flower and pebble and cloud and wave as vividly as through the voices of his friends, was no less a friend to Madam Willard. But it was *God* in nature, always; and God and nature came to her,—she did not go forth to find them. Her poet's soul was ever quiescent and contemplative.

The same essential elements of character made her a most sympathetic and hospitable reader of the thoughts of others, while she was never dependent for beautiful thoughts upon her books. Often some poet's lines so embodied her own faith that they became thenceforth a part of her mental possessions. The *Atlantic Monthly*, in those days the unique leader in the expression of American current thought, was often brought to her room. The poem of Whittier entitled "My Psalm," first published in the *Atlantic* then, was very precious to her ever after, and was only rivaled in her affection by that entitled "At Last," when life's great sunset was drawing on.

Smaller interests were not excluded from Madam Willard's sympathy because of the grand outreach of her spirit. Especially was her sympathetic soul enlisted for others wherever her quick eye perceived the dawnings of mental or moral affinities among her younger friends; and sometimes her vivid imagination discerned in these budding friendships possibilities which those most directly concerned never recognized.

She took an active interest in such occupation of those about her as fell under her observation. The pupils in the distant school-room were known to her by name, and their progress noted, both because she loved the youth of the community, and because she was interested in their teacher. The drawing pupils were sometimes invited of a Saturday to her room. They seemed full of interest to her, and were not a little indebted to her suggestions. A penciling of a scene in the Academic grove at Athens, with the statue of Athenæ looking down amid the fountains

and the leafy shade upon Plato and his pupils elicited her perennial enthusiasm for its long-delayed completion.

In the pleasant twilights before the arrival of the train which brought Mr. Willard from the city, she would give expression to the accumulated thought of the day, seated in her favorite easy chair beside the fire, perchance with her listener resting on the couch near by. Often her thoughts would recur to her childhood in Vermont, to her mother's childhood in New Hampshire, or the experiences of her youth in western New York. No fairy stories of earliest years had for her companion so great a charm as these recountings of the family history of past generations in all its branches, as set forth by her extended and accurate knowledge and sympathetic recollection. The old New England households lived again in her picturesque detail, their members, parents and children, brothers and sisters, cousins and sweethearts, crossed and recrossed the threshold at her summons, and their names and history were written down from her lips in the most prized of family genealogies.

The great war dragged onward. Evanston sent the choicest of its sons, and a company was formed of students under the leadership of a brave and trusted university tutor. Many of these, alas! came not back from battle-field and hospital. A dark and heavy cloud hung over the community and the nation, lifted at length by Lee's surrender at Appomatox; closing in again with President Lincoln's assassination and the agonies of reconstruction. But Madam Willard's faith failed not, even though personal perplexities and discomforts added their burden. The home grown so dear in joy and sorrow was broken up, much of the furniture was sold with the estate, and the foundation of another Evanston home was laid.

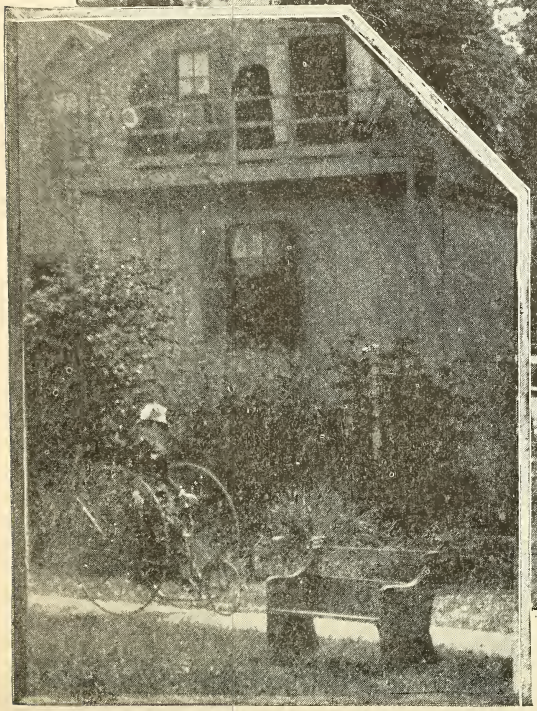
Concerning this new home Frances writes:

> The ground north of Church street, Evanston, and west of Chicago avenue was a marsh, standing for months of the year partially under water. It was considered unhealthy and the newcomers built along

the lake shore and on the west ridge. But my father was an enterprising man. He always liked to branch out and do what other people told him could not be done. So he cast a lingering eye on this moist square, leased it of the University for ninety-nine years and proceeded to drain and make it habitable. In front, where now stand the beautiful elms he planted, was a grove of poplars with white bark like those at Edgewater, the only clump of the sort that was in Evanston. As we walked to the University campus (for that was quite a favorite stroll; always going on the east side of the walk because of the marsh on the other side) I had many a time said to myself, "That little grove looks like an embodied prayer; it lifts up its hands to God." One day, coming from the campus, I saw a lot of men in that neck of the woods, which they had already nearly destroyed. I do not know when I ever suffered from so severe an attack of what I was pleased to call "righteous indignation." So I crossed over and said to my father, who was superintending the men, "How upon earth could you do that? you who have always been such a lover of trees that I have thought in some previous state of your existence you must have been a dryad or a faun; I think it is downright sacrilegious;" and if I had been of the crying sort I should have proceeded to close up in that manner, as my father looked at me in a quizzical way and said, "Oh, you poor little thing; you don't know what you are talking about; these trees are a sort of mongrel; they have no ancestry; they are not in the peerage of tree-culture; you wait awhile and see." So I went my way, having got no grace and less satisfaction. Father planted his row of elms the whole length of the block, nearly thirty years ago, and they are probably the handsomest row in the town. I long ago named them "father's monument," and I never see them without thinking of his devoted love for every tree and flower that grew, and his sixth sense as to what was choicest and best.

He joined with others in giving one of the lots to Mrs. Bragdon, who was the widow of our beloved pastor, and they built a comfortable home just to the south of us. Father sold the ground north of us to his loved friend, Professor Hemenway, of Garrett Biblical Institute, and built for himself on the south half of what remained, saying that this was but trying his hand, and that when he had assured himself as to the changes he wished to make he would build a permanent home between what is now Rest Cottage and Professor Hemenway's, which was on the north corner. He filled the front yard with choice and fragrant shrubs, covered the house with vines, and in two years it was one of the loveliest places in Evanston.

The back yard was a pleasant pasture for our old horse, Jack,—the one that mother drove from Oberlin to Janesville when we emigrated



MADAM WILLARD AND DAUGHTER
ON THE "DEN" BALCONY.
ANNA GORDON ON TRICYCLE.

THE STREET IN FRONT OF REST COTTAGE.

in the spring of 1846; but father did not live to improve the back yard; that was left for me.

We bemoaned his moving to this lot, because we had thought it was not healthy; it was on the borders of the town, and we felt quite isolated when we moved from Swampscot, the beautiful square where Mr. Deering has his home. That (Swampscot) was a delightful place. The house was comfortable and home-like, and has been moved to Orrington Avenue, just below and to the west of the fountain. But after my sister Mary died in June, 1862, father was heart-sick and did not desire to live in the old home; and so he sold the place, and, at an auction also the household goods. This, I think, is one of the most surprising things on record,—for there was the old clock that had ticked away our lives to date, the rocking-chair in which the children had been rocked, and many household souvenirs in the way of furniture, that we had brought from Churchville to Oberlin, from Oberlin to Janesville, and from Janesville here—but nearly all were sold. I think he tried to feel in this great grief that he could strengthen himself by new environments. Many would have had the opposite feeling. Mother had the opposite because she is a true lover of antiquities; but he was not; he lived in the present; she in the past and future. He had more of the French temperament. She was English and Celt, but mostly English in descent.

We moved into this house, mother thinks, on the 23d of December, 1865; at least it was very near Christmas time.

But the new home for which the father's spirit yearned was ere long to be "a house not made with hands." The six years during which he survived his daughter Mary sufficed to arrange his business; to build and beautify the home which was to become famous, thus linking his name and presence with it always; to witness the emancipation of the slaves and the close of the civil war, and to make resplendent his own Christian experience. Then came swiftly the end of earthly life.

The winter of 1866, entered upon in the new home, was one of religious growth and quickening to Mr. Willard. To both himself and Mrs. Willard it was a satisfaction to be once more under a roof of their own, after a year of unsettled life during the building of the new house. It was a pleasure frequently enjoyed by the writer during this year—

that of sitting with them at their quiet tea-table, where the simple but choice viands were of Madam Willard's dainty and skillful preparation, and afterwards accompanying them to their class-meeting. Professor Hemenway was the leader, and no one who knew that wise leadership, that fervently religious, yet careful and conservative nature, that clear brain and eloquent tongue, skilled beyond any other in the helpful formulation of every phase of religious experience, that sweet singer whose melodious music was instinctively wedded to the richest treasures of hymnology,— no one whose rare privilege it ever was to belong to Dr. Hemenway's class, will need a description of those sacred evenings.

It was the privilege of contact with the choicest souls which led Mr. Willard to exclaim, soon after coming to Evanston, "I shall never live elsewhere — no place ever suited me so well as this!" And Dr. Hemenway's was one of the highly prized friendships of his Evanston life.

In a letter to Mrs. Bishop Hamline after her father's death, Frances writes of these closing and radiant years of her father's life:

"In the autumn of 1865, my father withdrew from the banking house in Chicago in which, for several years, he had been a partner, his health, which had always been delicate, no longer permitting him to engage in business. His interest in the village, especially in the church, became more manifest than before, now that he was released from absorbing personal occupations.

"From this time, dear Mrs. Hamline, dates my father's personal acquaintance with you, and pleasant, indeed, has it been to us of his immediate family, to hear your impartial testimony as to his Christian worth, and especially to the value of his influence here in favor of the doctrine of entire sanctification.

"With what pleasure must those of us who enjoyed their heavenly influence ever look back upon those wonderful revival months of 1866! How delightful our memories of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer of New York City, whose visit to our village at that time was productive of results so long and gratefully to be remembered. Can we ever forget the thrilling exhortations of our dear pastor, Dr. Raymond, or quite lose from our hearts the tender memory of those sacred days when

every face mirrored some loving, loyal thought of Christ our Saviour ; when every heart thrilled with the sincerest penitence or exulted in divinest faith, when the whole congregation, as with one voice, tremulous with praise and thanksgiving, sang sweetest songs of Him who hath loved us and washed us in His most precious blood?

"My dear father was among the multitude that will ever recall those meetings with delight. Frequent and most profitable to me were our conversations upon spiritual things that winter. Always he was remarkably clear and confident in his presentations of religious truth ; always was 'Believe' his watchword, whether he talked with unconcerned, convicted or converted persons ; and to him it seemed strangely and sweetly natural to believe. In all my life I never heard from his lips the slightest expression of a doubt as to Jesus as *a* Saviour, and *his* Saviour.

"Ever after these meetings he believed that he possessed, and he unflinchingly professed, holiness of heart—a complete consecration of all his powers and possibilities to God, and a momentary faith in his Redeemer. You know even better than I, his constancy in attending the 'Monday night meeting for holiness,' maintained after the revival of 1866, the fervor and the frequency of his appeals, the almost childlike faith that characterized his narrations of personal experience and inspired his prayers. Truth came from his lips embodied in his own vivid style of thought and expression. He was a positive man, a positive Christian. He took nothing by hearsay, authorized no one to retail ideas to him on any subject, least of all upon that which is greatest of all.

"For one year his feeble frame endured untold pain by chill and fever, night sweat, cough, and all the symptoms of that dread disease, consumption. It crept upon him slowly,—allowing him a daily respite at first,—attacking him with great violence in the early months of summer, pursuing him when he left his home on the lake shore, ere the winds of autumn began to blow, and went to his relatives at the East in the old familiar places, hoping much from change of air and scene,—confining him constantly to his bed for four months, wasting him to a mere skeleton, and finally, in untold suffering, wresting away his last faint breath. Almost from the first he thought this would be his last illness, and he quietly, diligently and wisely proceeded to arrange his earthly affairs. No item, however minute, seemed to escape him. Whatever was of the least importance to his family ; whatever friendship, acquaintance, or any of his relations in life demanded or even suggested, was done by him.

"He did not need newly to attune his mind to harmony with the will of God, no matter where it might lead him,—through what depths soever of pain and abnegation. But in those months of suf-

fering he enjoyed a consciousness of the presence of his Saviour; consolations of the Holy Spirit; views of the glory soon to be revealed, such as no pen may describe, no gratitude of ours may equal.

"Much that he said has been preserved, and dimly shadows the delightful visions by which his sick room was made sacred. Most frequent was this utterance, 'In all my illness *no spiritual consolation has been denied me.*' Once when a dear friend sat beside him, while his cheek wore the hectic flush, he said, 'If Christ sat here as you do by my side and said to me, 'My dear brother, what can I do for you, in any way, that I have not done?' I should answer, '*Nothing!*'"

September 19.—His daughter was writing up his diary when he said: "I did not mention it, but you might put in every day, 'Peace, great peace in God,'—for, as Gov. Wright said in his illness, 'My faith lays hold on Christ with hooks of steel.' Those words express it, any others are too weak."

September 22.—He talked long and in a most interesting way about faith, concluding with these striking words:

"'*Trust me and I'll take care of you,*' that's what Christ says. That's religion, and that's good for something! 'Walk out on this plank, firm and brave, into the dark eternity; when you come to the end of the plank Christ will be there to catch you.'"

November 23.—Referring to a plan he had feebly sketched in pencil of the family burial lots in Rosehill cemetery near Chicago, he said, "I drew this with as much pleasure as I ever planned a garden. How God can change men's minds! I never used to think about our cemetery lots, but now I often do, and love to call them 'our family home—*our blessed family home.*'"

November 24.—"For my part, I swing out on God's almighty arm, and where God takes me, let me go! I have committed my case to my Creator and am perfectly content. If it had pleased Him to grant me a respite from suffering and a few more quiet years with my family and friends, I should have thanked Him for it; but since it does not please Him to do this, *I thank Him just the same.*

"I have often thought of late, how much richer I am than any Emperor. An Emperor has this world to back him, to be sure, but think of me! I have God and His universe on my side because of the childlike faith which I, a poor, trembling, dying man, repose in my Redeemer! This is a high truth, a wonderfully inspiring thought. People who are well don't know anything about my feelings in these crisis hours. Ah! I've rested my case with the eternal God!"

November 24.—"I am so glad to be here with my brother and sisters these last days, after near a life-time's absence. It could not

have been better planned. Here am I, in this old, familiar place, with the playmates of my boyhood,—here we are, mother's four children, together once more, in the evening of our lives, with as much simple faith and love toward one another as when we played together fifty years ago. My brother was speaking to me of these most touching circumstances the other day, and we both expressed as well as our emotion would permit, our thankfulness to God for His signal blessings to us as a family."

November 27.—In the middle of the night as I sat watching him, he threw his right arm forward and pointing upward, said in seeming reverie and with unutterable pathos :

"I try to bear my burden, and all the while I seem to see a *shadowy house* growing, growing as my faith grows. I see it with increasing joy, whether I contemplate it as but a few days distant, or many weeks. I lie here and think how strange it is, how glorious it is, that J. F. Willard, poor, sick man, is really *complete in Christ.* Stupendous thought!"

December 6.—(To mother.) "Mary, just think of what the grace of God is competent to do! Lying right here, life sweet, health sweet, I am yet reconciled,—nay *complacent* even, in view of the near approach of death. And yet, just think what I am about to do! About to cast my untried soul out upon the great sea of eternity!"

December 31.—" I had a beautiful thought as I was lying here to-day. I looked at my poor swollen feet and felt it would be such a happy thing for me if they were pressing now the shore of the River of Death—if they were entering its waters. Instead of experiencing pain from this thought, it gave me a spring of joy—*a spring of joy!*"

January 21.—(To his sister, Mrs. Town.) "Ah! that's the last thing I'm afraid of—*to be dead*—that is what I ardently desire ; but the struggle of dying sometimes looks formidable to me.

" By the grace of God I am as ready to leave this world as I know how to be. I say what many others have been able to say through this same grace.

" I have thought that perhaps Christ would give me a little respite from my fever and faintness before I go away—not that I might better prepare myself to meet Him, for I don't know how; not to trust Him any more, for I don't know how; but to contemplate Him awhile in quiet, even here on earth; to talk freely with my friends before I go."

(To his wife.) "So I go out into a world unknown to me—far more so than the new world of care to which you must go at my death. But the same God who will take me out into the mysterious future and shield me there, will certainly be mindful of you in your troubles and anxieties here on earth."

"How did she die?" (speaking of a lady whose funeral had been attended that day.) "Did she suffer? You see me interested in all these things—I expect to come to them soon! And yet, I can't say but what life for two or three years, or even for one year, would be a great gift, a wonderful gift—more so than I could conceive of; but I've given up all that my heart was set upon, life, friends, society, and now it's nothing for me to go on; I wouldn't have it to go over with again—let me just go on."

"I've thought that perhaps not one man in a thousand has the intense love and appreciation of life that I have had, not on account of what the world calls pleasure, but it has been sweet to me—life, in nature, in books, in human beings. Not only in its grander features, but in minutiæ have I delighted myself with life; here, indeed, I have cared for it most. My history could not be written. It is too varied—I mean my inner life."

"Trim up the evergreens in the garden and let them stand—emblems as they are of an immortal life—mementoes of my last work on earth. You'll want a crocus bed in our garden next spring—don't forget that. Go to the greenhouse at Rosehill for plants of all kinds that you need. Remember how fond I was of flowers, and do as I would have done if I had lived. I expect you will observe Nature more than ever when I am gone."

(In the night.) "Did I tell you about that letter we received from our cousin, Helen Brace, describing a walk past our home in Evanston? It was the most pitiful little episode in all my history. You know I hadn't thought much about bidding good-by to the house, the garden or the village. As we started for the depot in Evanston, that pleasant autumn morning, I looked neither to the right nor the left as we drove along, for I thought, 'My good friends, I shall see you all again.' But when Helen's letter came, telling about the bouquet of flowers she gathered from the garden-beds—about that bright-leaved bush near the front door—it brought the dear, old place, which I shall never see again, vividly before me, and I cried like a child, and said in my heart, 'My home, I bid you an everlasting farewell.'"

(To mother.) "I used to think that death was a fearful thing, but now I am going right to sleep, though feeling that I may not live three days, yet I was never more alive to what death is—my perceptions were never more acute. But Christ is my Rock of Strength. As I woke just now and consciousness came over me, this question flashed through my mind, 'Is it possible that there is any unsafety for me anywhere in God's universe?' My dear! that is a startling question to one just going into the unknown world. But in a moment I settled down again quietly, saying to myself,

'No, I'm safe in any event, *I'm safe* by the mercy of my Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.' If I have one strong wish that is not a heavenly aspiration, it is that I may die with a clear intellect. I look forward to a scene like that when our dear Mary went to heaven, as a pleasant scene, the pleasantest of all my history on earth. But I shall be unconscious in that final hour, perhaps, notwithstanding my desire. *May it be just as God wills.*"

God willed to take him one cold winter night, January 24, 1868, in storm and darkness, to take him in an hour when consciousness was clouded and the power of speech was gone.

A little while before his death we caught these words among the last indistinct utterances of his receding spirit, "*Jesus — take me — take me to thyself.*"

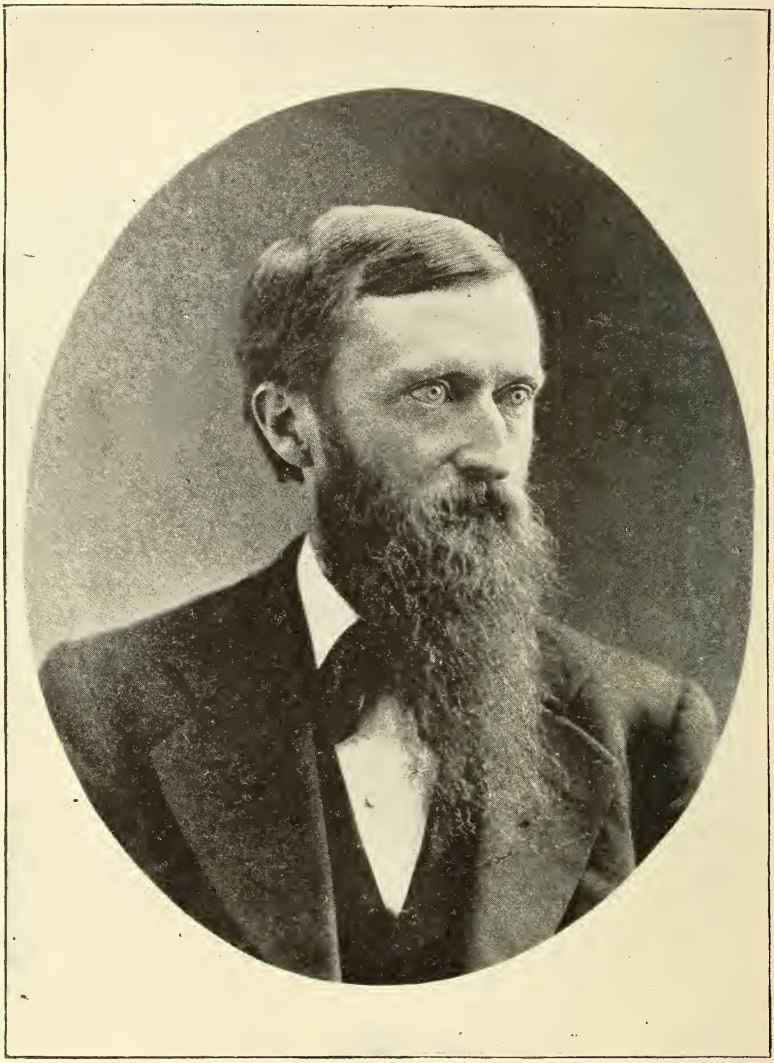
The widow and her daughter, accompanied by kind friends, took the fragile tenement of that ransomed soul from the old Churchville home where Frances was born and bore it towards Chicago. Many miles before that city was reached a company of friends and neighbors from Evanston met the funeral train, in respect toward their eminent friend and fellow-citizen, and in sorrowing sympathy for the loved ones he had left. In his dear home his coffined clay rested for a little, and then it was borne toward Rosehill, there to be laid beside that of his daughter Mary "until the day break, and the shadows flee away."

Again stricken in her heart of hearts, Madam Willard took up the daily round of life in a home which could never be complete. The daughter had delayed for months her contemplated trip to Europe with Miss Jackson, that she might share the privilege of ministering at her father's bedside and of comforting his last hours. Now with characteristic self-abnegation, the mother sent from her lonely hearth-side her last earthly solace out into the great world beyond the seas, with her blessing and God-speed. Tenderly devoted as was this mother, there was never an hour when she would not speed her children to the ends of the earth, if convinced that God was calling them away from her.

The dear home was rented, the mother sometimes retain-

ing rooms there, sometimes spending a season with distant friends, or with her son and his family now residing in Wisconsin.

A precious packet of letters addressed to her absent daughter during two and a half years of wanderings in Europe, Africa and Asia embalms the memorials of those days, wherefrom self-forgetfulness and eager interest in all that interested her daughter and affected her welfare and rising reputation exhales like costly incense. It was in ever-present and victorious faith in God, that Madam Willard entered the shadowed path of widowhood, of a broken home, and life bereft for a time, by her own choice, of the rich blessing of her beloved daughter's presence.



OLIVER A. WILLARD.

CHAPTER VIII.

HER ONLY SON.

'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
How grows our store in Paradise.
—*John Keble.*

"God put him down
Beyond all hurt, beyond my sight, and bade
Him wait for me! Shall I not then be glad?
And, thanking God, press on to overtake?"

MADAM WILLARD'S character can no more be outlined without including her children than her portrait could be painted without a knowledge of her countenance.

Four daughters were given her, and only one son. Vivid remembrance brings back the sunny expression and laughing features, the florid complexion, blue eyes and brown hair of the slender boy, named for his paternal grandfather, Oliver Atherton Willard. At the time of his parent's removal to Wisconsin, the element of mischief, which is part of the endowment of every healthy boy, was prominent. It found vent sometimes in sundry demolitions of the play-houses of his girl cousins, but their distress at his harmless fun was surpassed by his awe when they threatened to "tell his mother," and entirely appeased when he kindly and swiftly built up, better than before, the tiny structures of bricks and shingles. Later reminiscences bring solemn and sympathetic thoughts of his baptism and profession of his faith in Christ, with the flush of boyhood still on his cheek and its innocence mantling his

fine brow. The student epoch brings back memories of the young gentleman, the brilliant collegian, at ease in the society of the many young ladies of his acquaintance in Beloit and Rockford, but never forgetting to call upon his cousins on a neighboring farm when at home for vacation, and yielding them rare pleasure in his society, while he generously gave the impression that nobody could surpass "the home folks" in his estimation. It was a red-letter day when we were enabled to respond to his invitation to be his guests at his Beloit graduation in 1859, to be received and entertained by him on that momentous Commencement Day, to be taken into his "den" and shown his library, to be introduced to his classmates, to listen to his sonorous Latin salutatory in public, and his witty description of classmates and professors in private, and to witness his reception of the much coveted parchment at the hands of President Chapin.

While a theological student his cousinly calls generally introduced, or were the occasion of introducing, conversation of a wider range, marked by real earnestness of thought and purpose underlying the scintillations of his wit and the lambent gleam of his humor. A sermon that he preached early in his ministry in the school-house near the spot where his family first alighted from their immigrant wagons in Wisconsin, with the old friends, neighbors and relatives for audience is remembered to this day, with some of the illustrations used in a Bible class before the sermon, so vivid and appropriate were they, and so helpful in impressing thought. He was the "bright particular star" of a large and hopeful circle of interested friends in this rural neighborhood and when, in the summer of 1862, he brought his bride for an introduction and visit to some of these same friends, their joy in him was increased, and their hope was multiplied.

The young minister's success was immediate and his advancement in the church rapid.

"You will remember," writes his sister, "that at the

age of twenty-seven he was a presiding elder in Colorado, having gone there by invitation of Governor Evans. He was instrumental in building in Denver what was then a remarkably fine church, its organ and stained glass windows being freighted across the plains. He founded there, also, a seminary for young men and women which was the nucleus of the present Denver University.

"He left the ministry on account of a throat difficulty and failing health, also because of business complications which he felt he must adjust before going on with the exclusive work of his profession. Later, for some years, he was an editor in Chicago. You know that he had a fine historical library, and that he had the education and talent to have become, had circumstances favored, a delightful writer of history. You know that during the last year of his life he had a Bible class of one hundred young men at our church in Evanston, and, dying suddenly after three days' illness at the Palmer House in Chicago, with a tender message to mother and me, his last words were, 'I have a present, perfect, personal Saviour!' He died with his hand clasped in that of his wife, than whom none was ever more tender, loyal and true."

A year before his sudden death, he delivered an address before the Alumni of Beloit College from which the following extracts are taken:

It astonishes me as I reflect how much of the infancy of our *Alma Mater* I was familiar with. Few sons have been so favored. I was present when the corner-stone of the old college building was laid; when President Chapin preached his first baccalaureate; when the first and every succeeding class up to and including that of 1859 were graduated. I participated in the services held in the grove to commemorate the decennial of the college.

At its outset, Beloit was the only college in this portion of the Northwest, and one of the very few west of the Alleghany mountains. My earliest recollections of Wisconsin are blended with the genesis of this college. People were then unincumbered with current events. There was no telegraph, no railroad, no daily paper. The little villages contained a bustling, intelligent population, mostly of New England ancestry. The majority of the farmers

boasted the same most creditable origin, so that next to a shelter, a mill, a school-house and a church, many of them "thought upon a college."

The first Commencements of Beloit were events. Their coming was heralded through the adjacent country; the towns-people looked forward to them with interest, the farmer and his wife consulted and were eager to be present.

To my boyish imagination the college was truly a mighty edifice; the Commencement crowd a wonderful inspiration; and the faculty, distinguished visitors and graduating class an aggregation worthy of profound adoration. It did the farmers' boys of those days good to attend Commencement. The laurels of a Collie, a Tucker, a Brewster aroused a longing in the simple soul of many a plow-boy for a chance to compete in the same field, which was never quieted until his desires were granted and he, too, was "sent to school." Times were hard, however, in those days, with all that the term implies. Wheat was thought very high when it rose to fifty cents per bushel.

Since times were hard it took a great deal of effort in order to get time and money to go from home to college. After much ado, I was finally started. Beloit was, of course, the objective point, the distance by round-about-road was fifteen miles, the mode of conveyance a double wagon. There was, besides myself, an Irish farm hand, a supply of wood, a small supply of clothes, a smaller supply of money, a large supply of good advice carried by myself carefully in the wagon, and my mother's blessing. That was rich and true and bountiful and availing, though people were poor and times were hard.

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How time has flown since then! Little the "old boys" dreamed of what life had for them to suffer and to do. What scenes the Alumni of this college have witnessed; what struggles the boys have had, what victories, what defeats! The world met us, and we met the Waterloo of our boyish imagery. Yet Beloit has no cause to be ashamed of her sons. Most of them had no inherited wealth, no backing of aristocratic or influential parentage, no adventitious aids. They went forth to take their chances in the struggle for existence on a level with their fellows—fortified only in this,—that they had been drilled by as able, wise, patient and conscientious men as ever on these western prairies prayed for the blessing of God upon their work and tried to answer their own prayers. Beloit boys were, and I doubt not, still are, compelled to do some work, to follow some rules, to yield obedience to some regulations, and just in proportion as this discipline has been adhered to, have its students been furnished with power to concentrate their minds, habits of obedience,

capacity for patient, persistent toil—all of which they must have if they would win.

To-night, once more gathered under the eye of our fair mother of earlier days, we may regret that we cannot augment her pride by stories of nobler achievement; but let us at least rejoice that we bring her no dishonor or disgrace. We have done something. She summons us, not to chide, but to cheer. She illustrates to us that the noblest acts may be done quietly, and the truest service rendered without ostentation. Her name and fame, at the least, have always been dear to us. No son of hers has ever felt that he stood less than peer of any alumnus of any college in these United States. It has ever been to me, whether West or East, a source of unaffected exaltation, when asked, "At what college were you graduated?" to answer, "At Beloit College, Rock County, Wisconsin." I am proud of my rearing in the state, in the county, in the college. It makes up an endowment of which any man has a right to be proud.

Let us, my brothers, never forget our common bond of union and pledge to fortune! Let us remember that we are brothers, and that here is our common mother, worthy of the love, the help, the best efforts of her sons. Be it ours, having done all, to stand, as a rock, for the truth, full of courage and hope, certain ever that we are of the majority, because we know we have Jehovah—God with us.

In a commemorative address delivered at the annual meeting of the Alumni of Beloit College by his classmate, Rev. W. W. Rose, July 2, 1878, the first after Mr. Willard's death, are the following passages:

It is only twelve months since, at the annual anniversary of our *Alma Mater*, Oliver Willard's delightful reminiscences of our college life gave unusual interest to Commencement Day. It is only twelve months, but there has been time enough for the grass to grow, and the flowers to blossom over his grave.

Mr. Willard was a man who would attract attention and interest anywhere. He was of tall stature and elegant appearance; manly and graceful in the movement of his hands and feet. In the expression of his face there was an uncommon union of delicacy and power. His features were very bold in the outline, very fine in the detail. Such organizations as his are the products of nature's unabated vital force, working for the best, under the refining influences of a high civilization. The striking characteristics of his face and person were, in him, true signs of an uncommon intellect and a unique personality. All who knew him thought him a man of very superior mind and of very marked individuality, but they who knew him most intimately entertained the highest opinions of him.

His father, Hon. J. F. Willard, was well known, and is still well remembered as a man of remarkable force and decision of character. His house was a happy and delightful home. Some of us remember, with sorrowful interest, that bright and lovely blossom of young womanhood, Miss Mary Willard, so soon, alas! to be cut down. Mr. Willard always manifested a beautiful sincerity and respect for his mother and sisters.

In my father's house at Rockford, Mr. Willard has always been remembered with the liveliest interest. He was a young man to stir up the life of a steady-going, religious and laborious farm-house. There was an uncommon noise of laughter at our breakfast table when he was there. My own dear mother tells me how her heart went out in love for that young man. When she was ill, he talked with her as he sat at her bedside, in the most confiding, cheerful, hopeful, manly way. I feel a desire to reach out to the lakeside where he rests and drop immortelles on his grave for my mother, my sister, my wife.

But I began to speak of our friend when he was with us here in the college. He quickly made for himself a large place. Every one admired him. He stood well on the professor's little books. He always had high marks when he had been at the trouble of ascertaining from the text-books the subject-matter of the recitation. Sometimes he had good marks when he had not been at that trouble, for no one could evolve so bold and brilliant a recitation out of the depths of unpreparedness, as he. Though he was at times somewhat irregular in attendance, though there were rather liberal intermissions between his periods of intense application, he was a good scholar. In the reviews he almost invariably attained a very high standing, nearly the highest possible.

In the Theological Institute at Evanston he made an excellent record. An eminent career in the ministry was predicted for him. One who knew him at this time said that in his opinion Willard was reasonably sure to sit down, sooner or later, in a Bishop's chair. During the years of his ministry he gave himself conscientiously to the duties of his high calling. He was at Denver, I was at Omaha, and was delighted to hear, as I did, more than once, of his remarkable success. I was told that he had a marvelous influence over abandoned and desperate men, winning some such from the gambling table to the altar of God's house. He worked hard, was a popular and successful minister, and wrought out for himself a foremost place among the founders of religious and educational institutions in Colorado.

After a few years he left preaching and engaged in business. The change was necessitated partly by failing health; partly, if I

remember, by the failure of some agricultural ventures in which he had invested. At length he found his place in an editorial chair, and at the time of his death was editor-in-chief of the Chicago *Daily Post*.

Mr. Willard was manly. He had self-respect. A certain unobtrusive dignity always made its appearance in time to prevent aggression or insult. In writing, he was not given to light ornamentation, but was simple, chaste and vigorous. He was a modest man, never crowding or self-asserting; not often talking or seeming to be thinking very much of himself, but when he had done something well he would speak of it very much as if some one else had done it.

He was courageous. He had a stoical patience, an indomitable spirit. He was unselfish, almost prodigal in his generosity. He was on friendly and intimate terms with nature, but his interest was not that of a person of scientific tastes. I suppose he never analyzed a flower. He seemed to have a contempt for such little business as dismembering a violet. But he knew the full botanical names of all the more common flowers, and of a good many of the rarer ones. To hear the instructor apply a name to a plant was enough for him. It took root at once in his wonderful memory, which was a marvel to us all for retentiveness and accuracy.

Preparing for examination in Whately's Rhetoric, he read the text-book twice, running through it the second time with great rapidity. His previous study of it had been very desultory. But he declared himself prepared to repeat the whole work, word for word, and the passage that fell to him in the examination he did so repeat. At another time, his preparation for an examination in botany consisted in memorizing the thirty-four pages of the Glossary of Definitions.

He was very keen in analysis, quick and sure in detecting fallacies. But I think he never gave much attention to metaphysics. The action of his mind was intuitive. He was impatient of long, slow processes of induction. He was uncommonly well read in general English literature. His favorite authors were, I should say, Bacon and Burke, and the old English dramatists. He loved books of biography and history that admit the reader into the life of their time, such as Boswell's Johnson and Pepys' Diary.

He did not look upon nature with the eyes of an artist or a poet, but he was a man at home in the world. He was both witty and humorous. He was a master of sarcasm. He was a very clever fellow at making puns,—one of the funniest of mortals. His talk was full of quips. His speech glittered, the sparks flew to either hand. His witticism was his own ; hardly ever the obvious witticism that would suggest itself to half the people in a company, but some-

thing that no other would have thought of. He was not easily angered; was never vindictive nor profane. His laugh was an invitation and encouragement to further repartee. The disposition of mind that showed itself in the various forms of pleasantry was an elemental part of his nature. But to say that his temperament was essentially of a light and frivolous character would be far as possible from the truth. He was at heart a serious man. He met honestly and fairly the demand for serious work. There was no inclination in him to make a farce of the world, or of his own life.

All men were of interest to him. If ever a man was at home in this world, wherever he might be, Oliver Willard was. He was on terms of good understanding with everything animate and inanimate. He was not given to playing with pets, but the horses and dogs were always friendly to him. Though somewhat reserved in manner, and not a man of many intimacies, he was very quick to find points of interest in queer fellows of every sort. A witty Hibernian shoveler, a fat dispenser of the Bavarian beverage, a little negro boy,— with such as these he was often on the best of terms. The doctors, the preachers, the politicians, the learned professors,— our friend had for all of them due honor, but every one of them, too, was sure, sooner or later, to touch the fine-set trigger of his happy conceit, and he would go off in an explosion of mirth. He could see jokes in the firmament. If it was clear, he would make it brighter. If it was cloudy, he would make it corruscate. The solemn ox was funnier to him than Falstaff to the average man.

Oliver Willard had made a Christian profession before he came to Beloit. Many young men call themselves Christians, and do so in sincerity, who are yet only partially under the power of the great realities. While he was in college he was one of this class.

But in due season his time came. His religious experience during the last year and a half of his life can be explained in no way except as it is admitted that the blessed Spirit of love and truth took possession of him. He was the same Willard as before, but now, not his own man, or a man of the world, but wholly Christ's man. His wife writes:

"His ministry was a conscientious one, but never afforded him a life of assurance and peace as did his last year. He felt a great desire to make up for lost time, and immediately, upon the change, went to work in lay effort, spending nearly two months in work in our church, preaching or leading meetings every night besides attending to his regular daily business. It did not seem to wear upon him, either, so fully was his heart enlisted. He started out in this new experience resting his faith wholly on a 'Thus saith the Lord,' and taking for his own special promise, 'He that believeth

on the Son hath eternal life.' For many weeks this was his sure foundation, until one night as we walked home from prayer-meeting he said to me, 'I've always *believed* I was saved, but, somehow, lately, I have a *consciousness* that I am saved.'

"At the last he said to me, 'Oh, Mary! your prayers have all been answered,' adding, 'Lord, I put my hand in thine,' and fell asleep as quietly as a child."

Mr. Rose continues:

He was forty-two years old and in control of a great Chicago daily paper. With such capacities and such experience, and with such purpose, we cannot doubt that if he had lived he would have reached the highest honors of his profession. Beloit College has done well for journalism; Horace White, Jonas F. Bundy, Oliver A. Willard, not to mention others, are bright names.

Forty-two years old and dead! His work in this world is done. He is gone from the places of his study, of his labor, of his mirth; he is gone from his happy home. Softly may the waters kiss the ground, green may the grass grow where he sleeps!

The leading editorial in the Chicago *Post* for Monday evening, March 18, 1878, gave eloquent testimony to the worth of its departed chief. We extract a single paragraph:

For years Oliver Willard has been the light and life, the heart and soul of this journal, as he had been that of *The Mail* which was merged in it. To it he gave the best of his versatile, intellectual powers. Whatever he wrote or said, or whatever direction his actions took, was always for the best interests of humanity. At middle age and just when life promised him its best blessings in all that honors and enriches, death has taken him. If we were of his personal family our sorrow could scarcely be more deep or sincere. The eloquence of our grief is in our hearts.

From among the many testimonies of contemporary journals, the following is selected as representative of all. (From the Chicago *Advance*):

Mr. Oliver A. Willard, the editor of the Chicago *Evening Post*, died at the Palmer House last Sunday, after an illness of less than three days. By his death the journalistic profession of Chicago loses one of its most devoted and pure-minded workers. He possessed more qualities, in a marked degree, for first-class journalism than almost any other Chicago editor. He was one of the best paragraphists in the city. His wit was never other than kindly. He was

at the same time sagacious, terse and wise, as a writer on all the leading topics of the day, whether local or national. The instincts of the gentleman never forsook him. He was fast making *The Post* to be, in fact, if not in pretension, a thoroughly Christian daily. The loss of such a man in the early prime of so promising a career will be deeply and widely felt. He leaves a wife and four children. His sister, the brilliant and eloquent philanthropist, Miss Frances Willard, will have the sympathy of thousands in all parts of the country. Mr. Willard was remarkably beloved by all who knew him. It is rare, indeed, that such gentleness and strength, such frankness and sagacity, such wit and wisdom, such courtesy and courage, such conscientiousness and consciousness of power are so admirably combined. There are young men enough to whom journalism has a fascination; but the men of this sort it is hard to find.

How did those nearest and dearest bear the loss of husband, son and brother? Ten days later, his sister wrote to a friend:

He has vanished to the *real* life, out of sight, but tenderly present in spirit and memory—my only and dearly-beloved brother Oliver

He was not pained, by the surprise of death. Infinitely touching were the utterances of those last hours, the last messages to each, the weary voice repeating, "Come unto me and I will give you rest." With tears he repeated the old hymn:

"Ten thousand times thy mercies known,
Ten thousand times thy mercies grieved."

Again and again he said, "Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in me."

"Christ's presence does not electrify, but I want my friends to know that it *does sustain.*" And so he went without a struggle or a groan. Mother is calm and content at the blessed victory, and his dear wife, who loved him so devotedly, goes on her way with the face of one who sees a heavenly vision.

I was absent when my brother left us, and knowing the strong tie between them, I almost dreaded the effect of this sudden bereavement upon my mother. But when I reached Rest Cottage and walked up the pleasant path to the front door, it opened before I reached the steps, and there she stood with outstretched arms and face illumined, as she folded me to her breast and cried out, "Give thanks with me, my child, your brother Oliver is safe with God. I had grown old and gray praying for him and now he has passed into eternal peace."

Another friend, Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson, wrote:

Coward that I was, I was afraid to go to the house of mourning. I expected soul-harrowing scenes, and summoned all the fortitude I

could command, but I found that home perfectly effulgent, all aglow with the Christian's joy and consolation. Blissful, not sorrowful, were the faces that greeted me. Instead of sackcloth and ashes, the mourners were clothed in the beautiful garments of hope. Death was robbed of its sting and the grave of its victory. I had read it, and I thought I believed it, but I had never seen it until now. . . And I said this means something; the religion that makes human nature almost divine is worth the having; the Christianity that can turn sorrow—bitter sorrow—to joy is just what humanity needs.

The following article by a niece of Madam Willard shows the impression made upon friends and kindred by her lofty Christian resignation in this sore bereavement:

MY TWO LETTERS.

BY MRS. MARY GILMAN ROSS.

Yesterday I received a letter from an old friend in Massachusetts, which has set me to thinking more seriously than ever before, upon the sorrows of the aged, and how some of them may be lightened. This friend of mine is a lady, past the prime of life, a widow, who a few months ago was made childless by the death of a lovely daughter. The letter she sent me was one wail of woe. Her child was dead. The little grandchild only lived a few days and then went to its mother. Her husband died long ago. And now the dear old home with its treasured memories, doubly sacred since the dying daughter had there breathed her last prayer for her heart-broken mother—this home was to be sold. Pictures, brackets and other ornaments hung on its walls by the hands now folded to rest, must come down from them forever. The piano that had stood in the one corner for so many blessed years, must be moved to some place that its owner never knew. The mother must cross the threshold over which her daughter was borne in quiet sleep, with tottering feet and tear-blinded eyes, and a tortured, bleeding heart. This was too much, it was cruel and made her "home-sick for heaven."

Poor, poor woman! I thought as I crushed the letter in my hand, why do you not lift your face from the earth where it fell when the tempest of grief overcame you, and look upward to the sunshine that now beams to bless you? You would then see that the good All-Father has only taken away your earthly supports that you might feel the strength of the heavenly arm that is reaching down to receive you. If you could only say, "Thy will be done."

After pondering long over this letter which made my heart ache for the writer, I thought of another letter which came to me from an Illinois friend about two years ago. The writer of this one was also

an aged lady. Some of her children had died in infancy. One beautiful and accomplished daughter had gone to sleep in the bloom of womanhood. A few years later, her husband after a long and painful illness—one of consumption's victims—had found his rest in the grave. And now her only son, in the prime of manhood, with bright prospects before him, had been suddenly summoned from wife and helpless children, and mother and sister, into the presence of his Maker. When the letter came, before opening it I recognized the well-known hand of the writer, and knowing all, trembled as I broke the seal. I knew how that mother had lived for her children; how she had willingly sacrificed ease, the pleasures of society, home and the presence of kindred for their welfare; how she had ever stood between them and the world, and defended them against its criticisms with a vigor which knew no defeat; how her nights had been spent in weary watching, and her days in unremitting care for them, and I thought, "How can she ever survive this? Surely that strong heart will succumb to the blow that smites her only son—her noble Oliver." And thinking thus, I opened and read, and to my amazement found that her trembling hand had penned as much of joy as grief. "We are left in sorrow and loneliness," she wrote, "that only God can understand, but with a comfort and support that only God can bestow." Years ago her care at night had been to see the children safely covered in their beds. Now she had seen all but one close their eyes in a blissful sleep, with the assurance that they would waken to rejoice in the glories of an endless day! Saved! No more battling with temptation; no more falling into sin; no more headaches from painful anxiety, nor heartaches from more painful mistakes and stumblings by the way. Earth, with its lights and shadows, its safe retreats and its dangerous pitfalls, its transient pleasures, and its bitter griefs, its trembling hopes and its maddening doubts, gone like a troubled dream, and in its stead, Heaven, *Home*. And now, with a long look backward over the dangerous and tear-wet pathway that those weary feet had trod, and another look forward to the glittering gate through which they had entered into the Celestial City, and that mother-heart could shout as never before, a soul-felt and profound hosanna.

The two letters have been put away, and now as my thoughts go eastward to the mother who is inconsolable, and westward to the one who walks with a firm step and unclouded brow, facing life's sunset with a countenance made radiant by its light, I have no need to ask myself why this difference. For to me the question is solved by the thought that the one mother loved herself better than she loved her child, and the other loved her children better than she loved herself.



MADAM WILLARD.

A BAS RELIEF BY LORADO TAFT. CHICAGO.

CHAPTER IX.

LATER LIFE.

Life's evening brings its lamp with it. Age, neighbor of eternity, is a kind of priesthood.—Joseph Joubert.

It is not a small matter to have lived almost a century, and to have been so guided by intellect and moved by high moral sense as to stand at the end of so long an exposure to the eyes of men, still true, just, noble, sustaining a moral character without a flaw.

He never for a moment lost his interest in things about him, spiritual or secular, to the very closing hour of life. Multitudes of his friends had passed away, and there he stood, like an ancient oak on the mountain side, towering above later generations, serene, majestic, unclouded.—On "Moses Brown," in Lend-a-Hand, January, 1893.

THE decade which had elapsed between the death of husband and son had not been a period of inactivity with Madam Willard. Neither had the infirmities of advancing years appeared. The firm hand, elastic step, brown hair, smooth brow, delicate complexion, beaming eye, dignified and yet vivacious and graceful presence spoke not of age, but of ripe experience and unabated interest in the affairs of life. Constantly dwelling in the presence of spiritual realities, and with leisure for meditation and reading, the years between sixty and eighty-five were the harvest time of her life. Not only was there accession to the spiritual domain, but there was constant widening of earthly knowledge and sympathies. While the daughter was abroad, 1868-70, the mother followed her by reading the best guide-books and by enlarged acquaintance with the history and literature associated with these travels. Her correspondence,

often sparkling and humorous, was copious, and filled with details of home life most interesting to the travelers, interspersed with excellent advice, permeated with abounding sympathy, and dominated by the most intense solicitude for their religious welfare.

At the age of seventy-five, Madam Willard, accompanied by her daughter, made a pilgrimage to North Danville, Vt., which she had not once revisited since, at the age of ten, she had left it with her father and his family for western New York. The house where she was born was not now standing, but she instantly pointed out the deserted and turf-grown cellar, and the apple trees in the ancient orchard which she had assisted her father to plant, although a modern school-house had been built upon the corner so cherished in memory as her "native heath." From visits in Wheelock, and in beautiful St. Johnsbury near by, whose foundation had not one stone upon another until long after the departure of the Hill family from Danville, she went alone to spend a few days with relatives at Bethlehem, N. H. Here everything delighted her, from the singing of her favorite hymns at family worship, from the drive to the summit of Mt. Agassiz and its matchless view of the White Hills, to the descent down the mountain side in which the driver led the horse while she sat calmly in the vehicle; and a drive of thirty miles in a trip to the Franconia mountains brought her back radiant at nightfall over Echo Lake, Profile Mountain and the Flume.

When a great and responsible educational position opened to her daughter in 1871,—the presidency of the Evanston Woman's College—the mother, who was one of its Board of Trustees, entered into all her labors, anxieties and successes, received to her own table and roof-tree several young ladies when the college overflowed, and identified herself completely with its interests. When the invitation came to Miss Willard to speak from a public platform, then a most unusual occurrence in the life of any woman, her mother's unhesitating advice, often repeated

in subsequent years, was "*Enter every open door.*" Sitting in her room at home on the evening when Miss Willard first spoke in public, in Chicago, her mother watched the clock for the moments of the beginning and ending of her address, in an intense sympathy with the ordeal which she felt as keenly as the speaker herself. This travail of spirit was repeated on subsequent occasions, yet never did the mother look regretfully backward, never did her courage waver nor her prophecy of great achievement fail. When the time had come for the daughter's educational work to close amid a crucifixion of self and earthly prospects, the mother's Spartan spirit rose equal to the emergency, surrounded the worn worker by the walls of home as in an impregnable castle, and herself ministered to her wants, spiritual and physical, until there was no further need.

When the temperance work — the central pivot of the daughter's philanthropic life — opened before her, the mother, though demurring at the needlessly generous and entire sacrifice of pecuniary considerations which the daughter believed to be inseparable therefrom, interposed no insurmountable objections, but allowed the experiment to be tried, though it reduced both to discomfort and temporary poverty. When the daughter's health failed under the unaccustomed strain, the mother's bugle blew a blast which, like that of Roderick Dhu,

"Were worth a thousand men."

It summoned the ideal lover of her kind to a practical basis for her life-work for God and humanity, and set her on her feet for years of tireless achievement. Into the thick of that unending conflict with the powers of darkness, the mother entered with her child, now imparting strength and courage, now, like an embodied reward, holding up a crown glittering in heaven's own light; now keeping pace, step by step beside the race-course, in unwearied endeavor to hold in full view the runner in the lists, and to join in the plaudits at the winning post. Who could grow old

with so microscopic and telescopic a vision for the activities, the aspirations and the achievements of the dauntless actors on the stage of life! As Madam Willard sat in her quiet home, her ear was at the meeting point of a thousand electric wires, every one bringing tidings of endeavor for the world's good; and her calm pulse was the vital element which transmuted both victories and defeats into hosannas and prophecies of final triumph.

Rest Cottage was becoming a famous shrine toward which the feet of many pilgrims were tending. Like a vestal virgin, the mother-heart kept there the altar-fires ever burning. She looked in the faces, she clasped the hands of white-ribboners, and of their husbands, brothers and sons, from around the wide world; they were henceforth her friends, not as the exponents of a "cause," but as men and women with hearts to weep and rejoice, with need of cheer and encouragement in sore conflict, or sympathy and exultation in the hour of victory. That her life was prolonged and her youth made perennial through her intense participation in the great work of reform, none can doubt who have sat by that fireside, entered into the social cheer of that hospitable board, heard the blessing which she there implored upon the temperance work and workers at every noontide meal, and the prayers which every morning ascended from the family altar at which she was the high priest. Little by little she was enshrined in the hearts of the great white ribbon army and her venerable presence was sought as the crowning earthly blessing of the great annual meetings. At Washington, at Minneapolis, at Chicago, her coming to the platform of the conventions was the signal for unbounded enthusiasm. In the last named city she answered the greeting of the vast multitude assembled in Battery D, with a look of youth upon her face which matched that of her daughter, although she was then in her eighty-fourth year. When she could not be present at these national gatherings, it became the habit of the vast assemblage to send her a tele-

gram with greetings, and to listen, as for the voice of a loved mother, for her reply. The notable assemblage of the World's and the National Conventions in joint session at Boston, in 1891, was the last to receive her greeting from this side the heavenly hills. Who that was present at that memorable hour in Tremont Temple, crowded from door to platform and from floor to ceiling, by the representatives of America's best, and the world's noblest womanhood, can forget while life lasts, the thrill and the hush which fell upon all hearts when her telegram was read?

> "As one who stands upon the shore
> And sees the life-boat speed to save,
> So, all too weak to take an oar,
> *I send a cheer across the wave.*"

And in the long passage of the dark river at the last, she feebly murmured in dying accents, "The convention! —yes,—that's—where—you sum up—the—work—of—the —year!"

For many years it was a part of the active diversion of her every week to look over the hundreds of newspapers and periodicals which came to Rest Cottage, for notices of the daughter and the work, to clip and classify these, not omitting the unsparing criticisms, and place them in scrapbooks which ultimately grew in number to the dimensions of a library in themselves. When the daughter's work increased so as to call her almost constantly from home, to these active diversions of the mother were added the teaching of her housemaid, and of a class composed of the friends of the Swedish girl; for a time, also, Madam Willard taught a class of young ladies in the Sunday-school, and, at the age of seventy, she was the first president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Evanston. Constant at church on the Sabbath, and sometimes at the weekly meetings, especially delighted to be present at union meetings of the women of the different denominations, she was a felt power in the religious life of the village, not more by her words and presence, than by the

steadfastness and fervor of her nature, and the spirituality of her life. Active as was this life, touching by its sympathy that of neighbor and friend, young and old, far and near, its hidden springs were in prayer and meditation. Her home-treasures were all in heaven save one, and thither her thoughts followed and her sympathies soared, until heaven came to her and dwelt with her under her cottage roof.

"I have never really lost them," she would say, folding her hands restfully, and looking up to the portraits of husband, son and daughter. "They are as constantly with me in spirit as they ever were in the flesh."

And to the remaining daughter, now called to endless journeyings, her prayers, following and ascending, were vanguard and rearward. "Pray for me while I am gone," Frances said to her mother, on parting for a long trip. "I do little else than pray for you," responded her mother. "And I believe," added the daughter, "that it is because of mother's prayers that never a bridge breaks, nor a car runs off the track, nor any other accident happens as we travel over thousands of miles."

Just before her husband died, Madam Willard said to him, "We are so old now that we shall probably not be long separated. I may soon come to you."

Looking up at his wife with almost prophetic light in his face, the dying man replied, "Mary, you will live many years yet to take care of Frances."

God did spare her many years to "take care of Frances" and her whole heart and soul were in that sweet vocation of a mother's heart.

It was work, sympathy, prayer, in which she rejoiced with exceeding joy. Never did she murmur, never did she clog the tireless feet of the wanderer, but rather furnished them with wings. To the minute inquiries after her comfort written by the daughter while absent, she replied with unvarying cheer and sublime content. Seldom at any time, except when family anniversaries brought to her

spirit unwonted pathos, did she allow herself the luxury of plaintive retrospect. At such times a paragraph interjected between breezy tales of home doings and messages of friends and admirers, or as a prelude to heavenly aspirations for the absent, was the only hint.

Once in later years, her daughter found, hidden away, some lines in which the mother's heart and pen had indulged itself on a lonely New Year's Day—but it was only once. They were entitled :

ALONE IN THE HOUSE.

Alone in the house ! who would dream it
Or think that it ever could be—
When my babes thrilled the soft air with love notes
That had meaning for no one but me ?
Alone in the house ! who would dream it
Or think that it ever could be,
When they came from their small garden-castle,
Down under the dear maple tree,
Or from graves of their pets and their kittens
With grief it would pain you to see ;
Then with brows looking weary from lessons,
Pored over with earnestness rare,
And then from a thoughtful retirement
With solitude's first blanch of care !

A house of stark silence and stillness
Is this, where I think of the rush
Of childhood's quick feet on the threshold,
And of childhood's sweet spirit of trust !
Alone in the house, all alone here
On this generous festival day !
Oh, where have my girls gone this New Year's,
Who made the house merry as May ?
One went at the voice of Death's angel,
And one, Duty called her away.
Oh, what shall I be in the future ?
I do wonder just what I shall be
When those who, though absent, so love me
May be launched on Eternity's sea !

There's a Friend who can never grow older,
Who never will leave us alone ;

So bravely I'll enter to-morrow,
And all the long list of to-morrows,
Until I, too, pass on to my home.
When shall we all reach home, I wonder!
Where the father and children now rest,
To dwell with the Christ who redeemed us,
In the fair, pleasant lands of the blest.
There, shut in from these long separations,
These questions, this heart-ache, these tears,
We shall never more sigh for the absent
Throughout sweet Eternity's years.

A sweet attractive kind of grace;
A full assurance given by looks;
Continual comfort in a face,
The lineaments of Gospel books.

—EDMUND SPENSER.

Oh, that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine, thy own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
Grieve not, my child; chase all thy tears away.

—WILLIAM COWPER.

CHAPTER X.

MEMORIAL DAYS.

Of birthdays and birthdays that reach to fourscore
I've never had such a good one before;
We welcome and bless it,
Our Mother, for thee. —*Sara L. Oberholtzer.*

A widespreading, hopeful disposition is your only true umbrella in this vale of tears.— T. B. Aldrich.

THE pathway of the venerable woman at Rest Cottage never led "down the declivity of life"; for her it sloped gently upward to the hills of Day. The last few years were marked by several notable anniversaries which remain as mile-stones in the memory. The first was the eightieth birthday of Saint Courageous (as she was known to the white ribbon host), for which her daughter Frances and her daughter-in-law Mary B. Willard issued twenty-five hundred invitations to white ribbon friends and allies in all parts of the world.

The "Home Department" of *The Union Signal* for January 15, 1885, is filled with the following tributes:

A SUNSET VISION.

MRS. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

To Mrs. Mary Thompson Willard, on her eightieth birthday.

Pilgrim! whose feet have climbed
The sunset height,
Where pales our earthly day,
In heavenly light;
Where, in the King's own garden,
Near His gate,
For His glad messenger
His children wait;

Tell us, who have not gained
That border-land,
How looks the blessed home
So near at hand?
Surely its mansions fair
Thine eyes can see;
Its glorious palaces
Must shine for thee.

Life's eager voices hushed,
Canst thou not hear
Songs, from the upper choir,
Steal on thine ear?
Canst thou not sometimes see,
When clouds unfold,
Faces our longing hearts
Break to behold?

Pilgrim! the sunset height
Is far to win,
But we, from weary plains,
May enter in.
Through dust of toil and strife
Heaven's fountains burst;
Who knows what lips may quaff
Their coolness first!

Pilgrim! the way is long,
Yet can we hear
Words of the Comforter,
"*Lo, I am near!*"
Yet can we clasp the hand
Leading aright,
Up from our sunless vales,
Into God's light.

AT FOUR SCORE.

ELIZABETH WHEELER ANDREW.

A Birthday Celebration.

As in the Jewish Temple "beaten oil" was required for holy service, so the results of a disciplined and beautiful life are as fragrant incense in the courts of the King. Such a life, devoted to God and

humanity, is that of Mrs. Mary Thompson Willard, whose eightieth birthday was celebrated by a reception given at Rest Cottage, Evanston, Ill., on the evening of January 3, by her daughters, Frances and Mary B. Willard. The arch of evergreens, under which the visitor passed in seeking the hospitable door, was formed by entwining the branches of tall trees planted by Mr. J. F. Willard many years ago; this, with the Chinese lanterns suspended from it, and the locomotive head-light across the way, were all devices of friendly blue-ribbon men.

Entering the door we were greeted by Mrs. Mary B. Willard, the beloved daughter-in-law, then welcomed a few steps further on, by Miss Frances E. Willard, who presented the guests to her dear and honored mother.

The doorways and windows were wreathed with smilax; a long festoon of greenery above the mother's chair bore at one end the figures 1805, at the other, 1885, in white carnations. A crown of flowers over the center of this arch, and an anchor beneath, were eloquent of eternal reward, and "the hope that fadeth not away." These beautiful adornings were the loving testimonial of the Evanston W. C. T. U. Camellias and japonicas, moss and mistletoe were there, from the sunny South. Above the oaken book-shelves were speaking likenesses of the precious dead. One of the father, Mr. J. F. Willard, one of the early and honored settlers of Evanston; one of the only son, Oliver A. Willard, gifted with brilliant and versatile talents as author and editor, for whom God's chariot wheels sounded early and swift, and for whom his friends rejoiced in the victory over death; of Mary, whose memory is embalmed in the history of "Nineteen Beautiful Years." How real seemed their presence in that memorable scene, and we could indeed believe with Longfellow:

> " . . the forms of the departed
> Enter at the open door.
> The beloved ones, the true-hearted
> Come to visit us once more."

Near these portraits were grouped photographs and water-color sketches of the old homes in different states, where the family had lighted its hearth-fires.

The dear mother's chair was decorated with evergreen from Danville, Vt., her birthplace, and from the old homes in western New York, Oberlin, O., Forest Home, near Janesville, Wis., and in Evanston.

An informal program was given from five to seven, only nearest relatives and friends being present, which opened with the following beautiful song, written for the occasion by Miss Anna Gordon, Miss

Willard's cherished friend and private secretary. This was sung by Mr. and Mrs. Mather Kimball, Mr. O. H. Merwin, and Miss Katherine Willard, daughter of Mrs. Mary B. Willard, the friends present joining in the chorus, to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne":

We join to-night to honor one
 Whose crown of eighty years
Reflects a faith that's born of love,
 A hope that conquers fears:
A life enriched by blessed deeds
 All through its busy days;
A soul that e'en in darkest hours
 Still sings its song of praise.

Vermont's green hills surround the scenes
 Her happy childhood knew;
Wisconsin sends the cedar boughs
 That with her children grew.
The earlier home and plighted love
 The Empire State endears;
Old Oberlin records their names,
 And patient student years.

The gentle heart that hears our song,
 And notes our words of love,
Hears voices long since hushed on earth—
 An echo from above:
They join us in our tribute meet
 To her who is their care;
We feel their presence, sacred, sweet,
 And long their bliss to share.

Her loved ones gone, she sat serene
 Beside the lonely hearth,
Which echoed once to childhood's glee,
 To youth's rejoicing mirth;
And sent her daughter Frances forth
 On errands brave and grand—
While at Rest Cottage mother prayed
 For "Home and Native Land."

The mother's noble sacrifice,
 The daughter's deeds untold,
God will reward in days to come
 With promised "hundred-fold";

The mother's radiant sunset years
Seem brighter every one;
We hold her precious life our joy
Till God shall say, "Well done!"

Mrs. Bragdon, a most intimate and beloved friend and neighbor of Madam Willard, read Scripture selections with exquisite appropriateness. Prayer was offered by Deacon L. R. Willard, of Chicago. Mrs. Mary B. Willard then read a few out of the multitude of choice letters received from many of the wisest and noblest of the land. Several poems were read bearing noted names. Mrs. E. E. Marcy's poem given below, was illustrated in the truest artistic beauty, by her daughter, Mrs. Dr. Davis, an old pupil of Miss Willard.

EIGHT TEN TIMES.

MRS. E. E. MARCY.

To Mrs. Mary T. Willard.

Bring ye all fair and fragrant flowers!
With beauty crown these ripened hours!
Bring lily bells!
Sweet lily bells!

O lily bell,
With resonance impalpable,
O pearly notes,
Of waxen throats,
Scatter thy charmed mellifluous song
The rhythmic silences among!

Ring, lily bells,
Your mystic chimes!
Ring softly out the
Eight ten times!

Bring asters; let their simple grace,
With radiant memories fill the place,
Of happy days
In childhood's time;
Of youth's fond hopes;
Of woman's prime.
Twin sisters of
The choral train
That ever chant
In glad refrain—
In vibrant chords
That hymn the years.

Th' eternal cadence
Of the spheres —
Sing ye with them
In silver chimes!
Sing sweetly out the
Eight ten times!

Bring roses with their hearts of gold,
Whose flaming oracles unfold
Treasures of love.

O regal rose —
O rose all fair.
These be thy symbols
Rich and rare
To love; be loved;
In joy, in tears.
O roses!
All your sweetness shed
Upon this
Time-anointed head
Crowned with the garnered
Loves of years.
O rose! from all thy
Censers shower
Thy incense-fragrance
On this hour;
In all thy chalices
Of gold
Our fervid heart affections
Hold.

Breathe, roses of all happy climes,
Breathe on this festal —
Eight ten times!

From the hundreds of letters of "congratulations and regrets" one can gather but a sentence here and there: From Neal Dow, "I, too, am eighty years old. God has been very merciful and gracious both to you and to me, all the days of our life"; from Mrs. Wittenmyer, "We are all marching toward that invisible line that marks the present and divides it from the future.

"'All the future is hidden, I see but a pace,
Yet it may be I'm nearing the end of the race.
When the curtains are lifted, oh, what shall I see?
Will my Lord with His angels be waiting for me?'"

From Judge Pittman, of Massachusetts,

"Age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress.
But as the evening twilight fades away,
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day."

From Roswell Smith, editor of the *Century* magazine, "This life, even under the most adverse circumstances, is a blessing to be highly esteemed, and I am not among those who profess to despise it"; from Joseph Cook, a telegram, "Congratulations to the mother on the daughter's life, and to the daughter on the mother's"; from the Rev. Dr. J. H. Vincent, "Between the rosy light of a happy old age and the golden light of the city that is now not very far off, you will certainly have a 'good time.' May the Lord be your light all the way"; from Prof. Maria Mitchell, "May the dear mother see her one hundredth birthday"; from Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Moody, "May the 3d of January be a slight foretaste of the blessed reunion in the better home"; from the Rev. Bishop Ninde, of Topeka, Kansas, "The even sweetness of her tranquil and holy life expresses before our eyes the blessed truth that 'The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day'"; from Francis Murphy,

"She hath a natural, wise sincerity,
A simple truthfulness, and these have lent her a dignity as moveless as the center,
So that no influence of earth can stir her steadfast courage
Nor can take away the holy peacefulness,
Which night and day unto her queenly soul doth minister."

From Rev. and Mrs. W. F. Crafts, "Read Luke 24 : 29"; from Rev. B. F. Tefft, "May the blessings of God and of her many well-wishers follow and reward her to the end"; from the Rev. Bishop and Mrs. Warren,

"Happy the soul that can ever sing,

"'Joy, joy, to see on every shore
Where my eternal growth shall be,
God's sunrise brightening on before—
More light, more life, more love for me.'"

From President Fairchild, of Oberlin College, there were sprays of evergreen from the old tree before the early Willard home in Oberlin, O., and a beautiful letter descriptive of its planting and its growth; from Henry C. Bowen, of the *Independent*, "To think of paying the debt due such a mother is simply preposterous. The

best of us must give up all hope of ever making a just settlement in such cases. The only way, therefore, is just to go into bankruptcy"; from Rev. Robert West, of the *Advance*, "May many precious and peaceful years be given yet to that dear mother on whose life the grace of God has come. For I am persuaded that of all that has been born of woman, of all good movements which she has set going in the earth, there has not arisen a greater than the Woman's Christian Temperance Union." From this great sisterhood the messages came thick and fast; from the dear Crusader, Mrs. Judge Thompson, from "Mother" Stewart, from our "Deborah," Mrs. Governor Wallace, from the presidents of the W. C. T. U. of Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, Louisiana, Tennessee, Mississippi, Michigan, South Carolina (with camellias, fresh and fair), Massachusetts, Maine, District of Columbia, Indiana, Arkansas, Alabama, North Carolina, Minnesota and nearly every state and territory. There were sweetest of words from national superintendents and from men and women of note in all the philanthropies of the age.

This priceless book of letters was presented on behalf of the grandchildren, by little Mamie, the youngest child of the house, in this charming speech:

Dear Grandmamma, I'm only ten,
While you have passed four score;
But every day I live with you
I'm sure I love you more.
And I do hope, when I'm as old,
That I'll be kind like you,
And make the children care for me
When I am eighty, too!

I pray that God will let you stay
Here ten more years at least;
And when your ninetieth birthday comes,
Then *I* will make the feast.
And with this wish, and loving kiss,
Because you are so dear,
I want to give you, for your own,
This birthday souvenir.

Taking her kiss this little "maid with the bluest eyes" gave way to her aunt, Frances Willard, who presented the fine crayon portrait of her father, the work of Miss Delia Ladd, of Chicago, and a beautiful chair, cherry wood and old gold plush. Richest of all gifts were the daughter's words of tender grace and gratitude to her mother, who "had always trusted, believed in, and inspired" her, "beyond any other human being." She spoke of her also as the

"most dauntless soul" she had ever known, and quoted her mother's life motto:

"My barque is wafted to the strand
By breath divine,
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine."

This "moveless trust" she considered the key of her mother's character.

Resolutions were read from the W. C. T. U., of Churchville, N. Y., Miss Willard's birthplace, from Oberlin, O., and an appreciative paper from Janesville, Wis., signed by thirty of the lifelong associates of the father in church and business affairs; all the old homes were represented.

Mrs. Morton Hull presented the resolutions of the Evanston W. C. T. U., in which the fact was noted that Madam Willard had been its president in 1874. She also represented Miss Anna Gordon (whose beautiful presence all hearts missed regretfully from this remarkable occasion, and the more because of her weary physical suffering) in the gift of two large albums to Miss Willard, containing the photographs of all the vice-presidents and department superintendents of the National W. C. T. U. Miss Gordon has been nearly a year collecting this notable portrait gallery, and her gift marks an epoch in the busy life of our National president, who at this date completes a decade of active work, in fulfillment of her determination to reach one thousand towns with her "white-ribbon message" by the time her mother should be eighty years old; and thereafter to spend more time with that beloved mother, having scarcely averaged one month a year at home from her rapid journeyings in the last ten. In one year she visited every state and territory in the nation, and in ten years had left unvisited no town of ten thousand inhabitants save six, and but few of five thousand.

Mrs. Matilda B. Carse, of Chicago, presented to Madam Willard resolutions engrossed on vellum, in illuminated mediæval text, and framed in antique oak, setting forth appreciation of Chicago's Central Union, where Miss Willard ten years ago began her temperance work. The words of Mrs. Carse were full of the eloquence of the heart and of the magic of noble purpose. An exquisite basket of flowers accompanied the gift.

Mrs. Professor Emerson, of Beloit, Wis., read an appreciative address on behalf of her husband, who was necessarily absent, representing the relatives of Madam Willard. It gave much of the family history, and glimpses into the character of the dear lady whom we were met to honor. One sentence, spoken by Madam Willard to a friend years ago, when living in much isolation, must be given for

all the dear mothers of the land: "I have disappeared from the world, but by God's grace I will reappear in my children."

An episode which no pencil less graceful than Kate Greenaway's could fitly outline, followed. Some dear little neighbors came, in single file with Bessie Bragdon at their head, bearing a gold-colored basket containing eighty rosebuds, which she presented in this quaint little rhyme, prepared by Anna Gordon for the occasion:

Now last of all, your little friends
Have just a word or two;
We can't imagine how 't would seem
To be as old as you.
But then you have so young a heart,
And are so good and kind,
If we could all grow old like you,
We think we shouldn't mind.
We bring you eighty roses fair,
One for each fragrant year:
Accept them with a blessing, please,
From little hearts sincere.

Then the central soul of all this fragrance of flowers, these tributes of praise, these notes of joyful song and expressions of love and friendship, gave us of the wisdom of her years, as became the self-poised nature, the clear judgment and disciplined heart. What gracious courtesy, what light of the "peace that passeth understanding," shone from that benignant face and thrilled through that firm, impressive voice, as she responded to all that had gone before:

"I have no language," she said, "in which to respond appropriately to the kindly sentiments just expressed in such polished phrase. Eighty years is a long time, longer than any one present can remember, perhaps. I didn't expect to live so long. I wonder that I have lived so long. And so my friends have come to congratulate me upon my continued life and health. I appreciate your kindness and the honor you do me; coming as it does from persons of exceptional excellence of life and character, and of rare discrimination and attainment, it will lend a halo to the sunset of my life. But I am aware that it is to an *ideal* that you show this loving courtesy and unfeigned respect. I, too, have had ideals from my girlhood, and I still pay homage to the creations of my imagination, just as others do. It does no harm when our friends put an overestimate upon us. It stimulates us to endeavor to be such persons as our friends charitably think we are. I have a prayer in my heart for you all, that your lives may be prolonged, and that your influence in the cause of God and humanity may be extended and multi-

plied until time shall not be measured by the flight of years. Accept my sincere and grateful thanks for this expression of your kind regard."

"Blest be the tie that binds," was sung, and a loving benediction was pronounced by Rev. Lewis Curts, the pastor of the family, and this closed these heartfelt, beautiful exercises.

The evening reception followed with rare social delight. About four hundred were present during the evening. People of the highest distinction were there, and others who had struggled up out of the "mire and the clay," into purer light and living. The many guests of Rest Cottage could scarcely have found such pleasant freedom of space had it remained within its first limits; but as, when a circle is broken, we naturally draw up closer about the hearth-fire, so, since the loss of that beloved brother, all who are left of this devoted household have gathered under one roof, and Mrs. Mary B. Willard's home, with its communicating doors thrown widely open, welcomed all with the genial hospitality of the mother-cottage. The dining-room was brilliant with its pyramid of eighty candles, a centerpiece upon the attractive table, and the air was fragrant with flowers. Delicious viands were there for the body, and precious communion of friendship for the soul.

Many beautiful gifts were received — an unexpected grace — from friends far and near, which, with the imperishable words of love, both spoken and written, will be cherished always as priceless souvenirs.

If there is one thought which, more than all else, remains deeply impressed on the heart of one, at least, and doubtless, many others who were so happy as to share the delights of that evening, it is this: *The sacredness of the family life.* Could there be anything more beautiful than an honorable name, a spotless, Christian life, to descend as a heritage to "children's children"!

We realize that, in the midst of life's changeful voyage, we have been permitted to "touch the happy isles," and while we saw not the "great Achilles," nor mystical hero of any age, we have beheld the fulfillment of the beautiful prophecy, "a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

The paper written for this occasion by Prof. Joseph Emerson, of Beloit College, is given below:

"The days of our years are three score years and ten, and if by reason of strength they be four score years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow, for it is soon cut off and we fly away." So says the "prayer of Moses, the man of God." Perhaps Moses was of four score years when it was composed. It was true of that great people,

but it was not true of that great man. For him there were yet forty years more of great work, and then at one hundred and twenty years his eye was not dim nor his natural force abated; and beside him, at that later day stood two men, Caleb and Joshua, whose staunch loyalty in the hour of trial had proved a strength of manhood sufficient to bring them through the years of wandering with vigor and heroism enough to inspire a whole people for years of victory.

Such souls God makes and sends to lead the fulfillment of His promises, and it is a glad time for others besides themselves when such an one in any circle comes to that line, with a clear eye and a firm, native force, crowning a life full of light and truth and strength.

Because this occasion brings up thoughts whose interest and value should not be lost to the rest of us, I must ask her who is specially remembered to suffer us to speak of them. For it is worth much to every man and woman to see how God's salvation works, and in its own time shines along the common walks of life. It is the same lesson which the Captain of Salvation taught, when He chose the common life and the contact of soul with a few near and dear ones, rather than to lead multitudes, and He knows how to carry on His own work through souls working in His own way. Our friend whom we honor to-day, we have known as a gifted mind and soul, and no such soul can fail to have heard that voice falling from heaven, "Thou art my child." Blessed the soul which such a consciousness does not intoxicate but only nerves to do or to bear His will.

And here I must be allowed to quote words which have impressed me. "I think," once said our honored friend, "I have gifts. I might have done something in the world, perhaps I might have written books, but Providence ordered it otherwise. I disappear from the world to reappear in my children." Is not that like His word who said, "Lo, I come to do thy will, O God"? Providence does not make mistakes. He can save by the prayer of Hannah as well as by the clarion of Deborah. And such a gifted mind and soul, appointed to home-life and the care of children is not lost, if for their sakes she consecrates herself, that they also may be consecrated through the truth. We bless the Providence which permits this soul to look upon the fruit of her labor and the answer of her prayer.

God, too, knows how to answer prayer. Of those children given to her noble husband and herself, two remained only long enough to leave that message, often worth more than long lives, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." One was plucked a white lily in the first perfectness of its young bloom of blameless life, and was seen no more, but its fragrance has continued and through the "Little Classic" which perpetuates her memory, there have been many times "Nineteen Beautiful Years" of other souls which shall bloom beside

hers in the gardens of Paradise. The son, known, honored, admired and loved by so many of us and of others in social, academic, ministerial and secular life, was taken in the moment when our hopes were highest, and we could only say, "Thy will be done." He had, however, brought into the fellowship of this household that other daughter, who in addition to all the blessing she was to him, is now the choice associate of the remaining sister in that great work of women "for God, home and native land," which is now in the front of the movement for the salvation of the world. This day brings abundant proof of the application of that work. Do we know our debt for it to the mother, who, when the daughter questioned if she ought to leave her mother for public work, replied, "Go, your opportunity is my pleasure, your duty my delight." How large for her have been that pleasure and delight in the rich and rare fruitage in that daughter's life, in the cares and prayers of her own life, the joy of great work greatly done, of deep prayers highly answered in salvation for our time and for coming time!

And the inspiration was not alone for one family. An electric light shines for a community. Other households have been illumined by it, and from them the light has shone, not only among oak openings and by the lakeside, but among ancient mountains and by the Atlantic and Missouri. But such influence after all would have something of vacuity if it were unappreciated and unrewarded. This day completes the circuit with a heart-thrill, as "her children rise up and call her blessed." Is not that the binding charm of all human good? They said that when the bountiful earth-mother sent forth Triptolemos as the apostle of civilization, she gave him the berry of wheat, and these three precepts, "To worship God, to do good to man, and to honor father and mother." And we remember the deep pathos and deep wisdom of that closing sentence of the Old Testament, "To turn the hearts of the fathers to their children, and the hearts of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse."

Even so! Through all the history of this world, ever old and ever young, the continuous love of parent to child, and of child to parent is the endless golden chain which binds the human child to the heavenly Father, and which will bring him back to the heavenly home.

It is in recognition of such a true sentiment as well as in appreciation of such a true life, that lo! all these do come from far, their silver and their gold with them, to join the congregations of this day in common thankfulness for a common good. For a history which has shown how a life, truly spent in the common walks of life, may be a blessing shining far and wide, is a common good. We

go away rich in that good. May hers be blessed years here, as well as blissful cycles in the mansions of the Father's house.

Nearly five years later the fiftieth anniversary of the daughter's birth was celebrated in a manner most gratifying to all, and especially to the mother who appreciated this climax of years of struggle as no other could; and to whom the tributes of neighbors and townspeople, among whom she had now spent over thirty years, were in a sense more gratifying and more important than any other could be. It was an Evanston celebration of the birthday, in the large auditorium of the home church; the great audience was presided over by H. H. C. Miller, Esq., president of the board of trustees of the village, who also gave the opening address; Rev. Dr. Joseph Cummings, the president of the Northwestern University, followed with a tribute to the career of Miss Willard as President of the Woman's College; the Evanston W. C. T. U. and the Woman's Council each sent representatives, with felicitous addresses; the citizens of Evanston presented congratulatory addresses through one of its foremost lawyers, Hon. Edward S. Taylor; the children, in large numbers, serenaded Rest Cottage, and gave an especial anniversary entertainment of their own; and the pastors of the various churches, present and taking other parts in the exercises, voiced their appreciation through the pastor of the family, Rev. Sylvester F. Jones, in a public address.

The same autumn occurred the meeting of the National W. C. T. U. Convention in Chicago. At the age of nearly eighty-five, Madam Willard was present on the platform of the immense gathering day after day, and on one occasion of especial interest she was there from nine o'clock in the morning almost continuously until late in the evening. So great a strain, especially as she was often the cynosure of all eyes, and was frequently the recipient of much applause, was feared for her, but the interest she felt in the debate, the speakers, and the action of the

convention, carried her triumphantly through. Another kindly ordeal awaited her the day after the convention. The love of their hearts for this "mother of them all" would not let the white-ribbon women depart from Chicago until they had gone out to her Evanston home, eight hundred strong, to clasp her hand and testify their regard. Serene and radiant, she sat in her simple parlor, in her birthday chair, while the thronging procession came on, having, besides a magnetic hand for each and all, many thrilling and uplifting words long to be treasured by those on whom they were bestowed. These women, good and true, dispersing about the house and grounds of Rest Cottage, quickly saw an opportunity to be improved for the pleasure and comfort of its occupants.

In a sketch of the history of this famous little home, Miss Willard writes:

When my brother died, we said to his wife, Mary B. Willard, that we should be glad to have her make an addition to Rest Cottage and thus be near us in her loneliness and her great responsibility in the bringing up of her children. This she did, and had her home there until she went abroad for residence in 1885. Then her part of the house was rented to Miss Hood, Miss Ames and other white-ribboners for some years, until, when she decided to remain abroad, I bought the addition from her. From that time Rest Cottage changed its interior aspect, becoming a double house in one, the additional rooms furnishing office rooms for secretaries and type-writers. Miss Anna Gordon occupied as an office the room that had been my office when President of the Woman's College, and, wishing to be out of sight and away from the many interruptions, I took for my new office the little up-stairs bedroom that had been appropriated in the earlier years to the housemaid. It was small, long and narrow, with one window looking out on the back lawn. Here I lived and worked for years; and when, in 1889, the great White Ribbon Convention was held in Chicago, about eight hundred women came out to see mother and our home. One of these, Mrs. A. C. Thorp, of Cambridge, Mass., whose daughter married the famous violinist, Ole Bull, and whose son married a daughter of the poet, Longfellow, declared that I should no longer remain in that little dingy apartment. This good lady then and there started a subscription list which resulted in the raising of one thousand dollars, with which was built a new "Den" for me in the place of the old one. It was fitted up

tastefully, with the best of light and ventilation, a chimney with an open grate, electric lights, bay-windows and a balcony. The committee on this work was composed of Miss Helen Hood, Miss Julia A. Ames, Miss Kate A. Jackson and Mrs. C. J. Whitely. Anna and I were away from home when the work was done.

Another wrote of the new office :

The refitting of the " Den " has cost one thousand dollars, including the electric lights and additional furniture. Among those who have contributed are: Miss Anne Whitney, the well-known sculptor of Boston ; Robert Treat Paine, president of the Associated Charities of Boston ; Rev. Joseph Cook and Mrs. S. S. Fessenden, also of Boston ; Edward Clifford, the English artist ; Mrs. Edith Longfellow Thorp, of Cambridge, Mass. ; Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer ; General Clinton B. Fisk ; Colonel and Mrs. Logan H. Roots, of Arkansas ; Mme. Demorest and Mrs. William E. Dodge, of New York city ; Ferdinand Schumacher, the "oatmeal king," of Akron, O. ; Miss Laura Billings, of Woodstock, Vt. ; Mrs. Alice E. H. Peters, of Columbus, O. It is interesting to see against the handsome robin's egg blue walls of the "Den" a graceful little spinning wheel not less than a hundred years old, brought from Vermont by Miss Willard's ancestors when they removed to the West and which several generations of her mother's family have set humming ; also brightening the new-fangled fireplace a pair of newly burnished brass andirons from the Willard homestead. How amazed the goodly folk of those quaint times would be could they gaze with their honest eyes upon the modern and æsthetic charm of the beautiful room which is really the central telegraph office of a great reform, in which half a million of the best women in the world rally true hearts around the great-great-granddaughter.

One unique occasion later than those hitherto described is thus characterized by the Chicago *Inter Ocean :*

Rest Cottage, the quaint home of Miss Frances Willard on Chicago avenue in Evanston, has been the scene of gayety and pleasure this afternoon. Miss Willard, with a few of her intimate friends and coworkers, is celebrating the occasion of her fifty-second birthday. Two years ago, the date of passing the half century mark, all her friends were invited to attend a reception given at the First Methodist Church in Evanston in honor of the event. But to-day the celebration has been carried on in a more quiet manner. In the center of the lawn in the rear of Rest Cottage the foundation of a cairn, built of specimens of rock from all over the country, was laid, something which Miss Willard has desired for many months.



MADAM WILLARD.
(Aged 86), seated in an old Forest Home chair at her grandmoher's spinning wheel, in her daughter's "den" at Evanston.

It was not until the afternoon that Miss Willard was aware that anything unusual was to occur, the complete surprise being the result of the labors of Miss Anna Gordon.

When the National Convention of the W. C. T. U. was held in Chicago in 1889 Miss Willard expressed her regret that a plan had not been formulated to erect a rock cairn from material which might have been brought thither by the delegates representing every state and territory of the United States. Miss Gordon came to the conclusion that it would be a most happy idea to secretly gather stones from the homes of prominent persons and places throughout the Union, and on her birthday offer Miss Willard a surprise that would be a very welcome one indeed. About a month ago she commenced the undertaking which, though quite laborious, was a pleasant one. She sent letters, setting forth her idea, to every section of the country.

The generous response to this was greater than even Miss Gordon anticipated, and instead of sending ordinary stones from their homes, friends sent stones representing hundreds of places of historic interest in every civilized nation of the world. Edinburgh Castle, Melrose Abbey, Holyrood Palace, Tower of London, Giant's Causeway, home of John B. Gough, Mormon Temple, lava-stone from Mount Vesuvius, Lakes of Killarney, the home of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Eiffel Tower, the Alps, India porphyry, Hawthorne's "Old Manse," Plymouth Rock, Washington monument, and the home of Longfellow are among the places of interest represented by the five hundred stones sent. Miss Gordon felt amply repaid for her exertion when she noticed the happy expression which was spread upon the countenance of Miss Willard as she read the congratulatory epistles which accompanied each of the five hundred stones.

A book prepared for the occasion and bearing the inscription on its cover, "Rest Cottage Cairn, Established September 28, 1891. Genesis 31: 44-49," will be used as an index to the cairn, showing from whom and whence the various geological specimens came. This book already contains many prominent names such as John Greenleaf Whittier, Marion Harland, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Mrs. George Rodgers, John and Isabella Hooker, Mrs. Mary Grant, Bishop Cotler, president of the Catholic Total Abstinence Association of the United States; President Clark, of the Christian Endeavor Union. Accompanying Mr. Whittier's gift was the following letter:

OAK KNOLL, Sept. 23, 1891.

MY DEAR MISS GORDON:—I send a bit of stone from the Oak Knoll, Danvers. I wish I had a diamond to send in its stead. No one can admire and love dear Frances Willard more than myself. With kind remembrance of the visit to Oak Knoll, I am truly thine,

J. G. WHITTIER.

Harriet Beecher Stowe sent her offering through a lady who wrote that Mrs. Stowe said : "I do not know Frances Willard personally, but have heard a great deal of her and am delighted to aid in the work."

The party at the cottage, which consisted mainly of white-ribboners, at the conclusion of the heaping of the stones gathered in the parlors of the house and an impromptu programme of speeches and music was listened to, after which a birthday supper was indulged in.

Another surprise, not nearly as pleasant as the one described above, happened at the home of the W. C. T. U. president early this morning, one which was equally unexpected by the entire household as was the other affair to Miss Willard. In the rear of the yard is a barn where the horse and carriage used by the Rest Cottagers are kept, and about four o'clock the place caught fire in some mysterious manner. The fire department was immediately telephoned for, but knowing the slowness of the Evanston fire company in making connections with occasional fires, the several ladies who had dressed hurriedly and were at the scene of the conflagration formed themselves into a fire department, and, knowing the use of cold water well, began operations at once. Miss Willard was chief, Miss Helen Hood performed the duties of assistant chief, and Miss Gordon and the rest secured the dangerous positions of firewomen and the fun began in earnest. The horse and carriage inside the structure were taken to a place of safety, but not until the horse was mourning the loss of considerable hair.

The regular fire department having arrived at this juncture the work of the ladies was finished. The barn was burned nearly to the ground, but was partly covered by insurance. Those who were employed as fire-lassies this morning say that they have no further desire for anything of the kind ; the white ribbon work is more in their line.

It was characteristic of Madam Willard at her great age, that when the housemaid, about daylight on the morning of this day, announced from the foot of the stairs to the sleeping household above that the barn was on fire, and the daughter repeated the information at her mother's door, the response was, "I heard it," in a calm voice which proceeded as from a person already nearly dressed and ready for the emergency.

The last birthday of Madam Willard completing her eighty-seventh year, January 3, 1892, was celebrated quietly, as every anniversary of her life would have been if

she could have had her way. But it was characteristic, also, that she was pleased to receive in the afternoon the teachers of the public schools of Evanston who were invited by her daughter to a reception, in remembrance of the long experience of her mother as a teacher, and the great interest she felt for those of that noble vocation. In the evening, amid the fragrance of the birthday flowers sent by Mr. and Mrs. Deering from the site of "Swampscot," the gracious mother sat in her birthday chair, with her favorite motto, "*It is better farther on*," outlined in evergreens from Forest Home above the bay-window, while the Rest Cottage family, alone with its queen, gathered round her and sang Miss Gordon's hymn, first used on her eightieth birthday.

The last of the anniversary celebrations at Rest Cottage was one in honor of Miss Gordon's birthday, July 21, 1892. It was held on the sheltered lawn, decorated for the occasion with flowers and flags, and the refreshments were served from the grape arbor.

From an interesting account of this occasion published in *The Union Signal* a few days later, when the dear mother was already passing through the Valley of the Shadow, the following extract is taken:

On an upper balcony sat Madam Willard, for the first time in sixty years as head of her household, not strong enough to mingle with her guests. There was a flutter of white in the air as everybody recognized the venerable and venerated presence of "Saint Courageous"; then the crowd followed somebody's lead in the inspiration to sing:

"E'en down to old age all my people shall prove,
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne."

As Madam Willard rose to thank her friends, her presence formed in the mold of her noble life was the sweetest souvenir carried off in every heart from the day's fête, and the departing guests, coming to Rest Cottage to honor the younger life so blessed in its purpose and its scope, felt that they had themselves been doubly blessed in the saintly vision of one about to enter "within the veil."

CHAPTER XI.

A GREAT SUNSET.

Sunset and evening star
And one clear call for me;
And may there be no moaning bar
When I put out to sea!

—*Tennyson.*

We thought to weep, but sing for joy instead,
Full of the grateful peace
That follows her release
For nothing but the weary dust lies dead.

O noble woman! never more a queen
Than in the laying down
Of scepter and of crown
To win a greater kingdom yet unseen;

Teaching us how to seek the highest goal
To earn the true success,—
To live, to love, to bless,—
And make Death proud to take a royal soul!
—Louisa M. Alcott, on the death of her mother.

THE last June of Madam Willard's life would have shown to a casual caller at Rest Cottage little change in her. The same dignified and gracious presence, the same interest in current events, the same inspiring conversation, were shared there as of old by those who counted every hour in her society a blessing to be remembered. One note in the harmony was wanting; her quiet, unobtrusive replies to inquiries after her health, now known to be feeble, held no expectation of improvement.

The thirtieth anniversary of the death of her daughter Mary occurred on the 8th of June, 1892. The house in

which Mary died had been removed from its original site to make room for the beautiful mansion which succeeded it, and was now known as 508 Sherman avenue, not far from Rest Cottage. Thither on this anniversary the Rest Cottage family wended its way, Madam Willard and Frances, Miss Anna Gordon, Miss Irene Fockler, Miss Alice Briggs and Miss Kate Jackson, the friend of so many years. They wandered through the familiar rooms, the sitting-room where Mary's last day was spent, the chamber that belonged to the sisters and the room that was Oliver's, then went to that of the father and mother, where "Nineteen Beautiful Years" was written, and to that lower room, which looked forth toward the sun-rising when the dear one there plumed her angel wings to soar beyond earthly sight.

It was the mother's last farewell to hallowed spots outside her earthly home, although she continued for a few weeks to take occasional drives.

The following extracts are from an account of the last days which appeared in *The Union Signal* of August 25, 1892, compiled by the editors from memoranda made by Miss Willard :

We have never heard or read in history of a more wonderful going to heaven than that which crowned the life of "Saint Courageous." It was the full and fit crescendo of her character. Of ample physique, dignified bearing, deep rich voice and gracious manners, it was to have been expected that this woman, who after seventy years of age attained a national reputation as unexpected to herself as it was merited in the judgment of others, should have had a beautiful sunset to her full, rich day of life. But none of those who loved her could have dreamed of such glory as that sunset was to display, so that her last days "left along the mountain tops of death a light that makes them lovely."

For two years there had been a very gradual decrease in physical strength, but as her daughter often playfully said, "Her five senses and her seven senses were perfect." When she ceased to be able to go to church or to look in upon the one or two neighbors nearest her, a temperance horse was bought—"Old John," famed for his service to the cause—to accompany the handsome, easy "surrey" presented to Miss Willard by Mrs. O. G. Peters, of Columbus, O., in which her mother was taken to ride on pleasant days.

Miss Willard writes :

In the spring she had always exhibited more lassitude than at other times, and this spring she was in a languishing condition though her inexorable will power caused her to rise, as had been her life-long custom, earlier than any other person in the house, so that the click of the front door as she opened it to get the morning paper at about half-past six or seven, often an hour earlier, was the first sound in the household. At the breakfast table she would mention the principal news items she had gleaned from the morning *Inter Ocean*, and she would take her cup of coffee, with a little oatmeal and fish, but she would tell us, "I do this as a matter of duty." Two weeks before she left us, as she lay here on her lounge in the Den, she said to me, "Death is but another birth and I am about to be born into a better world. I am straitened until this be accomplished and I shall be in travail from now on until my heavenly birth." She said this with the utmost serenity, but with great earnestness. Astonished by her words, I said, "Mother, dear, you cannot know—none of us can know when God is coming for us, and I can't bear to have you be so sure about it."

But she answered, "I know what I am saying, and you will see that it will all come true. Food is the only material that can furnish the vital force to make the machinery of the body go on ; to 'make its wheels go 'round.' I am like an engine whose fires are out already. It is now only a question of how long my vitality and the nutrition that the body itself will furnish can hold me here. I have lived long, happily and without pain. It is a beautiful time to go, and you must see what a blessed thing it is for me and I really think a better thing for you. I have never been a hindrance in your work and I have always prayed that I might not be, but if I should go on drawing out my life as I now am it would be neither a blessing to me nor to you and it would hinder the work which you and I have always had so much at heart."

Mother said one morning, as she reclined on the lounge in the Den, a few days before she was taken sick, and when she was predicting to me that she would soon enter upon her last illness: "I tell you, Frank, the coming of Lady Henry lighted up the whole world like electricity. God sent her as much on my account as for your sake, and for the sake of the cause. I believe that the Lord sent her as surely as He made our moon. I think it was all planned on the other side to set this new planet in our sky. I think one reason was that I might leave the world in peace. I feared I must live to be ninety or more years old, and the weight of years would have become very heavy ; but for your sake it seemed to me that I must stay. You would be so lonely as the last of our family. I should

not now be content except I know that she will not only give you the strength that I could not at my age, but she will also give you the love and sympathy without which you could not live, and which you have always had from me. It would be almost unbearable to leave you if this were not the case. The problem was upon us ; in a few years I had to go, or you ; one must be left alone. I could not bear to think of that ; I could not endure to remain in the world after you had left it, but now that will not be, nor will you be so grievously alone as I had feared. I never think of you and Anna as separate ; I expect you always to go on together just as you have been doing so long. But to breast the waves of this great reform, who can so well keep step with you as Lady Henry, for you are in perfect harmony of head, heart, hand, motive, enthusiasm and life. You could not have planned for this to be so if you had tried a thousand years. God had it to do and He did it."

All through those trying days she was the picture of content lying on her pillows or sofa either in her sleeping room or mine. We had family prayers in her room, and she repeated with great emphasis as her verse, "God is love." Another morning her verse was, "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am." When we read from the Bible and from great authors, as our custom is at family prayers, she would make some word of comment and greatly enjoyed the hymns that were her favorites, such as :

"I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night."

"Our life is a dream ; our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away."

"Gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us."

"Lead, kindly light ; amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on."

"There are lonely hearts to cherish
While the days are going by."

I read her favorite poems, especially from Whittier—those exquisite delineations of his home people in "Snow Bound." She knew them all by heart, "The Eternal Goodness," and "My Psalm," which she said was her creed, and she repeated over and over,

"I have no works my faith to prove ;
I do the little that I can
And plead His love for love."

July 16, 1892, is the date on which mother sent for Dr. Bragdon, saying to us it was the first time in her life she had ever asked for a

doctor for herself. When he came she playfully told him that she would like to know if he could cure her of being eighty-eight years old.

About one week before she was taken really ill, so that she went no more to the table, mother said to me, as we were sitting on the piazza looking out over the sweet little lawn with its blooming hollyhocks, the vine-clad arbor and the horse-chestnut trees from her old home, "Frank, there is a verse that keeps coming to my mind," and then she repeated it in her beautiful tones:

"His purposes shall ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet shall be the flower."

"I think that is going to be the way with me, and that perhaps 'I'm nearer home now than I think.'"

About the 24th of July there were tokens of dysentery, which became the main feature of her illness, and in which she rejoiced, saying, "It is God's painless way of wearing out my thread of life." She was very bright and cheery, talking of home affairs, and was most earnest in the hope which she expressed over and over again that she might keep up until her granddaughter, Katherine Willard, should get through with her two concerts. When the first occurred, on the evening of July 22, mother was able to come to tea; that was her last meal with us, and the last time she came down stairs. When the second occurred, one week from that time, she insisted on my going, and had my niece and myself come into the room that she might see how we were dressed.

July 29.—She said to Anna, "How well it is that I am the one who is going and not Frank, for if she were to go before me all the light in this world would have died out, but as it is I leave the world while it is radiant with light to go to one still brighter."

July 30.—I said, "If you were not so cheery and beautiful this house would be clothed in sackcloth, but you keep telling us that you do not suffer pain at all, and you seem so full of brightness that it takes away our grief and makes us like yourself." She answered, "Well, God is here just as He has always been. Why shouldn't we be cheery where He is? Why should one be any other way?"

July 31.—"Mother," I said, "you have cured me of the fear of death. You never feared anything. When I was a little child, and we had terrible storms in Wisconsin I just put my head in your lap and you stroked my hair and sang hymns. You always said that if burglars came you should go straight after them and drive them out, and you have never had any dread of the dead or of death. You

now seem so natural and bright about it all that I, who have a constitutional fear, find nothing whatever that is other than most wholesome and sunshiny in your presence, either by day or lying here on the lounge in the dark at night." And she who had known this peculiarity all my life, said with a faint smile, "It is a thing of temperament. I have known some of the most tenderly uplifted natures that had an inherent fear of what a poet calls being 'we know not what, we know not where,' and that sleep of death, into which those dreams may come of which Shakespeare so wonderfully speaks."

August 1.—I told mother the doctor said one could live on peptonoids and we had tried to get her to take them for some time before. She was willing and did her best, but at last she said she couldn't take them any more than she could save a world.

August 2.—This afternoon mother seemed to be very near her departure, but it proved to be a sinking spell.

About five o'clock I said to her, "Looking at the outlines of your face and the record that they furnish of your noble life I am reminded of what the German poet Schiller said when he was passing from this world and the question was asked him, 'How do you feel?' whereupon that great man replied, 'Calmer and calmer.'" Mother said, "I like that—that is just as he ought to have felt. It is like what your sister Mary said, 'So quiet, no noise.'"

She was fanned for hours by the young women who for years have been members of the family or workers in the office and who formed her circle of special friends and helpers.

Anna Gordon said, "Rest Cottage won't seem like home without you, beloved." Mother replied, "I have talked it all over with Frank, and there are enough resources left to make Rest Cottage a joyous place. When I go I do not take all the resources with me, and I shall be often here."

Dr. Bragdon told her he was not going to let her go to heaven in such a hurry; and raising her finger, she said emphatically with a smile, "But the Lord is going to get ahead of you, Met," calling him by his home name.

She spoke to my friend, Kate Jackson, who took me abroad in 1868, and who was with us all through these days of trial. "Kate," she said, "God sent you just when we needed you most, and you needed us. We have been blessings to each other for many a year."

She spoke of Anna Gordon, saying, "There is no language to tell what I think of her and that is why I have not tried. I have never known her equal in all kind and tender care." Later on I said to her, "If Anna had been your own daughter she could not have done half so well." Mother quickly saw the point and smiling said, "You

are right, for although you are a most attentive nurse and willing, you have not the sleight of hand that Anna has; perhaps because you have not had so much experience, perhaps because you have not the talent for it." Then she said, "If you want to fan a little harder there will be no objection," smiling as she spoke. "It has come down to a pretty fine point when all in the world that can be done for me is to see that I am fanned, but that is just where I am, and it is most pleasant to have these cool breezes on my face."

"You don't know how beautiful the air is," mother was saying, as we entered the room late this afternoon; "it has become my only food." I said to her, "Don't you remember, dear, how every night my sister Mary and I asked each other's forgiveness, and thanked each other for every good thing we had done, and how I said that to her when she was going away? I should like to say it to you, too." Mother answered, "And I should like to say it to you." "Then we will consider that we have," I said. "Well, we will," she answered tenderly. I said, "You never did anything but good to me." "Nor you to me. You have made every effort for my comfort, Frank; don't you see I couldn't do for you what you did for me?" she asked, and I replied, "I have seen your hand lying here on the counterpane and I have said, 'What a kind hand; it never did anything but good to me. It stroked my hair when I was a little baby and petted me all my life long.'" Anna continued in her sweet way, "Nor did it ever do aught but good to anybody else." Mother answered, "If I have done as you say it was because it was a natural impulse, given me of God. You have always praised me as if it was a part of your work in the world.

"'I have no works my faith to prove,
I only know that God is love.'"

As Saint Courageous had asked the same sacred question long ago when her youngest daughter was drifting out to sea, so now it came to her eldest daughter's lips: "*Does Christ seem near to you?*"

Her face lighted up with love and faith as putting forth her right hand she replied, "*Oh, yes, He is here, always just here by my side.*"

August 3.—This morning mother opened her eyes wide, looked up and said, "I can see so many bright, glittering stars—they are just like diamonds overhead."

She looked up again with wide open eyes and we asked her if she could see them still. "Oh, yes, they are all there of different shapes—just about so big [and she measured with her beautiful hands the size she thought they were]; they are different on different mornings."

Very soon after mother said, "I would like to tell you what I saw

just a little while ago if I could only describe it." "Well, what was it like? We have wondered if you have seen Mary since you have been asleep," we asked. "No, it wasn't Mary, but it was a beautiful spirit in a spiritual dress."

We told her how much we should like to know what the dress looked like, for we had always wanted to know what the angels wore, and asked her if she wouldn't try to describe it. "No, I cannot tell you exactly, but it was beautiful, and the diamonds were all about her. I think she was sent to me—this spiritual presence—to show me what it is like 'over there,'" and again she fell asleep.

As the twelve o'clock noon hour struck it seemed to remind her of the noontide hour of prayer in the W. C. T. U., which she has faithfully observed in her saying of grace at the table for many years, with the words, "Bless the temperance work and workers everywhere," or "Bless the temperance cause and all good causes." She had not been speaking for a long time, but on the stroke of noon she said, "I should like to pronounce a benediction upon the whole world." Then, with an effort, added, "I want you to place the white ribbon on me when I am gone;" and then again, "The convention; that's where they sum up the year's work." She was evidently thinking of the white-ribboners who have thought of her so tenderly.

She murmured, "I believe you will all be taken care of and, I fully believe, better without me than with me at my present age." She also said, "My mother would never allow her children to stay at home for work. She always insisted that we should go to school, no matter how much extra work it brought upon her there on the farm. I was just so. I would rather my girls came to their best, physically, mentally and morally, no matter what it might cost me, and I always held the 'housework' as folks call it, subordinate to that intention."

This afternoon she was lying upon her pillows in the extremity of weakness, with her hand under her cheek. Sometimes she would open her eyes, which were very dim and colorless, but for the most part she kept them closed. She hardly moved, moaned now and then, and when asked if she were in pain said, "Oh, I had a little sensation"; she would not admit pain, and called it a "sensation," to quiet our distress. Her head was perfectly clear from the first.

Between all her little episodes of talk she would sleep and moan softly from time to time. She showed wonderful vitality. I asked her one of the last days how she was, and she said, "I am in some haste." "But not impatient?" I inquired, and she softly answered, "No."

After she had lain quiet awhile, she opened her eyes and looked at

me and said, "The result of all this that I am passing through will be, 'I shall be satisfied.'"

A cablegram was sent to Mrs. Mary B. Willard by her daughter, thus: "Grandma almost home. Sends benediction." It was read to mother, and she said, "That is good," and then added, "The world is not so large when we can hear so soon and send so far; nor do I believe the other world is far away." She paused and then said solemnly, "What I want is to drink at the fountain of salvation."

"Give my love to Mrs. Carse. You said you wanted me to be there when Willard Hall was dedicated, but I shall never see the Temple—that is, not that one—for I am going to the temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens! I am glad that Lady Henry will make the dedication speech. Tell Mrs. Carse that I am thankful that she succeeded so well, far beyond my hopes or expectations. I consider the Temple and Lady Henry the two great marvels of the white ribbon cause. But all this workaday world is past and, oh, I have so much the feeling settling upon me that I have nothing more to do!"

Another time she said, "I have been a very fortunate woman. I have been well all my life, I have enjoyed the world, the greatness of God's thoughts in nature and in the human heart, I have lived to see all the things come true that I desired. How very few can say that! I was determined that my children should be well educated. I struggled for that. It was the great struggle of my life—and you all made a success. Then I wanted to see this house grow to be a beautiful home and little by little it has done so. I have lived on here nearly thirty years and there is hardly a plank in it that you have not pulled out, Frank, and put it in the other end first. The women gave you that beautiful Den. The house is packed full of souvenirs and tokens of the good-will of our friends in every part of the world."

We sang, "Gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us," and chanted, "The Lord is my Shepherd"; "There is a land of pure delight," and closed with a hymn the first verse of which she had quoted to me, "His purposes shall ripen fast," I lining it out and those around the bed singing it. Then we sang, "Lead, Kindly Light," and when we came to the lines

> "O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till
> The night is gone,"

she repeated those lines slowly after us. We knew then that she was passing over the crags and through the torrents.

Again and again it came to us in the night watches and in the day watches of those four memorable dates, August 3, 4, 5 and 6, what was said of the friends of Christ, "And sitting down, they watched

him there" for it was about all we could do. She took absolutely nothing in the way of medicine or food. We bathed her head, wet her lips, touched her cheek, smoothed her hand, sang a little, but repeatedly she said: "Still, still."

August 5.—She is ebbing out to sea—dear great heart! She looks enthroned on her pillow; eyes closed, breath faint—with great difficulty, a word now and then. At two o'clock we sang, "Our life is a dream," and during the last verse mother appeared to be repeating the words, then she said, with great difficulty, "Eternity—that is just what I want."

August 6.—(Her last day.) At one o'clock this afternoon Dr. Bragdon came in. She was lying as one asleep. He put his hand on her face and said, "Well, Mrs. Willard, how are you doing?" "Not very well," she said, slowly, and with difficulty, and then added, "Dr. Bragdon, you have done all you could. If you can get a balloon and start it for heaven, I will step on board with great alacrity. Give my love to your mother." Then with somewhat of her old energy, "*You cannot think how glad I shall be when this is over.*" He said good-by to her, to which she responded smilingly.

A few hours before she died she struggled out the word "Berlin," and soon after the word "Mamie," and then with a great effort the words "awful sorry." Then I bent over her and said, "You mean you are sorry you will not be here when they come?" she bowed her head. "You want us to give your love to Mary Bannister Willard and your youngest grandchild, Mamie?" Again she bowed.

Bending over her and stroking the dear cheek, I said, "Mother, give my love to Yolande, dear Yolande!" She bowed her head.

One afternoon her granddaughter sat beside her with me and sung the beautiful Scotch air, "I'm far frae me hame." She also sang Mrs. Joseph Cook's beautiful adaptation of Tennyson's song, "Twilight and Evening Bell," which was a great favorite of my mother.

About five o'clock on that last afternoon Anna and I sang, "Oh, Mother dear, Jerusalem," two verses, the last being mother's favorite:

> "There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
> Nor sin nor sorrow know;
> Blest seats through rude and stormy scenes,
> I onward press to you."

As we did so she, with great effort, lifted her hand and pointed upward.

The last verses sung to her as she lay breathing out her life on that bright August afternoon were,

> "God be with you till we meet again,
> Keep love's banner floating o'er you,

Smite death's threatening wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again."

She breathed more lightly the last hour before she left us, still the sound was not at all painful, and could not have been heard out of her room with the door closed. It had a remarkable cadence. About every fifth or seventh breath there came something so sweet, so tender, so poetic, eloquent, ideal, full of eternity, full of love and heart and soul, just a cadence soft as the Æolian harp, and like some of the most heavenly tones of that mystic instrument. It seemed to occur at regular intervals and drew upon all there was in us that was celestial or that cared for love or immortality. It seemed to speak to us, and yet it was only a breath. We hoped she would last beyond midnight and so pass away upon the "day divine," as her only son Oliver had done fourteen years ago, and as her beautiful daughter Mary had done more than thirty years ago. She remained breathing in this wonderful way until the clock in the University steeple struck the midnight hour, and the sweet-toned clock on the mantelpiece in the parlor of Rest Cottage a moment after struck twelve, her breath coming in between these strokes as regularly and full of music, and full of God and life eternal as the breath of a passing saint could be. She breathed on twelve minutes after midnight a little more softly, a little more tenderly, while we sat around her listening—her only living daughter, her eldest granddaughter, her faithful Anna Gordon, Irene Thompson Fockler, her relative; Alice Briggs, her faithful stand-by, and we called Eda, whom mother loved, and who had served her so well for six years past. We could see that the breath would soon stop, because it was in regular gradations, as everything has been from the beginning of her life and the beginning of her illness, like the intervals between the notes of an octave.

I could think of nothing as we sat listening to the breaths save the sweet words:

"As sink the winds when storms are o'er,
As die the waves along the shore."

Then, quietly and softly, came the last breath; there was no movement whatever of the head or hand, no upturned eyes, no death rattle; but there came into the face on the pillow a look wholly seraphic, tender, ineffably loving, expectant, blissful, as if to say to us, "I love you and I leave you; it has all come true." We sat in a rapt state, watching that wonderful, ethereal, flitting, evanescent, immortal look. We knew it was a prophecy of endless, beatific life.

Dear Anna Gordon's faithful fingers closed her eyes; we all knelt beside mother and I prayed. I went to my room and lay upon my

bed saying in my soul, "Oh, Life, thou art strange; oh, Beyond, thou art sweet!"

Five minutes later the reporters who were sitting in the office below had started for the city; Irene and Alice had gone with cablegrams to Lady Henry Somerset, and twenty telegrams to our relatives and friends in different parts of the nation. We placed upon the door not the black crape symbolic of mourning, but a cluster of white ribbons surmounted by a wreath of evergreen. Though it was midnight, the world, with its relentless, strong waves rolled into the quiet cottage where the blessed saint had so lately breathed her last, whose life from cradle to skies was one long path of broadening light. I went down through the vacant rooms, sat alone in the deserted office and heard Swedish Eda, who in the kitchen was making coffee for us, singing in her soft voice and broken English, "Angels to beckon me, nearer, my God, to Thee."

And I knew that my earthly anchorage was gone; that Rest Cottage was henceforth a house and not a home; *that I was motherless.*

As thirty years ago, when my sister Mary died, so now, my deepest heart cried out:

"Well done of God to halve the lot,
And give her all the sweetness;
To me the empty room and cot,
To her—the heaven's completeness."

From the Evanston *Index* the following account of the funeral services is chiefly taken:

Those passing Rest Cottage on their way to church Sunday morning noticed on the door post, not the black crape symbolic of mourning, but a cluster of long, white ribbons surmounted with a wreath of evergreen, and knew that all was over. It was in accordance with Madam Willard's wish to shed forth good cheer concerning the soul's departure from this life that the white ribbons and evergreen, symbolic of purity and everlasting life, took the place of the usual black crape, and that the wide open windows and lifted curtains of the house and all the other tokens of her view of death were present instead of the accustomed signs of sorrow. She also requested that her relatives should not wear mourning.

A large assemblage gathered Tuesday afternoon to pay the last tokens of respect to the departed one. At the house a short service was held by the relatives and intimate friends of the family. Mrs. C. B. Buell read from the Scriptures, after which the quartette sang one of Madam Willard's favorite hymns, "There is a Land of Pure Delight." Prof. Joseph Emerson, of Beloit College, then offered prayer, expressing this beautiful thought among others, "We thank

thee, O God, that though the pearly gates are not transparent they are translucent and something of the heavenly glory into which this sainted soul has gone shines through and falls upon our faces as we stand steadfastly looking up into heaven." The benediction was said by the Rev. W. S. Studley.

The immediate mourners were: Miss Frances E. Willard, Miss Katherine Willard, Miss Anna Gordon, Miss Kate Jackson, Miss Irene Fockler, Miss Alice Briggs, Professor and Mrs. Joseph Emerson, Mr. and Mrs. M. Brace, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lemon, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Crandall, Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Merwin, Mrs. Professor Jones, Miss Lillie Jones, and the faithful domestic friends, Hannah Swanson and Eda Nyquist.

The funeral services were held in the First Methodist church at two o'clock. The large auditorium was filled. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Evanston was present in a body, and the Illinois State Woman's Christian Temperance Union was represented by its president, Mrs. Louise S. Rounds. The Woman's Temperance Publishing house was closed during the afternoon, and its one hundred and fifty employés attended in a body. The services were opened with a solo, "I Would Not Live Alway," by Mrs. Mather D. Kimball. The Rev. Dr. A. J. Jutkins then led in prayer, and the quartette followed with the hymn, "Our Life is a Dream." Some passages marked by Madam Willard were read from her Bible by the Rev. Dr. Lewis Curts, after which the quartette sang, "Lead, Kindly Light." The Rev. Dr. W. S. Studley, pastor of the First Methodist church, reviewed the history of Madam Willard's life. He said in part:

"One of the most striking and impressive figures which we can conceive of in our poor human life is that of a person well advanced in years, having the mental faculties unimpaired, with every natural endowment broadened by careful study and a wide observation of men and things, keenly alive to everything which concerns humanity, full of intelligent zeal for every righteous cause, as eager for the contest of virtue against vice as ever in youth or middle life, having neither the rashness of youth nor the extreme conservatism which so often attends on fourscore years, with a spirit so influenced by daily contact with Christ as to be ready for martyrdom, if need be, for the sake of the truth and the right, and yet so gentle and tender and loving as to attract little children to its confidence, looking always upon life as a most serious thing, yet constantly illuminating even its darkest hours with summer-lightning flashes of wit and humor, with no agnostic's lack of faith toward God, but with a 'lively' and apostolical hope of Christian immortality, a soul thoroughly equipped for the duties of life, yet never unready for the thought of death, or unsteady at his approach—would not such a

figure be striking and impressive, wherever you might meet it? And till past midnight of last Saturday, when she closed her eyes on all earthly scenes and opened them on heaven, was not this now sainted woman just such a striking figure as I have sketched?"

After the quartette had sung "There is a land of pure delight," Prof. Bradley, of Garrett Biblical Institute, spoke upon Madam Willard's character:

It is a blessed fact that many of the good and noble speak to a larger number and more clearly after death than they ever have in life. Widely known and greatly honored as Madam Willard has been, yet the chosen seclusion of her life, and of late her advanced years, have necessarily limited the circle of her personal influence. Additional multitudes will from this day begin to know of her great virtues and catch the inspiration of her heroic and beautiful life. Yet it is the cause of regret and loss to us all that those who alone could adequately characterize her must sit among us to-day with sealed and silent lips.

All who had any knowledge of Madam Willard recognize in her a woman of a vigorous and original mind, and of strong and independent character. Her personal presence indicated these traits. Her features were of that strongly marked and intellectual type which are characteristic of statesmen and other great leaders of men. Her constitution, inherited from a noble Puritan ancestry, was of rare strength and fineness. Her mind, strong, clear and independent in its thinking, was supported by a will both firm and prompt, and by a courage, physical and moral, such as is rarely found in our day in either man or woman. This natural courage, supported by divine grace, so prepared her for death that when this King of Terrors came to her she faced him, too, without a fear.

Prominent among Madam Willard's intellectual traits, and closely related to her phenomenal courage, was her independence of thought. Her steadfast convictions were the result of her own thinking and study. She was greatly influenced by the strong minds with which she came in contact in her life and reading, but it cannot be said that she called any man master save Christ. She admired the great evangelist, Finney, who was at the zenith of his remarkable influence when she was at Oberlin, but she was not dominated as a weaker mind would naturally have been by his theology and methods. Her sympathies were too catholic, and her breadth of view too extensive to allow any one's way of thinking to overmaster her personal independence.

As would be expected of such a woman, her ideals of life were uniformly high. For herself and others she "coveted earnestly the

best gifts." She spurred her children on to earnest endeavor, to worthy ambition, to the attainment of noble character and the achievement of lofty and benevolent aims.

But if one can give in a brief address but a faint idea of Madam Willard's intellectual traits, it is still more difficult to describe the qualities of her heart. Her character, like her face, was not only strong, but benignant. She not only gave her whole heart's love to her family circle—such motherly devotion is, happily, not rare in the world—but her heart beat with affectionate consideration to all about her and she cherished good-will toward all men.

Her spirit was eminently philanthropic. She spoke evil of no one.

She never repeated any unkind thing which was told her by others to any one's disadvantage. One who knew her for thirty years says, "She seemed never for a moment to harbor the least ill-will towards any human being. Of resentment she seemed incapable. She would speak a kind word and do a friendly act as readily for those who had done her injustice as for those who had done her a favor." When asked at a mothers' meeting what changes she would make in her method if she had her children to educate over again, she answered, "Only this—to blame less and praise more."

Of one who had given her much solicitude and whom she greatly loved, she spoke these memorable words:

"I wish you two, and all who care for me, to send him good thoughts, for I have come to believe that thoughts are things, and that just as you can send a current of electricity along a wire, so through this fine ether that is perhaps solid to more refined beings than we are, we can send currents of thought, and if they are good they will help. I believe that we owe it to one like him to think of him at his best, to hold him steadily in our hands at his highest valuation."

The lofty philosophy of these injunctions she daily practiced. Not only was her own manner uniformly cheerful, serene and affectionate, but she entered with an indulgent and tolerant sympathy into the hopes and plans of those whose lives were widely different from her own. She loved all things beautiful and good. She trusted in God with a childlike confidence, and she ardently expected the triumph of God's kingdom on the earth. Her assurance of immortal life seemed to be absolute.

"There are Lonely Hearts to Cherish," was sung by the quartette, and the Rev. Dr. H. A. Delano, pastor of the First Baptist church, told of Madam Willard's relation to philanthropy and reform. Among other things he said:

In the royal burying ground of Austria rests the noble, pitiful Maria Theresa, by the side of her governess — teacher and taught. The world sees George and Mary Washington in the one halo. Monica and St. Augustine, Cornelia and her "Jewel" sons, John Wesley and his mother, Napoleon and the lofty soul who gave him indomitable nerve, Harriet Beecher Stowe and the twain parents of New England granite — and so is ever the inevitable, absolute hand back of the doer, out of whose moulding, prophetic touch the hero and heroine come, *fated*, almost, because of what was mighty over and around them. Omnipotent the laws of the nursery and the fireside. Fatal for weal or woe the atmosphere of the home.

Given a face like that, brave, benignant, patient yet resolute, a will inflexible for duty, a heart sensitive to righteousness and truth, yet tender as a child's; given New England Puritanism and rigor, its habit of looking deep into every problem; its consciousness of God; its lofty ideals of freedom, and its final espousal of every noble cause, and you and I shall never blame the stalwart heart, well-nigh crushed to-day because *mother* is gone. Your Carlyles, Stuart Mills, Mary Livermores, explain themselves by referring you to what lies back of them.

Radical and progressive ideas were native to her, natural. A reformer by nature, philanthropy was a sort of study with her. She gave the two mites as willingly out of hard beginnings and trying days in Wisconsin, as afterward; and the other day upon her couch of suffering and death, she articulated, "Give this, and give this, or this, to that one, and the other, and this to another." Thought, all the time, went out of self and away to others. Seldom, unless prompted, did she think of self.

Her country, the state, the school, the boys and girls, the church of Christ, and the church of her choice, its ministers and missions, its colleges and its conquest, her neighbors, the slave, and the inebriate, the wrongs of Ireland, the persecutions of the Jews, the needs of a Kossuth, or a poor domestic—all these, and more, found hospitable place and warmth in her ever enlarging heart.

Aye, friends, such cosmopolitan tenderness, such world-wide interest in the kingdom of Jesus Christ; such unselfish love of men for whom Jesus died, would soon answer our Lord's Prayer, unite us in holy bonds, and restore the Edenic music of earth's first creation to our ears. In such retrospect of so self-forgetful a soul, the very memory of her sufferings is consumed. "She hath done what she could," all she could.

I say it reverently, and I repeat what Mary Livermore says in that poem-lecture, "A Dream of To-morrow," "God wants to teach men to do grand things, like His own great doing." I say it reverently,

this mother spared nothing, kept back nothing that would save and bless the world. She spared not her own child.

Helplessness—old age, is sometimes liable to grow selfish. Not so did she. When duty called, and the daughter must needs go—go in storm, cold, heat, sometimes, to toil and days of anxious conference, to go and only, as is sometimes possible even in Christian lands, to the martyr's recompense of misjudgment and reproach—this mother who fain would have kept her for herself, to love, to comfort and for communion, said, "Go!"

This dear old "Saint Courageous" sustained her; against the tender bosom of her deathless love, held loyally, sweetly, restfully (and may I not say, proudly?) the weary head of the ever busy worker. She was, for years, inspirer, companion, helper. There was always perennial, fresh life there, for your pilgrim hearts at Rest Cottage.

"And whenever the way seemed dark,
Or whenever the day seemed long,
She would tell a more marvelous tale,
Or sing a more wonderful song."

She did not say, "I am too old, too fixed in habit and opinion to enlist in the better effort of to-morrow, to inquire of woman's higher responsibilities and duties, to have some opinion as to the damnable and unholy traffic whose licensed ravages are destroying my country." Nay, she had opinions, and held them, expressed them, prayed over them, and went, with the dream at her dear, loyal heart, that she might "help Frances" more from the other side than from this.

Mary Clemmer Ames said of Margaret Fuller, "Universal sympathy with human nature was her prevailing characteristic. Her magnanimity, her large intelligence, her tenderness made her not only comprehend, but *feel* for every struggle of the human heart. There was no soul so lonely or abject that she did not feel drawn to it through the virtue of its humanity." In two or three sharp, short sentences Madam Willard could give you a clearer and cleaner-cut exposition of the temperance question than could half the delicate, careless butterflies of society, or even many of our namby-pamby men.

But her work is done; with a genius, a consecration, a beauty and youth which had outlived her years, a soul eager still to know, to learn and catch every word God had for her, she lived on—a center of joy and comfort in this typical and almost best known home in America. As the mountains round about Jerusalem, so she stood a veritable Matterhorn of strength to this daughter. She has fought

a good fight, finished her course, kept the faith, and she waves the victor's palm and wears the conqueror's crown to-day.

The casket was placed upon a bank of palms, while choice cut flowers were arranged in charming effect. The pew where Madam Willard had sat for years was draped with some soft, white material, while about the entrance tall palms were tied with broad white ribbons.

On the casket lay three palm branches tied with white ribbon, placed there by Miss Frances E. Willard, and a heart shaped wreath of white roses and ferns with the words "Saint Courageous" in English violets, which Lady Henry Somerset, her "English daughter," had requested by cablegram to be placed there.

At the church many floral pieces were on the altar and near the casket. The employés of the Woman's Temperance Publishing Association sent a large floral pillow of white and purple with the letters "W. T. P. A." inscribed on it with pink carnations. A large bunch of white roses was received from Mrs. Alice G. Peters, of Columbus, O. Mrs. Annie Green Hill, of Evanston, sent a mass of pink roses with two crossed palm branches. Mrs. J. B. Hobbs, Dr. Daniel Bonbright, the Alpha Phi college sorority, of which Miss Frances E. Willard is a member, and many others sent beautiful floral pieces.

The service closed with benediction pronounced by the Rev. Dr. Miner Raymond, of Garrett Biblical Institute.

A long procession of carriages followed the remains to Rosehill cemetery, where the burial service was held. This service consisted of the hymn, "Abide with Me," sung by the quartette; the burial service, read by the Rev. Dr. Studley; prayer by the Rev. Dr. C. F. Bradley, and benediction by Prof. Joseph Emerson.

The grave was lined with evergreens from Forest Home, Wisconsin, near Janesville, where the Willards resided so long. Kind friends sent them as a token of respect and love.

The active pall-bearers were Orrington Lunt, William

Deering, J. B. Hobbs, Frank P. Crandon, Dr. Daniel Bonbright, E. S. Taylor.

The honorary pall-bearers were Mrs. Caroline B. Buell, Miss Esther Pugh, Madam Bragdon, Mrs. John A. Pearsons, Mrs. Dr. Kidder, Mrs. Dr. Marcy.

Memorial services for Madam Willard were held in many different places, and on many different dates for months after her translation.

The first was on the evening of the Sabbath day on which she died, at Shoreham, in Vermont,—her native state. The account written by one of her kindred, says :

We comforted our hearts, Sabbath evening, August 7, by a family memorial service which we invited our parishioners to share with us. The day had been perfect, like George Herbert's Sunday,

"So cool, so calm, so bright
Bridal of earth and sky."

As we wended our way at sunset to our appointed evening service the crystalline air bathed our fifty miles of eastern horizon which is curved and fretted by the Green Mountains, in opal hues, and the rose and violet light lingered caressingly on the mountain named by the early French explorers, "Lion Couchant," forty miles away to the northeast. Twenty miles to the west, across lovely Champlain lake, the strong Adironack peaks were robed in purple velvet against an amber sky, and Black Mountain in the southwest dipped down its precipitous slope to the laving waters of Lake George at its feet.

Mr. N—— presided over the service, announcing the first hymn,

"How firm a foundation."

He read the ninetieth psalm, and offered prayer.

He then referred to the messages we had received from Rest Cottage, and made brief remarks from an outline of thought in regard to the relation of Madam Willard to the great family of God.

Then came the reading of the poem

"It is better farther on"

which seemed to enthrall every listener, and then Whittier's "Psalm," and "Oh, Mother dear, Jerusalem." After the singing of a hymn, a brief address was made, giving an outline of her wonderful life, and dwelling upon some of her most beautiful and conspicuous traits.

We invited our friends present, it was said, as a larger family circle,

to share in this impromptu service,—a cheerful service, under no cypress shade, and clad in no funereal gloom. We were holding a family celebration of the golden wedding of a bride made ready in beautiful garments of praise for union with her Lord, and the perennial birthday of a soul introduced to the radiant heavenly joys from which she is to go no more out. At the close of this address was read her favorite of all poems in her later years, Whittier's "At Last," and then we sang

"The sweet by and by"

in sacred memory and joyful anticipation, and the service was closed with a few low and tender words of prayer, and the benediction of "Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

Another memorable Vermont memorial service was held a few weeks later in the school-house at North Danville which stands on the spot where once stood the house in which Madam Willard was born.

The following poem was composed for the occasion by Miss Mary E. Ward:

IN MEMORIAM.

"Beyond our sight, above our ken,"
Away from walks and ways of men;
At home with God, how sweet her rest,
With all, save one on earth, loved best.

How fair and bright that closing scene
Afar from native hills of green;
A world attendant on each breath,
A going home;—it seemed not death.

For change so painless and so sweet
Are only strains of triumph meet;
But one remains whose place of rest
That change hath made "a rifted nest."

The world's wide love, though not in vain,
Assuages not her bitter pain;
Because that now when called to roam
No mother prayeth in that home.

For that lone heart this hour we pray
That she be guarded in her way,
And strengthened be, by God's own hand,
To work for Him and every land.

In honor of the honored dead,
Let gracious words be sung and said;
And count this spot a holy place
Where first the sunshine kissed her face.

We grudge her not to thee, O West,
Her long-time home, her place of rest.
But tread with reverent feet this earth,
Now hallowed as her place of birth.

And claim her ours, as she is thine,
And fadeless greens for her entwine:
Then murmur, as our wild winds swell,
"Vermont's loved daughter, fare thee well!"

The sense of loss fell far and wide; — as testimonials show, its shadow rested on Japan and China, on Australia and India, on Turkey and South Africa, as well as over all parts of Europe and America. One meeting may fitly stand as representative for the many services which cannot be recounted here — that at the Chautauqua (N. Y.) Assembly in session at the time of Madam Willard's death.

On the Tuesday evening of Madam Willard's funeral, at 6:45 P. M., the women of Chautauqua Assembly held in the Hall of Philosophy a memory service in behalf of her who was that day laid to rest. Mrs. Griffith, of Rochester, N. Y., read some account of her life, Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller and Miss Susan B. Anthony spoke tender and touching words concerning her character. The following expression of sympathy was presented by Mrs. Caroline Leech, of Kentucky, and the dear ones at Rest Cottage were commended in prayer to God:

IN MEMORY OF
MARY THOMPSON WILLARD

who entered into life Sunday morning, August 7, 1892, the women at Chautauqua offer the following expression of sympathy to her daughter:

The bereavement that has come to the home from which this wise and devoted woman has passed to a higher life touches hearts in all homes where her name is held in honor and reverence. We rejoice with Miss Willard in the knowledge that her beloved coun-

selor, through victory over death, is translated to fuller light and clearer vision.

Signed

CAROLINE A. LEECH, Ky.
M. ELLA VINCENT, Col.
HENRIETTA C. PHARR, La.
MRS. T. H. PIBONEY, O.
MRS. J. H. BEMIS, Tex.
MRS. LEROY SWORMSTEDT, I. T.
MRS. E. H. PETERS, N. J.
MARTHA A. CROSS, Ia.
MRS. BARLOW, Mich.
MRS. E. B. CLARKSON, Ill.
MRS. A. H. CHANCE, N. J.
FANNIE K. FORD, Mo.
MRS. MARIE OLDHAM, Singapore, Malaysia.
EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, Ill.
MARIA C. WETMORE, Pa.
SUSAN B. ANTHONY, N. Y.
MRS. A. W. PIKE, Conn.
LUCY N. BOWEN, Neb.
MRS. S. H. HAWES, Va.
E. C. ALEXANDER, Wis.
MRS. M. F. WELLS, Ala.
MRS. L. MC CONN, Kas.
MRS. C. M. MORY, Md.
SARA M. KNEIL, Mass.
JULIA MAC DONALD, Washington, D. C.
MRS. DR. CHAMBERLAIN, Toronto, Can.

CHAPTER XII.

MOTHERHOOD.

She met the hosts of Sorrow with a look
That altered not beneath the frown they wore,
And soon the lowering brood were tamed, and took,
Meekly, her gentle rule, and frowned no more.
Her soft hand put aside the assaults of wrath,
And calmly broke in twain
The fiery shafts of pain,
And rent the nets of passion from her path.
By that victorious hand despair was slain;
With love she vanquished hate, and overcame
Evil with good, in her great Master's name.
—William Cullen Bryant.

I thank God most that He ever said to me, "Bring up this child for me in the love of humanity and the expectation of immortal life."—Mary T. H. Willard.

THE central fact of Madam Willard's life, on the human side, was her motherhood. This was recognized, even by those who were personally but slightly acquainted with her. The following tribute from the Chicago *Advance* sets forth this fact most truly:

Miss Frances E. Willard's mother, who died at their Rest Cottage home in Evanston, last Sabbath morning, was in her eighty-eighth year. Nothing could exceed the loyalty of the daughter, famous the world over, in her filial devotion to her mother. From the first the mother never ceased to be the strongest human inspiration, incentive and restful satisfaction to the daughter. Every best work "for God and home and native land" done by the daughter had its springs in the mother. No need to compare and ask whose life has been the more useful; the two have been one, and are so still. Mrs. Willard, born in Danville, Vermont, was a teacher from fifteen to twenty-seven, when she married; but after the birth of three chil-

dren, both she and her husband came to Oberlin and together studied in the regular college course. In 1846, they came West and settled on a farm in Wisconsin, where she educated, trained and inspired her children, making their home to be in the truest meaning of the term their "preparatory school" for life. There is little danger anywhere of revering, loving, honoring too much such women and such mothers as Mrs. Mary T. Willard. Whether their names ever be "writ large" on the world's scroll of fame or not, it matters little. Their lives, their prayers, their spirit and counsels constitute a motherhood of influences that never will cease their potencies till the world itself shall get rid of its burden of sins and sorrows.

Madam Willard was a natural teacher. Her methods of government were such as belonged to a loving, wisely indulgent, sympathetic nature with a large appreciation of approbation. She did not drive, but led her flock; she won them by rewards and smiles, she did not frighten them by threats and punishments. Love alone roused the indignation that could flame up when the rights or happiness of those dear to her were invaded, the courage that was invincible when they were threatened.

To the questions of childhood,—those far-reaching, mysterious antennæ that the human soul so early reaches out, she brought answer or diversion with a wise discrimination. When her little daughter propounded questions in the love of argument, and was preparing in her young heart to do battle along the lines of accepted belief and practice, she almost never answered, but skillfully changed the subject by a story which brought new scenes and figures before the wonder loving gaze of the child, or magnetically stroked the little head, folded the childish figure in her arms, and sang the hymns that changed, as if by magic, the skeptical attitude of mind into that of the sympathetic heart.

She said, "Do not be severe. Conquer by love if possible. It is more masterful than all other correctives combined."

When the daughter Frances was five years of age she was taught to read by her mother, a few of the neighboring

children being invited in to learn with her, that the little girl might regard the hour devoted to this usually distasteful exercise, as a special treat. Inventive love gave for a reward of merit a romp with the little learners in the beautiful garden of the Oberlin home, and clipped for them a flower apiece as a souvenir of the lesson.

"My first impressions of study," says Frances, "take me to a fragrant garden, where pinks and pansies circled around a handsome evergreen, and snowdrops and snowball bushes brightened the scene, and upon all the diamond dew-drops glistened.

"If I have any special gift as a public worker, it is one I learned from my mother, that of developing the talents of others through warm appreciation and practical encouragement."

Akin to the bestowal of approbation was Mrs. Willard's dexterity in not awakening a conflict in the minds and hearts of her pupils. When a young teacher—a mere girl—she early learned the secret of managing the country schools of which she had charge. It was to awaken the spirit of honor and chivalry in the large boys and to make them her trusted lieutenants in the government of the school. With them on her side, discipline was reduced to a minimum of effort with a maximum of result.

Miss Willard says of her mother's dealings with her childish questionings and short-comings:

My mother was a very wise woman; she knew I was a sort of intellectual trout, and she fished and angled after me a good deal, humoring my coy ways and never seeming shocked when I told her my outreachings of spirit. Sometimes I used, in my audacity of nature, to try to think up something that would scare mother and make her believe I was going to be very bad, but I never could.

When I would say very daring things about not believing, and asked her how she knew that was a true book that was on father's knee every morning at family worship, she never troubled to give me any particular answer, but would stroke me on the head, and sometimes break out into a sweet old hymn. I was very fond of hymns and I think mother won me by the singing of the faith she loved.

When, in the early days at Oberlin, some hateful boy would call me "red-head" I would run at once to mother and tell her with rebellious tears of this outrageous treatment. Her beautiful hand would smooth my hated hair with a tenderness so magical that under it the scanty strands seemed for the moment turned to gold, as the kindest of all voices said, "Don't mind them, Frankie; the poor things do not know what they are saying. You got your hair from your grandfather Hill; his was quite bright colored [she never said 'red'] when he was a little boy, but it was a lovely golden brown when he grew up, and so will yours be. I wish you could have seen your grandfather Hill's queue, a thick braid smartly tied up with a black ribbon. I never saw a handsomer head of hair. We children cried when the fashion changed and father's queue had to be cut off. You are like him in every way, and he was the noblest looking man in all the country round."

Sweet ingenuity of mother love! How quickly it comforted my heart, and so transformed my thoughts that I forgot myself, and saw before me only the brave figure of my grandfather Hill!

The native endowments of mind which had been bestowed upon herself and her parents' other children, and upon her husband and his family, reappeared in Mrs. Willard's children. "I thought I had very interesting children," she said of herself as a young mother, and no one who knew them, or who has read the published records of their lives, will dispute the accuracy of the mother's opinion. This brought a natural desire for the cultivation of their brilliant gifts, which was intensified by the contrast between the possibilities of influence in pioneer conditions, — the limited opportunities of her life in New York and Wisconsin — and those of a college town, and of the cultivated friends which the aspiration and elevation of her life and that of her husband, drew to them as by a magnet.

The difference of temperament in the heads of the Willard family affected, to some extent, the ideals of training for their children. Both were devoted and judicious parents, both gave freely of time and strength to companionship with their children, as well as labor for them.

But the husband desired to train his children after his own preconceived models; he would have planted and

watered and grafted and clipped and pruned character as he did the trees in which he delighted, making them to fit the places he chose for them, and realizing his solemn responsibility as a parent, not so much to the children, as to their Maker.

Though he was early a reformer, and ever maintained a practice in accord with his convictions on slavery, temperance and politics, he was yet most conservative in action, holding, in all matters where a question of righteousness was not apparent to him, the high respectability and propriety stamped upon customs and methods by precedent, and the value of codes crystallized by the ages.

It was but natural that he should desire his only son to follow him in the agricultural and horticultural pursuits in which he had found health, competence and reputation, and to assist him in the care of the beautiful estate his own skill had created and which, in time, he wished to relinquish only to the hands of his descendants. His isolated life on the farm had been no barrier to high honors in the church and in the young commonwealth; had interposed no insurmountable obstacles to his enjoyment of rare and elevated friendships. His observation of the evils and dangers of the world rendered him all the more solicitous to guard well his elysium from their invasion; his sense of duty as the protector of wife and children was among his strongest traits, and recognized no release except through the ongoings of life and destiny.

The mother's instinct was less dominating and, for that reason, more influential. When a child was given her, the overpowering vision was of its inherent personality, its endless life, and the responsibility laid upon her as guardian and helper of its development, rather than as architect to shape the young immortal according to her preconceived plans. God and immortality were her pole-star, sympathy was the magnetic needle which guided her course.

"Let a child grow as a tree grows," was her favorite maxim, but the tree of her thought was not one planted

in a garden and trained and trimmed by the pleasure of the gardener, in accordance with the maxims of arboriculture, but a potential oak or elm in its native conditions, free according to the law of its nature implanted by its Creator, and with the right to soil and sun, dew and shower and growth unhindered and untransformed; the work of the parent and instructor being to remove hindrances, to see that no deforming influence had power, and to feed and stimulate, never to repress or abridge its beneficent possibilities.

In the second winter of her Wisconsin life, while her husband was absent as a member of the territorial legislature, her instinctive love for teaching was shown amid difficulties. To the care of the household was added that of the farm and all its population of dependent creatures, in which she was assisted by her fourteen-year-old son, by a German handmaid, and a man-servant, each inexperienced and in need of continual supervision. In the cold of a severe winter in a new country, the ways of household and farm were thoroughly cared for, the heart of her husband safely trusted in her, and all went well. But no difficulties thwarted the development of the higher life of the little, isolated family. She regularly conducted family worship, she held most stimulating conversations with her children, she trained them in the customs and usages of polite society, she led them in the graceful mazes of the only gymnastics then known, keeping time by her gentle voice in the undulating strains of

"Bounding billow, cease thy motion,"

and she joined in their sports, even to transforming the kitchen into a mimic fort, within which the womankind maintained the siege by barricades and broomsticks, while "the boys" without, as painted Indians, with war-whoop and feathers, guns and tomahawks, overcame by means of stratagem their valiant opponents. Such active diversions were indulged only frequently enough to keep the

life-currents of mind and body from stagnation, but the family devotions were constant, and the evening or morning school was unintermitted. Around a common table children and servants were gathered at five o'clock in the morning of those brief, cold winter days, or after the labors of the day were ended, and each shared the instruction of this marvelously winning teacher.

To solve the problem of the education of her children was one of the great struggles of her life. The competence of the family consisted in land, and the abundant supply for simple wants, rather than in money. There was always need of moderate economy, and the question of sending the children from home for study, while difficult chiefly through the objection of the parents to thrusting them out from the safe environment of home, also involved the serious consideration of expense, not so much, however, for a term or two, as for the lengthened period of a college course.

The son, sure of his mother's sympathy in his desire for such a course, looked to her dauntless spirit, inventive genius, and influence in the family counsels, to help him secure what he so ardently desired. Colleges were not many, and a college constituency had yet to be built up in the new commonwealth, while opportunities for business were multiplied and enticing. Amid obstacles that would have been insurmountable to many a strong spirit, the mother-heart stood as a bulwark for the higher education. Long afterward she said, in speaking of those days, "Once I thought I must give it up, and I asked Oliver if it might not be as well. He looked distressed, and said, 'Unless you put this thing through I see no way out of the wilderness.' He seemed as much distressed when he thought I might let down the bit on the effort, as Frances would have done had she been remanded to the kitchen as her sphere."

One of the most influential factors of the persevering efforts which were at length crowned with success was Mrs.

Willard's inspiring memory of Oberlin as a place where the ideal and the spiritual predominated. Other considerations were urged at times when a reason must be given for the choice of a college education for the son.

"For those whose early years are spent in rural life," wrote Madam Willard, "a college training is the readiest way to get a glimpse of the problems of the world which challenge youthful minds to a conflict that will eventuate in success or failure. Knowledge is power, power commands respect, opens the way to honorable pursuits and qualifies for high achievement. Education broadens the outlook, strengthens the will, puts one in possession of himself."

For their daughters, both parents desired the best moral and religious training, a good education for the intellect, and suitable preparation for domestic life. The elder daughter was restive under the restraints of the latter. Spirited, daring, ambitious, intellectual, with a love of outdoor sports born of her free nature and the almost unlimited opportunities of country life, sewing and other domestic occupations were to her a severe drudgery. Her mother won her to some practice of these arts in an experimental fashion, but ceased to press its continuance when she perceived that the deep-seated aversion was becoming chronic.

The father would have set bounds to this daughter's ambition had it been possible. He urged the acceptance of a woman's domestic duties, but with little effect. He desired that his daughters should be taught to spin, an accomplishment then not so far in the background of life as now. With a characteristic prescience the mother replied, "Considerable wool would be wasted in the experiment, and, with the progress of manufacturing, the girls will have small need of the knowledge." But doubtless a more potent reason in the depths of her mother-heart was the perceived fact that the tastes and aptitudes of her daughters led them irresistibly in other directions.

"My mother's theory for her daughters," says Frances, "was not that girls should not do housework, but that, if they distinctly evinced other tastes that were good and noble, they should be allowed to follow them, and that in doing so they would gain most happiness and growth themselves, and would most truly help forward the progress of the world."

Mrs. Willard's views of desirable training for the intellect were never divorced from practical results. The college course for her son of necessity included the classics and the higher mathematics. But she regarded the years spent on the dead languages as well-nigh wasted by the majority of students, affording neither pleasure nor profit, and was ever an opponent of classical studies in general. The discipline afforded by pursuing these studies was to her mind not a sufficient recommendation. Life was, in her view, too precious and too short for investment in discipline as discipline, the desirable result in her belief being sufficiently attained by more direct and fruitful means. This was the natural position for one of her gifts, her rich acquirements and pleasure in the literature of her own tongue, and the sympathetic nature of her life and influence.

Madam Willard had to deal with a variety of characters in her children. Her son had the orator's temperament—sensitive, shy and often self-distrustful; he was kind-hearted, but full of quizzical remarks—indeed, his sisters, dearly as they loved him, declared that "Ollie was a great tease."

Her daughter Frances was of a highly excitable, nervous temperament, independent, impetuous, and sometimes irritable, but very affectionate and full of lofty aspirations. Her lovely "little Mary," as the mother was wont to call her, was much the most equable of the three, and of a deep, religious nature which with bad management might easily have become morbidly conscientious; she did not lose her temper, but had a tendency to brood over the impulsive words and ways of the two older ones, to

whom she looked up as superior beings because of their greater hardihood of character. She was not so brilliant in scholarship and by no means so ambitious, her ideals being more like those of happy, healthy girls in general. Among these active young spirits Madam Willard was the resourceful pacificator; the wholesome sunshine was not more life-giving than her spiritual atmosphere in which intellect and love joined forces to hold her household to the golden mean. She was the most skillful of diplomats, and determined boundaries, drew up treaties, subdued kingdoms and wrought righteousness. Her golden rule for the upbringing of children was this: *Never let any human being separate you from the knowledge and love of your little ones.* If this one rule could be written in living letters on every mother's heart, how would their children arise up and call them blessed. It is that middle wall of partition that early separates the boy from his mother so that the inmost of his thought, purpose and affection is a sealed book to her, which works irreparable mischief in the home.

Oliver Willard confided everything to his mother; "his public works and private ways" were all open before her. Frances found in her mother the inspiration, not of girlhood only but of a whole lifetime. "I couldn't be driven by a cyclone, but you have led me by a straw," she wrote her mother when a student. And as for sweet "little Mary," she never knew what life meant separate from that benign Divinity of Home whom she worshiped next to God.

Miss Mary Allen West once asked Madam Willard to write out some of the thoughts suggested by experience in the training of her own children, and she wrote in response:

Motherhood is a very important part of life and very absorbing. Children are to be trained socially, intellectually, morally and religiously, and it is a responsibility that is past finding out. Of course it is as interesting as it is absorbing. I thought I had wondrously interesting children. They were the greatest surprise to me. I used to look at them and think, "What does this mean? Whose are you?

Where did you come from? Where are you going? Where did you get your intelligence and consciences?"

It is solemn as a prayer to think of the tender, helpless little ones on their entrance to this inhospitable and uncertain world.

We lived in Oberlin when my children were in their infancy.

Prof. Finney in his sermons often and often referred to the sacredness of the family relation, emphasizing the supreme duty of mothers to their children. He thought it should take precedence of all other considerations. He thought that since God had entrusted little ones to the mother's care it was evident that her highest duty was to them. He spoke of the far-reaching consequences to the child and to the world. Prof. Morgan sometimes addressed the mothers' meetings. He was looked up to as an authority. He had buried his young wife and was left with a little son to whom he gave the most tender and devoted affection, training him to be so lovely that his own views in regard to rearing children were received as almost final. The ladies whose husbands were professors in the college were prominent social leaders and with them I was brought much in contact through my eagerness in study and especially in the training of my own little flock. Mrs. President Asa Mahan, Mrs. Prof. Finney, Mrs. Dr. Dascomb, Mrs. Prof. Whipple and Mrs. Burnell, who had brought up a large family, often talked instructively of their own experiences and conclusions; all of these ladies were regarded as high authority by us young mothers and were listened to with affectionate attention.

There were mothers' meetings at stated times; I felt my utter inefficiency to train these young immortals; I was almost always present at the meetings. I hoped they would tell me just what to do, so that having the approved formula or program, I might make no mistake. But new conditions were constantly arising, and in my despair I said to a wise friend, "After all I don't learn much from these meetings; I don't know what to do." He said, "They are making an impression upon you all the time." It gave me a little comfort to think that perhaps down deeper than my consciousness I was gaining a gleam of light.

And now first of all, I would insist, teach your children to be truthful; by all the incentives that occur to your prayerful thought, keep their love and confidence so that they will be open to you as to the day. Then I would recommend the do-everything method, according to the varying needs of your priceless charge. If the nerves are startled, quiet them the best way you can. Don't put your child in a dark room and let it cry itself to sleep; it would be more motherly to hang it to the limb of a tree, like an Indian baby, where it could see the light and feel the gentle motion of the breeze. Don't regard

it as a mere animal only to be fed and clothed. It needs sympathy very early; it smiles back your love when only a few weeks old. Never punish a child when it can think you are in anger or about to take its life. It will be so frightened as to lose all self-control. You may think it obstinacy when the little creature is in a frenzy inspired by one in whose power it is utterly helpless. Mothers should try to keep their health, so as to be bright, agreeable company for the older children, and to be patient with the little ones. I know this is easier said than done, especially if the mother is sick or overborne with care; but the attempt, if partially unsuccessful, will not fail of its reward. The habit of unselfishness and kindness cannot be too early impressed. The mother should be in spirit and manner, or should aim to be, such as she desires the child to become. I would not recommend over-indulgence, but genuine tenderness and love can hardly go to an extreme, especially in the early helpless years. If complications arise between the children do not let them accumulate. Don't let them lie awake all night dreading a punishment in the morning. Settle disputes at once upon their own merits without referring them to any umpire but yourself.

When they are old enough to commence study do not be indifferent to the trials they meet with in the effort to solve the, to them, difficult problems, but solve them often yourself; don't be so fearful about weakening their self-reliance and desire for high achievement in the future. On no account allow them to be discouraged at the outset.

Should a child show a strong bias toward any laudable line of life that promises self-support and easy independence, I would encourage this tendency with all my power. Try to cultivate a tender conscience, a delicate sensitiveness to right and wrong. I would place the acquisition of character infinitely before that of wealth, desirable as is a moderate share of the latter. Wealth ends with life, character is immortal and toward its perfection all our efforts should tend. I must not forget my pet idea to be more careful to praise children for doing well than to chide them for doing ill.

When the children are young and in the mother's care more directly, there may be a feeling of comparative safety, but when they blossom into young men and women and begin to assume personal responsibility, it is the hour of doom which threatens to make or mar all your careful handiwork. Who is wise enough to counsel then? Silence seems safest, but silence would be treason; the mother must have the heart of her loved ones in keeping in this hour of destiny; no one can be consulted with such safety as she, and she will need the electric light of Deity to guide her in this supreme emergency.

Who can arrest the flying hours? What issues hang upon the decision of a moment? She can find refuge only in Him who has said, "If ye ask anything in my name I will do it." Here she may anchor in a sublime faith that the young, inexperienced, and adventurous feet may, through infinite riches of grace, be led into paths of safety, usefulness, and to a lasting peace.

On another occasion Madam Willard said:

You cannot too strongly emphasize the value of maternal meetings in the work of the W. C. T. U. They give the aggregate wisdom and experience of many mothers as to the most successful methods of securing obedience to parental authority. Mothers are quickened, enlightened and impressed with a responsibility that without divine guidance they are wholly inadequate to meet. The mother's own moral sense being thus aroused she will naturally appeal to the spiritual instincts of her children.

These are some of the reasons that commend maternal meetings to the favorable consideration of our thoughtful people.

When Madam Willard was almost without neighbors in Wisconsin, she yet had, after the removal thither of Prof. N. W. Hodge and his family, a maternal meeting which she highly valued.

"My mother's greatest friend and solace," says Frances, "was Mrs. Hodge, wife of the Yale College graduate and Oberlin College tutor in Latin, who, for his children's sake, taught our district school in 1854. Our homes were about a mile apart, and the conferences of the two mothers occurred perhaps once a fortnight, and related to their two favorite themes, how to be Christians themselves, and how to train their little ones."

Mrs. Sarah Gilman Dusinbury, Madam Willard's niece, gives the following reminiscences of her own intercourse with this woman who so glorified motherhood:

I had not been many years married — not so many that the ghost of a cherished ambition was laid — when I grew restless; the more so as I contemplated the bright prospects of some of my girlhood friends who were following up their plans of self-improvement, or had already entered upon a career auspicious of grand results.

If I had "told my love," I had not told my disappointment. Fulfillment and not failure as to any hopes of mine was all my friends

might know. But this cancer on the heart,—how could I hide, how could I bear it longer; and to whom might I make disclosure with any hope of gaining relief? The wished-for friend in whom I could confide—heaven sent, I have no doubt — stood at the door. It was my loved and honored aunt, Mary Thompson Willard, who came to New York and spent the winter of 1873–74 with her sister who was my mother, and with me. I had passed a few weeks in her home at Evanston prior to my marriage, making at that time my first real acquaintance with her, although it seemed as if I had known her always, so often had I heard mother speak of "Sister Mary." She had besides made us a few short visits, and because of her lively interest in, and quick sympathy for all who yearned "to be" instead of "not to be," I was always greatly drawn toward her, and was thus the more ready to give her my confidence.

So now I came and sat at her feet and listened to good counsel which did much toward turning the balance in favor of home, husband and children as against any "will o' the wisp" which my unwise ambition urged me to pursue. I gave attention while she said:

"Do not, I pray you, my dear niece, jeopardize the peace and happiness of your home and thus forfeit the regard of him whom you have vowed to love until death, by the neglect which must surely follow if you give yourself to other aims apart from his; if you make home and heart-love second to your desire for worldly honor, if you turn dreamy eyes on the upturned, questioning faces of your children, and have ears that listen interestedly to none other than the dulcet tones of that syren known as Fame; — for in so doing you would make a most deplorable mistake.

"It is not that I do not recognize in you ability for other things; but that, having chosen a wedded life, only as you make your love of your husband, home and children next to your love of your Creator, will you have happiness and a conscience void of offense.

"I do not say that you must do nothing outside of home, or think of nothing beyond, but, that only as you do your full duty there will you be capable of doing anything of great value elsewhere."

She added, "I thoroughly believe in marriage, if it be for love, combined with respect, without which no love can be enduring; and I believe there is no other earthly state so perfect, so calculated to develop an evenness of character, broaden the views of life, and awaken the human sympathies as the married state. I believe there is no other place so satisfying as the hearthstone of one's own home; and no fame so great as to outweigh true heart love."

She continued, "A wife has it largely in her power to determine the character of her husband. She may make or mar it if she will;

accomplishing the one by an unselfish devotion to the claims of love and duty, or she may be guilty of the other by a selfish neglect of them. First of all she should be a consistent Christian ; and then, if she takes a proper interest in her husband's business aims, if she is thoughtful of his comfort and his health, if she shows him respect and teaches his children to do the same, if she magnifies the virtues and commends the good in each member of her family, and is judiciously silent about many of their minor failings,—which love and forbearance on her part will sooner help to correct,—if the 'law of kindness is in her tongue,' and she 'looks well to the ways of her household,' like the virtuous woman so extolled in the book of Proverbs, she will find that 'the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her,' and that 'her children shall rise up and call her blessed.' It may be that you will suffer some disappointment in putting aside the ambitious hopes you have cherished ; but, candidly, have you the right to go on 'making the most of yourself'—as the saying is—having already had advantages beyond the average, if by so doing you neglect the children whose lives you have dared to invoke, leaving them to grow up mental and moral dwarfs—as have so many sons and daughters of famous and aspiring parents? Would not the disappointment which might come to you through wrecked lives in your own household, by a neglect of duty, be far more bitter than any you could feel in the giving up of some cherished plans, principally for your own gratification?

"You would have enjoyed being a celebrated painter upon canvas. My dear, you have it in your power, with Nature for your assistant, to create a most beautiful landscape in the space about your home, the enjoyment of which may be shared with every passer-by ; and as for portraiture—just let a cheerful, hopeful, prayerful, earnest daily life soften the lines and beautify the expression of your own face, and then watch the reflex influence it will have upon the faces of those whom God has given you ; see how they will grow in beauty under the warmth of your affection, as plants grow and blossom beneath the summer sun.

"You have a great responsibility in the rearing and training of your children—how great you do not yet realize ; but if you will put the same painstaking care into the work that you have given to the drawing and painting of your several pictures you will be well rewarded for your labor."

And then she said—that which I had heard mother say before—"We may live again in our children, so we need not be vanquished of our hopes.

"Consider," said she, "the imperishable nature of the souls God has intrusted to your care, and do not let the perishable things of

time crowd this from your mind; for you know you must give an account of your stewardship."

At another time, in referring to a later aspiration of mine, Aunt Mary said, "You would have found pleasure in being the author of beautiful verse. Shall I tell you a truth—that the grandest songs will forever remain unsung, the loftiest thoughts go unwritten upon parchment, and the sweetest melodies lie close treasured in the heart. If they are yours, though all unknown and unpraised, they can make for you a beautiful life, for your children a beautiful mother, and for your husband a beautiful companion. And then, the blessed influences that radiate from a home well ordered and happy are countless and far-reaching; the unselfish love there kindled and nourished shines forth as a beacon light to encourage the world's hope and faith in humanity.

"In being the founder of such a home you will find, that though you have not realized all the bright hopes of your younger years, you have achieved a grander success in life than any you had dreamed of.

"Live for the good that you can do, and you will some day recognize the truth, that *that* is all there is in life worth living for."

So much I remember of the excellent counsel and instruction given me, on application to her, by my wise and conscientious Aunt Willard, which, if not followed in full, has had a benign influence upon my life; and for which I wish to express for myself, and for those most benefited thereby, my most profound thanks.

At the age of seventy-six, Madam Willard's thoughts still turned like a magnet to the great theme of her life—the story of her motherhood. She wrote:

My life would not have been more changed if some white-robed messenger from the skies had come to me and said, "I will send five spiritual beings into your arms and home. Two I shall soon recall; three may remain. It is a momentous change, potent for good or evil, but I will help you. Do not fear."

Who would attempt to explain the change that comes to the home where such mysterious guests are entertained? The material care demanded by helpless infancy; the boundless welcome bursting from parental hearts; the feeling of a new and measureless responsibility; the unspeakable tenderness of parental love, the painful consciousness of limited powers in the presence of an infinite need! Habits are begun, character is forming, destiny is being determined. Here are wise, little faces looking up to yours, as to an oracle, every nerve of the soul thrilling to your slightest touch, divining, by a strange intuition, your tone and spirit with the certainty of a seraph.

Mother, step softly! You shall be the accepted creed of these young immortals in all the coming years. These unwritten lives shall herald your example and counsels when you are resting from your labors.

To the parent as to the child, there is something strangely pathetic in the first efforts to practice its infant wings, the first struggles to solve the mysteries of its being. And, then, to mark the change, when the soul grasps the mystery of the atonement, and proves, in developing maturity, that the spirit searcheth all things, even the deep things of God.

Oliver, when writing his first letter to his grandmother, was told he could improve it by re-writing it. He did so, and was encouraged by being told he had bettered it, and was then asked to copy it again and still improve it. I cannot forget, after nearly forty years, how despairingly he looked up, and said, "I cannot write any better with my present amount of knowledge." I saw him, in a very few years, with plumed wings ascending to a high intellectual life beyond the realm of my own thoughts.

The quiet happenings in our farm life, remote from town, were so different from the noisy tumult of a large city, that the spirit there was a direct contrast to what my children later shared. The education of the children was more the result of circumstances than of any definite plan, except that because we were living in the country there was special solicitude in regard to their intellectual wants. For their moral training, living remote from excitements, and depending, for the most part, on older persons for society, the conditions were not unfavorable. Of their physical education there is not much to be said. They lived largely in the outdoor air. Their lives were free from restraint. Their plans were seldom or never opposed, if harmless, and at all practicable.

Motherhood is life's richest and most delicious romance, and sitting now, in the sunshine calm and sweet, with all my precious ones upon the other side save the daughter who so faithfully cherishes me here, I thank God most that He ever said to me, "Bring up this child for me in the love of humanity and the expectation of immortal life."



LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

CHAPTER XIII.

HER RELATIONS TO DEPENDENTS.

Age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress.
—Henry W. Longfellow.

IN a great meeting at Manchester, England, Lady Henry Somerset mentioned an incident which revealed a comprehensive test of Madam Willard's character and brought tears to many eyes. She said that when, in the autumn after her death, her maid was offered a half-holiday and a ticket for the dedication of the World's Exposition at Chicago, the affection of the faithful maid put aside all the attractions of that wonderful occasion, that she might have instead the mournful pleasure of visiting the cemetery where her mistress had been buried, and laying flowers on the dear grave.

The speaker continued: "It is not the public walks or ways of life that most reveal one's character and purpose. I would rather know how a man or woman, having the reputation of sanctity, treated their dependents, than know any other one thing concerning them. The character we have in mind met this test as nobly as it can possibly be met. The faithful Swede girl who had been in her home for seven years was called by all the household at Rest Cottage their 'Christian sister.' They taught her to read English and she participated in the Bible reading at family prayers, lending her sweet voice to the service of song that was one of the most lovely features of their family life."

This only exemplifies the sympathetic relations existing between Madam Willard and her helpers. Whether outdoor laborers on the farm, or household domestics there, and in the college town and city suburb where her later life was spent,—all felt the influence of the mother-hearted mistress and the true friend.

Mr. Elisha Carver, the young man who accompanied the family from Oberlin to Wisconsin, writes to Miss Willard well-nigh forty years later:

I had just arrived at the age of twenty-one when I became a member of your father's family, and your mother, in the truest sense of the word, became a mother to me. My own mother had died only a little more than a year before, and I had left my father's home, as I believed, in accordance with my Heavenly Father's direction. I had neither brother nor sister, nor kinsman within hundreds of miles, and in all my loneliness and homesickness I always received the sympathy and love of a mother-heart from her. Her timely advice and instruction I have not forgotten, and never shall forget.

An entry in Miss Willard's journal in her youth is a mirror of the family attitude toward their humblest helpers:

April 8th.—We are all feeling grieved for John has gone away, the Irish boy who has lived with us four years and been one of the most faithful helpers we ever had. It is seven years since the Cary family commenced to work for us, and since then some member of it has always been in our employ; so it seems quite like breaking up, as mother says, to have the last one go away. And John, poor fellow, has been so true and loyal to us, consulting our honor and interest in everything, proud of whatever we took pride in, and sorry for everything distasteful that happened to us. A disrespectful or impatient word I have never yet heard from him, nor the slightest approach to it. . . The garden that I look out upon from my window, with winding walks and well prepared beds, with the turf fresh and green, and the air of neatness and care upon it, John made it all, and it has been his pet and pride. I am sorry he has gone. I do not wonder that mother cried, and father's voice was husky as he shook the hard, faithful hand, and said, "Be a good boy, John." Poor fellow! He cried aloud, and said, amidst his tears and sobs, "Give my love to Mr. Oliver and say good-bye, and how much I would have loved to see him again."

Well, he is gone, and I shall never see him more. I did not know that it would make us feel so sad. I hope his life hereafter may be as happy in his humble sphere as he has helped to make ours, and I look to meet him at last, where all poor distinctions are set aside, and to know again in heaven one of whom I have cause to think with so much kindness upon earth.

In later years, after most of the family had passed onward, Madam Willard, by the absence of her only remaining daughter, was left much alone with a domestic, Hannah, who was with her most of the time for ten years.

"She was very desirous to learn," wrote Mrs. Willard, "and having much leisure, I enjoyed teaching her,— she was so earnest and appreciative. She took lessons in the simple rules of arithmetic, read history, paid some attention to the rules of English grammar, and studied the outlines of an easy text-book in zoology. She was quick to reckon, and I could send her to the bank, or to pay bills, and found her always accurate. I taught her a little of many things. She was prominent in the Swedish Sunday-school, and in work in her own church. She is now happily married and has a comfortable home of her own. While she was with us, I remember that one summer I thought it would be pleasant for her to have her friends who worked in the neighborhood come in and take lessons with her in English, so I gave them an afternoon each week. The girls were bright, improved rapidly, and seemed very happy. I had a class of such girls for years. I have none but kindly feelings for any human being; there is no person that I would not gladly be a comfort to if I could."

The last who lived with Madam Willard was Eda Nyquist, another Swedish maid, who, with Hannah, followed her mistress to the tomb in sorrow not less real than was felt by her nearest and dearest, and was the last to leave her grave when the funeral services were ended.

Eda is still the devoted friend as well as helper in the Willard household. She says:

I knew Madam Willard nearly seven years and have always felt that it was a great pleasure to know her. She was very good and kind to me, and I shall never forget her beautiful, bright and sweet voice, always saying such kind and encouraging things to every one. She often spoke to me about heaven, and said what a beautiful place it must be, and that it was for everybody who wanted to go there.

And once she spoke about her daughter Mary. I asked her if she wouldn't like to see her, and she said, "God knows. I think that if we could see our dear ones in heaven, and see how beautiful it is there, and how happy they are, that we would become dissatisfied here on earth; so it is better for us that we cannot see them."

Madam Willard was kind and good to her servants, and had great patience with them, and always seemed pleased with their work. She was always considerate, and feared I would work too hard.

Madam Willard is always near to my thoughts, and I am so glad that I had the opportunity of knowing such a noble person,—certainly the best person that I ever knew. I know she has a high place in heaven, and hope that some day I will see her there.

CHAPTER XIV.

HER SYMPATHY FOR THE YOUNG.

God uses us to help each other so
Lending our minds out.
—Robert Browning.

AS Madam Willard's relations to her own household, and especially to her dependents, were a test and a revealer of her character, so was her regard for others in the wider circle of the children and young persons of families allied by relationship or intimacy to her own.

Her quick recognition of the personality of children is illustrated in the following extracts from an article in *The Family Friend*, published in Janesville, Wis., by Mrs. Emma Pease Veeder:

One bright autumn day away back in the fifties we rode with the doctor along the banks of Rock river in southern Wisconsin toward the home of the Willards.

The trees were just tinged with yellow, and the sumach and elder had put on their bits of scarlet, bronze and golden foliage. Some one was very ill in the house, and so we were left in the carriage. The dainty Michaelmas daisies waved their delicate purple blossoms at us, and we watched a chattering blue-jay as he scolded his busy mate. In a chair outside and near the door sat a young girl in a gingham gown busily reading. Soon a lady came out and handed the young girl a plate, nodding pleasantly toward us as she did so. We had not known that we were hungry, but the sight of that plate made us aware of the fact.

"Little girl, do you like cookies with holes in them? Mother's cookies are famous. Take them and eat them, holes and all," said the young girl coming up to the carriage.

I can remember just how those cookies tasted. How flat my voice sounded as I said, "Yes, ma'am," to her question. The little

plate with its quaint, old-fashioned border—after all these years I can see it as in a picture.

The doctor and the older lady came down the walk. Some one must be very ill. They talk in low tones, and as they stand for a moment beside the carriage, her hands fondle mine and she brushes from my lap the last crumbs of those delicious cookies.

Well do we remember the ride home that October day. The doctor told us how the brave mother, whose ambition it was to see her children good and wise, had made that frontier home the center of intellectual growth, and how, above all things, it was a Christian home.

We went down the same road once more. Stopping at the same gate, the gentle-faced lady came down the walk. She spoke of things of special interest to the doctor; then catching a glimpse of my interested face, she said, "Dear child, the cookies are gone!"

The world-wide fame of the daughter, Frances Willard, has never for a moment hidden the beautiful mother-heart that, filled with love, watchfulness, encouragement and hope, made sacred the interior of her home.

The girl in gingham gown became the head of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union,—the mother, with wonderful power, holding in her hand the cords of filial devotion that vibrated though seas divided; the daughter love increasing with the years, the mother love always the same.

A few months ago this "Saint Courageous" was transplanted. When the word came that she had gone up higher, we saw again the old country road, the hazel-bushes with their clusters of half-ripened fruit, the autumn foliage, the nodding daisies and the girl in the gingham gown. We saw the soft-toned mother's lovely face and gentle manner, the little plate of cookies, and we heard the command, "Eat them, holes and all."

Thirty-five years ago! And yet this little glimpse of mother and daughter comes back, bringing also this thought, the littles of life make or mar the whole. How much may mean a gentle word, a little caress. Life has too few bright spots, too few cookies for heart-hungry souls!

A young relative wrote Madam Willard from Paris, March 14, 1891:

Separated from you by land and water, I am near you in spirit. I think we shall find some day in that life which we shall live by love and not by years, that we were nearer than we thought. *You have always been an inspiration to me* ever since I was old enough to feel and think. . . . I have said to myself often, "*Yes,*

Aunt Willard believes in me," and you know we can give no more Godlike gift to one another than that! You know I cannot pay it back to you. I can only try to be true to myself and to you, and, in my humble way, do some day for some one what you have done for me.

One day a student in the Theological Seminary rang the door bell at Rest Cottage and coming in asked for Madam Willard, saying to her that he with many other of the young men who attended the university and theological institute had seen her sitting in her large arm chair as they passed to and fro along the street, and had become so much attached to her from their knowledge of her character and record that he ventured to tell her, thinking it might be pleasant, and desiring for himself the honor of grasping her hand. This was Captain Lamb, as he is now called, he having become an officer in the Salvation Army.

Two of the nearest friends of Madam Willard and her daughter, a noble young business man and a wealthy young lady from Philadelphia, became engaged and at once called to see Saint Courageous, whom they so greatly loved and revered, that they might receive her blessing. She asked them to stay to dinner and was never tired of telling how their sacred and beautiful affection seemed to her like a breath of June from the years so long gone by, when she was young. They, in turn, said that her manner in receiving the news was the most beautiful thing they had ever seen, and helped to hallow even more their sacred new relationship.

It was this ability to enter into the lives of others, to make their joys and griefs her own, that endeared her so greatly to all who had the privilege of knowing her throughout her whole life, and most of all in its long and pleasant afternoon.

The following tributes from a few of those whose youth Madam Willard brightened will best depict this aspect of her character.

MADAM WILLARD.

BY MRS. ELLA BANNISTER MERWIN.

My first and last memories of Madam Willard bear a curious relation to each other. The first was when a child, I was sent, one lovely spring morning — in the month of May, I think — with a message from my mother to her, and was shown into the room where she sat. On a lounge near by lay her daughter Mary. How well I remember the pleasant room — bright as sunshine could make it! The face of the invalid girl, always beautiful but now so etherealized by illness as to seem, even to my childish eyes, almost unearthly in its beauty, her graceful, delicate hands, her radiant smile! I remember that Mrs. Willard's face and voice were cheery, that she chatted pleasantly, even making little jests in her own quaint, original way. I did not take in the full significance of the scene then; in looking back upon it I realize that, though her heart was breaking, she was resolutely putting self aside and wearing that brave smile for the sake of her whose precious life was slowly ebbing away. This is my earliest distinct memory of her.

My latest is of the day when, so worn and weary that it was impossible for her to speak, she yet tried so pitifully to utter one word more of love to that one—her dearest upon earth—upon whom her dying eyes were so constantly fixed. Were I able to fittingly depict these two scenes it seems to me they would tell all that could be told of mother love and devotion.

All through my childhood, youth and more mature years my impressions of her have been vivid ones.

After Mr. Willard's death, when her daughter was away and she was occasionally without a servant she would sometimes send for me to come and stay with her at night—not certainly for any protection I could give, but "to satisfy Frank that she was not entirely alone in case of emergency." I remember how eagerly I always obeyed this summons, for the evenings alone with her were made delightful by the most interesting stories of her own young life and that of her children. They seemed to me wonderful and often thrilling in the telling and once I said to her, "Mrs. Willard, why don't you write a book for young people?" She smiled and replied, "Oh, I don't believe any one but you would care for my stories." But her sympathy with and power to enter into the lives of the young seemed to me, even then, remarkable.

She had great insight into character and was always appreciative of the best in one, thereby inspiring the best. This I remember of her with special gratitude for I was a child much given to self-depreciation and I thought she always knew just what encouraging word to say and when to say it.

As I grew older I learned to appreciate her boundless charity toward all—her unusual mental endowments—and the rare poise which kept her serene and tranquil through all life's joys and sorrows. During the last few years especially, she has been a friend and counselor at whose feet I have loved to sit and learn.

To be in her company was to have one's mental vision enlarged and one's outlook upon life more hopeful. Once when my husband and I had been sitting with her for an hour I said to her, "Mrs. Willard, I am afraid we are selfish. We stay too long and tire you." [For her strength was then waning.] "Oh, no," she said, "*you* do not tire me. You know you are our own folks." Words which fell most gratefully upon our ears for we had felt the loneliness of returning to an old home after years of absence to find ourselves the last representatives of a once large family—and it was pleasant to be "counted in." This she knew—so ready was her sympathy always. After that we went often to see her and the memory of those visits will be forever sacred to us.

She has gone and we miss her; but her words, her beautiful example and the memory of her many kindly acts remain with us.

MY AUNT WILLARD.

BY MORILLA M. NORTON.

In the perspective of the individual life, as of history, there are certain heroic figures which stand complete, unalterable, as the embodiment of certain virtues and ideas. They are benignant forms, at once noble and sympathetic, illustrating the attractiveness as well as the superiority of goodness, and to them the soul delights to turn, from time to time, for inspiration.

Carved in high relief in the imperishable Parian of my girlhood memories is a face in which met the three finest elements of character — strength, intelligence and grace. It was a satisfying face, a revelation, not a mask, and those who knew, felt that it was a suitable introduction to what was beyond.

I never watched the development of that face, that personality. Both were in a sense complete when first I knew them. They had been formed by the forces which moulded a bygone generation. I was not familiar either with the beings or ideas which were associated with her youth. She suggested times with which we of to-day are unacquainted. She was one of those rare legacies which one epoch makes, of its finest elements, to another.

What I did apprehend, even as a young girl, was that my great-aunt was exceptional, in the highest sense of the word. One can feel, happily, before one can define, or some of the richest experience

of our lives would be lost. And to-day, when I can understand in what lay the power of this truly great woman, I prize most the inexplicable feeling of her superiority with which she inspired me in my girlhood.

It was mind which first drew me to my aunt—and what a splendid mind it was! A mind as familiar with life as with books, one which turned to gold everything it touched. Virile, yet delicate, accustomed to the highest thinking, yet sympathetic to the simple, homely thoughts of everyday existence.

During one winter I used to sit on Sunday afternoons in her plain upper room which just a touch of feminine grace saved from being austere. We talked together, for, though supremely gifted as a conversationalist, Madam Willard had the still rarer quality of being a consummate listener. Nothing was so crude or juvenile in the girlish thoughts of her visitor as to make her inattentive, and nothing too valuable for her to give in return. Greek and Roman history, Elizabethan poetry, Socrates and Seneca, Pope and Wordsworth, she translated to me in her clear, choice speech, with flashes of wit and touches of emotion, until these worthies seemed made to be the companions of a girl in her teens.

Madam Willard never indulged in pedantry. It was as foreign to her as ignorance; both, you felt instinctively, she would abhor. Her learning could not be better defined than in the eloquent tribute of one of our greatest Americans to another:

"It came from the touch upon him of every fine spirit which he met in life, of every fine, heroic person whom he met in history. He educated himself, I often thought, by reflecting the lustre of his own character on those whom he addressed, and then catching a brighter lustre as it was reflected back upon him."

The sense of uplift one experienced in her presence was from neither her body, her mind, nor her soul, but from all three in perfect harmony. There was a threefold influence,—that of physical, mental and spiritual equilibrium. Neither overbalanced the other; neither detracted from the other. What she said, what she did, was the perfect expression of this completeness.

What is more indicative of character than the hand, and what hands were ever more perfect in proportions than hers? There was a rhythm in their movements which followed the rhythm of her mind. Proportion and rhythm, words which recall Greek poetry, Greek philosophy and Greek art. That "noble serenity," which students have ever acknowledged to be the supreme embodiment of the Hellenic spirit, was the sum of this personality.

It was on those Sunday afternoons, that I had accentuated to my mind the sense and meaning of true culture—an intelligent evolution



MISS KATHERINE WILLARD, 1894.

of the whole being. It was there, also, that I learned a higher lesson, which experience and observation have confirmed—the value of such symmetrical character as that of my aunt—character whose crowning qualities were sympathy, strength, repose. Madam Willard was a perplexing example of independence of environment. Living in this intense age, within a few miles of the most feverish activity known on this planet, she passed a life calm and placid. But its secret was not indifference. No one cared more for progress than did she. No one, perhaps, was more conscious of the onward movement of the century. Though she stood upon the redoubts and watched the battle from afar, it was an intense, discriminating gaze which she bent upon the field. Yet, like all great personalities, like nature herself, she was totally devoid of futility and impatience. You had a sense of space and time in her presence. Her whole being suggested immortality. No character could be more contrary, in its tendencies, to the faults of the actual generation than hers. Struggle for place and precedence, for wealth, for superficial culture, each would have fitted her as ill as the modern garments a Greek goddess.

In these days of exciting, ephemeral pleasures, of hasty, inconsiderate action, of one-sided, inharmonious development, such a personality speaks more eloquently than could any essayist, of the beauty and value of the higher life.

GRANDMA.

BY KATHERINE WILLARD.

My earliest distinct recollection of my grandmother Willard belongs also to my brother Frank, and is founded upon a little incident connected with him. I was, at the time, eight years old, and my brother, five. He had been spending the morning with Grandma, watching with much interest the manufacture by her nimble fingers of some dolls. They were of rags and had wonderful faces, done in Grandma's best style, with pen and ink. I came in the front door just in time to see my small brother descending the stairs, holding his new friends close to his gingham apron. Our grandmother stood at the top of the stairs, looking greatly amused, and as I entered she said to Frank, "Tell the names of your dolls, Franky," whereupon he stopped and gravely repeated, "Sally Lunn, and the Heavenly-look doll." The latter young lady had got, in the making, a very upward-tending pair of eyeballs, from which circumstance Frank had chosen to name her. Grandma always seemed to think that very observing and funny of Frank, and told of it for years afterwards.

About that time it was my greatest delight, and my reward for

any rare piece of good behavior, to be allowed to spend the night at Grandma's; she and Hannah, the Swedish maid, used to be at Rest Cottage alone then, and I so reveled in the quiet teas with them, at which they took turns in saying grace, and where I got "cambric tea" with a "drap" o' the real article in it. After supper, Grandma and I, and often Hannah too, used to sit out on the steps, behind all the trees and vines, and talk until Grandma's retiring hour, which ranged from seven to eight o'clock, not later. In these talks she told me stories about when she was a little girl; how she used to string berries on long grasses for her teachers at school, how well she could spin when she was of my age, and how hard she studied. I have often wished that I had written her stories down, as fast as she told them.

Grandma never failed to ask me in these talks, what I thought would be my calling in life, and what I thought my brothers' would be. I generally measured my abilities with generous calculation and planned for myself many fine careers, usually settling down, however, to the modest profession of "best singer in the world." Since those days I have come to appreciate Grandma's placing my brothers and me side by side, as if the choice of a vocation would as inevitably devolve upon me as upon them.

At bed-time Grandma went up-stairs to the room we have always known as hers, first kissing me, and saying, in her characteristic tone and manner, "Good-night, dear." I wonder now, in the light of the acquired cowardice and "spooky" feelings of my mature years of life, why I did not, in those days, dread sleeping alone down-stairs. But I remember I liked it, and would lie awake in the little bed, close to the window, munching my doughnut saved from supper, and listening to the crickets and katy-dids outside. The mere memory of that sound can take me back, at any moment, to Evanston—to the yard, the tall trees, bushes and flowers in the gardens before and behind the house, to Rest Cottage—in short, to the Grandma of my childhood. I love that cricket's chirr, and always shall, for the dear, quiet summer nights it recalls.

In the mornings I used, generally, to stop only long enough for breakfast, when Grandma often gave me genuine coffee, and for prayers, when Grandma or Hannah would read the Bible and pray. Summer mornings Grandma gave me flowers to take home—phlox, honeysuckle and "bleeding hearts" which she cut off carefully and tied into a great bouquet. So much she *would* do, but woe betide the grandchild that ventured to pick any flower without permission, or to invade the bed of lilies-of-the-valley by even so much as a covetous eye. This bed of lilies which had been planted for her by a dear friend was especially the joy of my grandmother's heart. But I have

always been inclined to debate in my mind whether or not it was quite the thing to allow flowers so very desirable to me, to bloom, wither and die on their stems behind the screen of leaves, having had no further influence than to please Grandma by the knowledge that they were there, and to irritate me correspondingly by this mere fact of their existence, since alas! they did not bloom for me. However, Grandma was very good to us, and we were troublesome, naughty things often enough, I am sure.

When I was twelve years old I went a-touring with my grandmother to Port Huron, Michigan, where we visited our cousins, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Ross. That whole time was a memorable one. Grandma and Mrs. Ross taught me to embroider squares for a then fashionable style of patchwork quilt, and I, in turn, used to try to amuse them by dressing up in some of their long gowns and rendering the popular song of the day, "Baby Mine," in a manner as operatic as my liveliest imagination could produce. Most clearly of all my experiences there, I remember the great day of the cyclone, when a cloud very yellow and dark and terrible tore across the sky from the west, accompanied by a tempest of wind that laid flat almost everything daring to hold up its head and face the "powers of the air." Grandma pointed out the cloud, and ran to close her windows; we were trying to close the shutters too, when the storm was suddenly upon us. The house shook, trees, roofs and all manner of things flew past the windows, and all three of us, I, for one, in utter terror, gathered close together in the sitting-room. As the storm grew worse instead of abating, Mrs. Ross cried out, "Come, Aunt Willard, let us go to the cellar." I, myself, rather leaned to the cellar, and hoped Grandma would come, as I was very frightened. Whereupon she arose, and instead of leaving the room, began to pray. She had not shown or expressed a fear, and her calm, majestic form and face, as she stood there in the middle of the room praying quietly was so impressed upon my memory that I can see her clearly now, just as she was that day. When the storm passed over and Dr. Ross came home, Grandma was really the only one who could truthfully say that she had kept "perfectly cool."

Three years after that visit we went to live with Grandma, and then began a new era in my life with her; then, for the first time, it occurred to me that perhaps, notwithstanding Grandma's ideas as to the equality of boys and girls, when it came to a particular quartette of boys and girls known by the name of Willard, there might be a degree of difference in her feelings toward them. In those days I was housekeeper in mamma's absence, and, in my struggles to keep my brothers in order, I used often to think that I had not Grandma's entire co-operation. I have laughed since then with her, and to my-

self, many a time, at the wonderful diplomacy she would display in settling our disputes. When it came to out-and-out fights, she was very stern, and would frighten us all back into absolute sobriety, if not friendliness, by appearing suddenly in the doorway, having been brought down from her chamber of peace by our noise; and her eyes almost flashed fire as she cried, "Children, stop or I'll have the police!" From the time of our first quarrels, up through the age of our stormy, heated "fights," to that age when we were too old to use our fists and brute force against each other, Grandma never ceased recounting to us the chivalry of our father to his sisters, and the gentle consideration shown to him by them. After this, she generally wound up with a verse which, in time, we came to know so well that we could repeat it with her, and by means thereof, get ourselves back into decent humors again. The lines were as follows:

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For 'tis *their* nature to;
But, children, you should never let
Your angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes."

The worse our attacks on each other, the oftener Grandma had us repeat this small sermon, and I remember that we generally concluded the exhortation with very virtuous expressions on our faces, as if we were admonishing other children not even remotely resembling ourselves! In affairs requiring less prompt and severe action, Grandma was the diplomatist through and through, and when we, in turn, went to her on our missions of complaint, pleading for private consolation, she always contrived to make each of us feel that he or she was the one most important to the general peace and welfare.

Often when we compared notes as to "what Grandma had said," it was odd how each of the trio (for, owing to our little sister Mary's unfailing goodness we were never a quartette in those things which we ought *not* to have done!) would insist that Grandma had taken his or her side!

During those days I greatly delighted in going to Grandma's kitchen on the mornings when she made doughnuts, a refinement of culinary art which, I believe, she never intrusted to any other person. I loved to see her roll up her sleeves over her white arms, and then mix the dough in her own exact, practiced fashion. It was something well worth seeing. As might be supposed, I never quitted the scene of these operations without eating one or more of the delicious, indigestible things, fresh from the sizzling fat, and getting a plate of them to take "to the other children."

In speaking of the indigestible, I am reminded of Grandma's never-failing, universal panacea for every ill of mankind, the grateful and comforting "Cooper's Balm." This she would take from her wall cupboard, in which she kept a small army of harmless and out-of-date bottles, mix it with a generous allowance of sugar in a cup of hot water, and administer it for all of our complaints, whether genuine or manufactured.

I pass over the years spent away from Evanston, first at school in Connecticut and then at college, for, unless I were to include in this the letters that came from time to time written in Grandma's fine, handsome hand, which was wonderfully distinct and pretty even to her last illness, there are not for me so many memories to record of those years from 1881 to 1885. In fact, for the last twelve years most of my intercourse with my dear grandmother has had to be carried on by means of the post, we have been so much away.

Two years ago I spent a part of the summer at Rest Cottage and I so well remember Grandma's note of invitation, in which she said that the "north bedroom had been put in order and would be kept for me until I could come." It was, I believe, in that summer that I learned to know better the tender side of Grandma's nature. We would sit in her room and, when she felt in the mood, she would read to me from one of her many scrap-books—a miscellaneous one, in which she pasted the things that especially pleased her. There were some dialect verses of which she was fond, written by a friend and admirer, to the poet, James Whitcomb Riley, at a time when the latter seemed quite to have given up writing for publication. Grandma was sure to cry when she read these verses and there was always a pathetic break in her voice at the last two lines:

"Ye hain't no right to hush yer songs—
The poet to the world belongs!"

At that point Grandma had to struggle to control her voice but, when she had fairly accomplished the whole poem, she would raise a face filled with tears and a lovely smile that seemed to ask one's appreciation of a thing that she found so beautiful.

During that summer Grandma had one task which she performed with absolute fidelity; it was to get me to write to my brother Rob once in so often. In the morning she would come to my room and say, "Kate, you'll write to your brother Rob to-day, won't you?" "Yes, Grandma, or at least in a day or two." "Then you'll try to get it off this morning, will you?" "I think so, yes, ma'am."

In about an hour she would come back again with a sheet of paper in her hand on which she had written a few words of love and encouragement to her boy out West; most of the sheet was blank, and

this space I was to fill with the family "happenings"; as Grandma turned to go back to her room she would say, "I think, Kate, it will be a good idea if you finish that letter right up for you might mislay it, and you know it's not so easy for me to write as it used to be."

By these gentle, yet very effective means, did Grandma succeed every time in getting Rob's letter off by the evening's post.

I found out that summer, too, for the first time in my life, that Grandma, while rather disinclined, herself, to the usual ways of demonstrating affection, did not mind my impulsive ways at all; in fact, she received my pats and embraces and loving remarks so sweetly as to make me quite forget, at the moment, that she did not make any ado over me, in return. I have always had a great admiration for her beautiful hands, delicately shaped and in the palm, pink as a baby's; yet I never dared until that summer to tell my inmost feelings on the subject. Then, however, I made up for my former delinquencies, and it was pretty to hear her—the least vain of persons—say, "My hands used to be considered good when I was young." Sometimes when I was going out, I would go to kiss her good-bye, and say, "I do love you, Grandma." "I love you, too, dear," she would answer quietly but in a most convincing tone.

It seems a flippant thing to have said of so great a nature that she was not vain; of course she was not vain, nor self-conscious, but she was a strong believer in self-respect and self-appreciation. One day when I complained that some one had been rude to me, Grandma said rather warmly, "I do not consider it *possible* for any one to insult me; I respect myself thoroughly and I intend to see to it that the world respects me, too."

About this time a year ago, when I was in Baltimore, Grandma began writing to me to know when I would come for the summer; "You are to have the front room on the north side and I shall not have any one else put in there." And when I did arrive, in June, my dear grandmother went with me to my room and said, "Now you can have your mother's old place."

As I recall the miserable, thunder-stormy weather of those first few weeks in Evanston, I am reminded that I never saw Grandma frightened. I am obliged to confess that I do not like thunderstorms, and lightning quite terrifies me, so, when we had some of our heaviest storms last summer, I would start directly for Grandma's room. I usually found her lying on her bed, or sofa, by an open window, using her scissors, or standing in a draught,—in general, running exactly counter to all rules for conduct during thunderstorms. She said that she liked them and that lightning seemed to her hardly more harmful than the sunshine itself.

Then, too, Grandma never appeared to have any of what one

commonly calls "moods" ; I can scarcely think now what it would have been like to have found her other than the cheerful, sympathetic grandmother whom I looked always to see when I went to her house. Indeed, I am unable to recall an instance in which I left her presence without feeling buoyed up and as if life, after all, were rather easier to live than I, in my moments of despondency, had fancied it. Of course there were seasons of righteous indignation when we were called upon to listen to words of judgment, but these flashes were like lightning, serving to clear the murky atmosphere. Even that last summer Grandma and I had a small "falling out" one day at dinner, over the old trouble,—the flowers that had bloomed long years since in her garden. I, feeling that I had arrived at what might safely be called "years of discretion," ventured to take up arms in a mild way on behalf of myself fifteen years back, but the flash in my grandmother's eye, as well as the spirit with which she replied that the flowers were "much better off where they were than perishing in the hands of a careless little girl," convinced me that on this point Grandma felt about the same as of yore.

This conversation, however, led to further unburdenings of heart on my part, under the influence of which I, thinking Grandma was far too hard upon the "shortcomings" of our youth, grew quite tearful. After dinner she went into the parlor, as was her custom always, for a rest and "think" in her rocking chair, before going to her room. I left the dining-room, thinking that I would go and calm my feelings on the front porch ; but, as I passed the parlor door, Grandma called me to her and I found her with the kindest, most amused smile on her face.

"Come here, Katherine Willard, and don't think that you can have a grievance with me! Don't you know that you haven't such a friend in the world as your grandmother, that there's not a soul that loves you better? Just sit right down over there and let us have no misunderstanding, for pity's sake!"

"For pity's sake" and "for mercy's sake," with a strong emphasis on the first syllable, were frequent expressions of Grandma's, and the latter seems to have passed into an inheritance.

That summer for the first time in sixty years of housekeeping, my grandmother gave up the place at the head of her table and transferred the duties of that position, in her gracious way, to me. For a little while after this significant transfer was made she continued to come to the dining-room but she ate almost nothing and would sit there in a languid way, closing her eyes wearily now and then and seeming anything but her old, buoyant, forceful self. Then, in July, she stopped coming down and the whole life of the house suddenly centered in the one room upstairs where she was. She said that

she was "worn out" with the heat and her eighty-eight years and that there was "no sense" in trying to eat that which she positively did not need. After that it got gradually to be the natural thing that she should not rise in the morning, and finally, it was understood that Grandma would not get up at all, although she tried to make it seem natural to us by saying that there was "no sense" in wasting her strength by getting up and dressing on such hot days.

I had promised to sing in two concerts near the end of July, one week apart. As the time of the first drew on, my grandmother, who thought of and for others first all her life, said it mustn't be understood that she was really ill for then "Kate might think she oughtn't to sing." When I went to her room on the morning after the last concert, Grandma turned to me quickly and said, "I'm so glad you've got those things off your mind."

Was ever the end more naturally or more bravely faced? Grandma always hoped that her going out of this life might make death a less terrible thing to those who should be with her, and here am I to testify that, for the first time in my life, death cast no shadow over me; I could realize nothing but the beautiful significance of that passing *from* death unto *life*.

On one of the last days, as I entered Grandma's room, she said to me, "Kate, you seem kind of afraid of sick folks," this in a wistful tone as if she wanted me to answer that this was not true. How truthfully could I tell her, as I threw myself on the floor beside her bed, that she was helping me not to be afraid. It was all so natural, so beautiful—Grandma's going. To me, it was only as if her dear body had grown too tired and weak to be the dwelling place of a spirit so dauntless and unwearied.

I hope that Grandma knew how I felt before she went, but, if not, she realizes that "death will not be death" to me any longer because she, than whom could be no grander guide, actually seemed to lead me with her and point out to me that gate which opens into eternal life. That is why I could not once say "good-by"; but "in some brighter, fairer clime" I shall bid Grandma, "good-morning."

A YOUNG MAN'S REMINISCENCES OF MADAM WILLARD.

BY JOHN J. SHUTTERLY, JR.

(A student in the University.)

It might have been almost any day, but was probably on a Thursday, one of many golden afternoons scattered back through four years, that if you had been in my place, you would have been looking straight across a bright tea-table into the shrewd, merry eyes

of the most delightful old lady in the world! She would probably have been laughing very frankly at you, too, for this old lady's nimble wits had great powers for victory; and if so the eyes would be swimming in a sort of teasing haze which, I assure you, would have had a most bewildering effect upon your puzzled intellect.

You would further remark that your cheerful, silver-haired hostess wears a black lace scarf gathered about her shoulders, that there is the delicate "rose leaf bloom" of old age upon the soft cheeks and the lips which time has only succeeded in lining into an expression sweet as a girl's, and that the broad white brow looks "beautifully placid, not as though it never had been, but as if it never could be ruffled again." There she sits, her eyes exulting, her peaceable old hand just peeping out of its soft full laces,—the gentlest and most belligerent of human beings.

This scene, with the charming, fragile figure in the midst from which a painter might have reproduced Scott's fine old Edinburg character, Mrs. Benthune Balliol, sets the keynote for all my memories of a spirit unquenched by time:

> "The years, so far from doing her wrong,
> Anointed her with gracious balm.
> And made her brows more and more young,
> With wreaths of amaranth and palm."

Youth itself, with its fresh voices, had few things so pleasant to hear as her laugh; a young girl's merriment would sound unreal, merely by coming after those low, delightful tones!

The ghost of the afternoon sunshine which fell across that tea-table seems to shine again, as I lift to my lips an exquisite porcelain of associated memories, just as I used to lift my old friend's transparent china,—looking over it meanwhile at her, and wondering a little what particular mischief was brewing in that solicitous twinkle; for she had a general conviction that it was good for me to be kept long standing on the single foot of doubt while her quizzical remarks zigzagged about my devoted head. Indeed, it puzzles me to find so many of my recollections with a tinge of this mischief in them. Surely, we were not quibbling all the time—she cannot have been forever snaring my tender feet in these multifarious debates and triumphing in gory victory? If she was the ogress whose terrific glare withered in their bud all those hopeful sprouts of fancy and trembling little posies of rhetoric which are so truly fascinating when they are one's own—if it was her relentless grasp that has so often wrecked my pretty butterflies of simile, and whose heartless exultation mocked my despair;—if she was this portentous creature, where did I get these floating impressions of a wonderfully soothing presence, of a reassur-

ing hand, of an unshakable loyalty, of a high-bred, impalpable tact, of a bountiful, sensitive sympathy, that healed like an atmosphere?

Her portrait reproaches me for those hard sayings, as it lies on my table. But if I look up from the sweet lips, I catch again that incomprehensible twinkle which was always the signal of my downfall! Truly we were Emersonian friends—she was "a sort of beautiful enemy, untamable, devoutly revered," and we fought duels that would have delighted the transcendental soul. She was a sturdy antagonist, too, and never glossed over anything. Her blows were meant to strike home; but there was a sting of vitality in them that recompensed the wound, and spurred the jaded mind like an electric current. Her thoughts seemed to come from some morning region. The world stood new-created before you, the dew on flower and leaf, when you viewed it with her. With all this complaisance, there were topics on which she snubbed the meddling of "unrespective boys."

Such were her classifications of ideas and events; to her, every quick development of these fast-maturing times was the long-assured fulfillment of prophecies and principles familiar from girlhood. All her hobbies were to be winners!

Great wrath awaited him who offered any indignity to these settled conclusions. Her lance was ever in rest, and if I so much as brushed the most outstanding of her doxies—which were certainly scattered pretty thickly over most fields of debate, each one foursquare to all the winds that blew—it was apt to be a case of

> "'Rise up, rise up, Lord Douglas,' she says,
> 'And put on your armour so bright!'"

The arena of all these tilts and truces comes back continually as I write—Rest Cottage parlor, that room dominated by Mary's picture, and where everything else blends into a harmonious background of soft, brown tones, out of which comes the white of a bas-relief or the broad margin of an engraving. Here, neighboring some dwarf book-cases, and seldom moved out of its own latitude, stood my old friend's particular throne—she generally received me seated—and, here, during some of the choicest hours of my life, have I sat by, contented, while her consideration ennobled every subject. Her soft gown flowed down in all lines of shining grace and dignity. The white fingers, closed over her book expressed somehow, a wondrous, lovely quietude of soul. That room always, but at those moments especially, brought to mind Coventry Patmore's description of another such home:

> "For something that abode endued
> With temple-like repose, an air
> Of life's kind purposes pursued
> With ordered freedom sweet and fair.

A tent pitched in a world not right
It seem'd, whose inmates, every one,
On tranquil faces bore the light
Of duties beautifully done,
And humbly, though they had few peers,
Kept their own laws, which seemed to be
The fair sum of six thousand years
Traditions of civility."

So I would linger in that peaceful room, with its tokens from famous men, while my old friend went on talking of the family, whom some vacation breeze seemed to have caught up from Germany and disbanded all over Europe; or mapping out the itinerary of that daughter's journeyings with whose steps, in her busy and honored conversation among men, her heart kept time and tune; or—more rarely—speaking of that other daughter whose tender eyes she could always see from her chair. The seal of her silence on this subject was extraordinary, and I have always considered it a mark of advancing regard that she eventually began to indulge me with sprightly little traits and bits of anecdote; sometimes tending into those interior and golden paths too still for mirth, too hopeful for tears—sometimes lighting up into sly recollection and opening door after door of mischief, until it seemed as if the picture could not much longer hold to its air of prim demureness, and that, if such maternal exposures were to continue, we should soon have the blue eyes dancing down a perceptible recognition of these renovated pranks; thus charged so flatly to her very face!

Alas, these scenes are dissolving and mingling like the views in a magic lantern, and there is to be no fresh picture to turn the light upon! Three weeks before her death, on the eve of a journey, I sat in the peace of Rest Cottage and looked into my old friend's smiling eyes, and knew not it was the last time. And, I am sure, from her words, neither did she; they were words of appointment, not of farewell.

Yet true to her beautiful custom of not permitting the friend to part, even for the briefest space, without having from her fresh-spoken assurances of love and hopefulness and fullest trust, she stood awhile after we had risen, bending upon me that glance which never fell but to bless, while in a lovely eagerness, it seemed as if she thought she could not be explicit enough in those golden words we value over all earthly treasure, and fear so to give to each other! One bright look, and then the door closed eternally; but her words are shining still.

CHAPTER XV.

HER BIBLE—HER LITERARY FAVORITES—HER OPINIONS.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought
Singing hymns unbidden
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.
—Shelley, "To a Skylark."

The fineness which a hymn or psalm affords
Is when the soul unto the lines accords.
—George Herbert.

IN the well-worn Bible that had been Madam Willard's most constant companion for nearly forty years are the following words in her daughter's handwriting:

This Bible was my mother's last gift to her surviving child. With her white cold hand upon its cover she said on Thursday, August 4th, when I told her it was what I wanted most (she was giving little remembrancers to those around her and the dear distant ones) "Why, Frank, this Bible was always yours."

Also these words:

Presented to
J. F. WILLARD.
BY HIS FRIEND AND SISTER,
MRS. A. WILLARD,
June 6, 1857,
Churchville, N. Y.

Written by mother at dear "Aunt Abigail's" request as she lay on her sick bed. Having contributed largely to the American Bible Society she received several copies and sent them with her last message to her relatives.

We should like to make selections from the marked passages often dated or commented upon in a sententious



THE PARLOR—REST COTTAGE.

word or phrase, but to do so would require a book in itself. We have, however, transcribed from the fly-leaves of this precious volume selections which were carefully pasted in by Madam Willard, chiefly within the last ten years of her life.

Her motto, "It is better farther on," was taken from the following poem :

THE SONG OF HOPE.

A soft sweet voice from Eden stealing,
Such as but to angels known,
Hope's cheering song is ever thrilling,
"It is better farther on."

I hear hope singing, sweetly singing,
Softly in an undertone.
And singing as if God had taught it,
"It is better farther on."

By day, by night, it sings the same song,
Sings it while I mourn alone,
And sings it so the heart may hear it,
"It is better farther on."

It sits upon the grave and sings it,
Sings it when the heart would groan,
And sings it as the shadows darken,
"It is better farther on."

Still farther on. Oh! how much farther?
Count the mile-stones one by one?
No! no! no counting! Only trusting,
"It is better farther on."

(Mary's favorite.)

LIFE'S VOYAGE.

My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath divine;
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

One who was known in storms to sail
I have on board;
Above the roaring of the gale
I hear my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite :
I shall not fall.
If sharp, 'tis short ; if long, 'tis light —
He tempers all.

Safe to the land ! safe to the land !
The end is this :
And then with Him go hand in hand,
Far into bliss.

LEAD THEM HOME.

Lord, we can trust thee for our holy dead.
They underneath the shadow of thy tomb,
Have entered into peace ; with bended head
We thank thee for their rest, and for our lightened gloom.

But, Lord, our living — who on stormy seas
Of sin and sorrow, still are tempest-tossed !
Our dead have reached their haven, but for these —
Teach us to trust thee, Lord, for these, our loved and lost !

For these we make our passion-prayer to-night ;
For these we cry to thee through the long day ;
We see them not, oh, keep them in thy sight !
From them and us be thou not very far away.

And if not home to us, yet lead them home
To where thou standest at the heavenly gate ;
That so, from thee they shall not farther roam ;
And grant us patient hearts thy gathering time to wait.

—*Sunday Magazine.*

A STRIKING CONTRAST.

In contrast to Colonel Ingersoll's funeral orations is the following letter which Rev. Dr. C. A. Bartol sent to his people in Boston :

" For the first time, when at home and in health, I am not at my post for the Sunday service. My companion has ceased to draw that breath on earth which mortals ignorantly call life. Her spirit passed yesterday, toward night. Connected by blood and marriage with three worshiping generations, and with as many ministries of the West Church, for nearly half a century she has been, herself, as much as her husband, your minister, and identified with you all in a constant love and service. It is not enough to call her pure and sincere ; she was incorruptible and incapable of untruth. In dying she had no knowledge of death, but was translated, not perceiving the chariot in which she sat. She slept on her way. Pain stayed back

from her pillow, and she was all herself, smiling to the last. Her individuality of nature and character suggests immortality, as her being here was nothing but duty."

"HOIST YOUR FLAG."

Why will you keep caring for what the world says? Try, oh, try to be no longer a slave to it! You can have little idea of the comfort of freedom from it; it is bliss. All this caring for what people will say is from pride. Hoist your flag and abide by it. In an infinitely short space of time all secret things will be divulged. Therefore, if you are misjudged, why trouble yourself to put yourself right? You have no idea what a great deal of trouble it saves you. Roll your burden on Him and He will make straight your mistakes. He will set you right with those with whom you have set yourself wrong. Here I am, a lump of clay; thou art the potter. Mold me as thou in thy wisdom wilt. Never mind my cries. Cut my life off —so be it; prolong it—so be it. Just as thou wilt, but I rely on thy unchanging guidance during the trial. Oh, the comfort that comes from this!—*General Gordon.*

(One of Miss D. L. Dix's favorite hymns.)

GROW NOT OLD.

Never, my heart, shalt thou grow old;
My hair is white, my blood runs cold,
And, one by one, my powers depart,
But youth sits smiling in my heart.

Down hill the path of age? Oh, no:
Up, up, with patient steps I go;
I watch the skies fast brightening there,
I breathe a sweeter, purer air.

Beside my path small tasks spring up,
Though but to hand the cooling cup,
Speak the true word of hearty cheer,
Tell the lone soul that God is near.

Beat on, my heart, and grow not old,
And when my pulses are all told,
Let me, though working, loving still,
Kneel as I meet my Father's will.

—Mrs. L. H. Hall.

DEAD.

"HE AND SHE."

(A valued correspondent who sends this poem says: "Why should not this poem be published once in a while? It is very sweet and tender to me. I would like to know the author.")

"She is dead!" they said to him. "Come away;
Kiss her and leave her — thy love is clay!"
They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair,
On her forehead of stone they laid it fair.
With a tender touch they closed up well
The sweet, thin lips that had secrets to tell;
About her brown and beautiful face
They tied her veil and marriage lace,
And drew on her white feet the white silk shoes—
Which were the whitest, no eye could choose!
And over her bosom they crossed her hands.
"Come away," they said, "God understands!"
And there was silence, and nothing there
But silence, and scents of eglantere,
And jasmine, and roses, and rosemary,
And they said, "As a lady should lie, lies she."
And they held their breaths as they left the room
With a shudder, to glance at its stillness and gloom.
But he who loved her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately and beautiful dead,
He lit his lamp and took his key
And turned it. Alone again — he and she.
He and she; but she would not speak;
Though he kissed in the old place the quiet cheek.
He and she; yet she would not smile,
Though he called her the name she loved erewhile.
He and she; still she did not move
To any passionate whisper of love.
Then he said: "Cold lips and breast without breath,
Is there no voice, no language of death,
Dumb to the ear and still to the sense,
But to heart and soul distinct, intense?
See now; I will listen with soul, not ear,
What was the secret of dying, dear?
Was it the infinite wonder of all
That you ever could let life's flower fall?
Or was it a greater marvel to feel
The perfect calm o'er the agony steal?

Was the miracle greater to find how deep
Beyond all dreams sank downward that sleep?
Did life roll back its record, dear,
And show, as they say it does, past things clear?
And was it the innermost heart of the bliss
To find out what a wisdom true love is?
Oh, perfect dead! Oh, dead most dear!
I hold the breath of my soul to hear!
I listen as deep as the horrible hell,
As high as the heaven, and you do not tell!
There must be a pleasure in dying, sweet,
To make you so placid from head to feet.
I would tell you, darling, if I were dead,
And 'twere your hot tears on my brow shed,
I would say though the angel of death had laid
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid.
You should not ask vainly, with streaming eyes,
Which of all death's was the chiefest surprise;
The very strangest and suddenest thing
Of all surprises dying must bring.
Ah, foolish world! Oh, most unkind dead!
Though she told me, who will believe it was said?"
Who will believe that he heard her say,
With the sweet, soft voice, in the dear old way;
"The utmost wonder is this: I hear,
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear;
And am your angel, who was your bride,*
And know, that though dead, I never have died."

—*Edwin Arnold.*

What a vast proportion of our lives is spent in anxious and useless forebodings concerning the future—either our own or those of our dear ones. Present joys, present blessings slip by, and we miss half their sweet flavor, and all for want of faith in Him who provides for the tiniest insect in the sunbeam. Oh, when shall we learn the sweet trust in God that our little children teach us every day by their confiding trust in us? We, who are so mutable, so faulty, so irritable, so unjust; and He, who is so watchful, so pitiful, so loving, so forgiving? Why cannot we, slipping our hand into His each day, walk trustingly over that day's appointed path, thorny or flowery, crooked or straight, knowing that evening will bring us sleep, peace and home? — *Phillips Brooks.*

* "Guide." I told her that last day, August 6, 1892, that I should always say "guide," meaning her own blessed self.

Age is not all decay: it is the ripening, the swelling of the fresh life within, that withers and bursts the husk.—*George MacDonald.*

LONGFELLOW'S FINEST SONNET.

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leaves his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may not please him more,
So nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

DEATH IS BIRTH.

No man who is fit to live need fear to die. Poor, faithless souls that we are! How we shall smile at our vain alarms when the first has happened. To us here death is the most terrible word we know. But, when we have tasted its reality, it will mean to us birth, deliverance, a new creation of ourselves. It will be what health is to the sick man. It will be what home is to the exile. It will be what the loved one given back is to the bereaved. As we draw near to it a solemn gladness should fill our hearts. It is God's great morning lighting up the sky. Our fears are the terrors of children in the night. The night, with its terrors, its darkness, its feverish dreams, is passing away; and when we awake it will be in God's sunlight.—*Exchange.*

WHITTIER ON CHRISTIAN AND JEW.

John G. Whittier's beautiful catholic spirit shines out in the following contribution to the *Jewish Messenger's* symposium on "What it is to be a Jew": "I do not know what it is to be a Jew, but I know what it is to be a Christian who has no quarrel with others about their creed, and can love, respect, and honor a Jew who honestly believes in the faith of his fathers, and who obeys the two great commandments, love to God and love to man."

BUT A DAY.

We should fill all the hours with the sweetest things,
If we had but a day:
We should drink alone at the sweetest springs,
On our upward way.

We should waste no moments in vain regret,
If the day were but one,
If what we remember and what we forget
Went out with the sun.

We should be from our sinful self set free,
To work and pray,
And be what our Father would have us to be,
If we had but a day.

—*Mary Lowe Dickinson.*

In 1857 mother went to Churchville—home of all our near kindred—to care for Uncle Zophar Willard's wife (who was her sister) during what proved to be her last illness. This poem appeared in *The Independent*, a paper read by us all from its founding. My dear sick aunt thought this a voice for her inmost spirit and under the shadow of eternity they all felt a deep impression from those grand words:

THE TRIUMPH.

The bitterness is past,
The last fond earth tie long ago was riven,
Eternity hangs o'er me, solemn, vast,
The waves are stilled to peace, the anchor cast;
Behold the port of heaven!

My God, I thank thee now
For all that chafed my wild, rebellious heart,
There was a blessing in the pain-wrung brow,
Thy storm in mercy had its promised bow,
Love bade each tear-drop start.

The bow of promise pales,
Heaven's radiance flashes on my eager gaze,
The Saviour's beauty, the celestial choir,
The throne, the golden harps—awake, my lyre!
Awake, my soul, to praise!

Earth, where's thy boasted gain?
Thanks, thanks, my God, for all its fetters riven!
No death, no sin, no sad farewells, no pain,
Welcome, oh, welcome, sweet redemption's strain,
My Saviour and my heaven!

AT FIRST.

If I should fall asleep one day,
All overworn,
And should my spirit, from the clay,
Go dreaming out the heavenward way,
Or thence be softly borne,

I pray you, angels, do not first
Assail mine ear
With that blest anthem, oft rehearst,
"Behold, the bonds of Death are burst!"
Lest I should faint with fear.

But let some happy bird, at hand,
The silence break;
So shall I dimly understand
That dawn has touched a blossoming land,
And sigh myself awake.

From that deep rest emerging so,
To lift the head
And see the bath-flower's bell of snow,
The pink arbutus and the low
Spring-beauty streaked with red,

Will all suffice. No otherwhere
Impelled to roam,
Till some blithe wanderer, passing fair,
Will smiling pause—of me aware—
And murmur, "Welcome home!"

So sweetly greeted I shall rise
To kiss her cheek;
Then lightly soar in lovely guise,
As one familiar with the skies,
Who finds and need not seek.

—*Amanda T. Jones in the Century.*

AT LAST.

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown,

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;

O Love divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but thee, O Father, let thy spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through thy abounding grace
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned,
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among the many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions
The river of thy peace.

There from the music round about me stealing
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find, at last, beneath the trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

HER FAVORITE AUTHORS.

Madam Willard's favorite authors were poets. Says her daughter:

My mother's memory was stored with the words of poets, and from her lips I learned much of Coleridge, Cowper, Thomson and other great interpreters. I have never elsewhere heard Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality" repeated with the delicate appreciation that was in her voice when she rendered it for me on the verge of her eighty-eighth year. How often, looking up into the heavens from the wide Wisconsin prairies, I repeated, almost with tears, what she had taught me from Addison:

Soon as the evening shades prevail
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;

While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

.

In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

One of the first bits of verse she ever repeated and explained to us was that from her favorite poet Cowper, beginning, "I would not rank among my list of friends," and there were other beautiful lines from Wordsworth by which she taught us

"Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."

In 1846, I think it was, when the famine was at its height in Ireland, a pitiful little poem appeared in our papers, entitled, "Give me Three Grains of Corn, Mother," and nothing that I retain from the memories of my childhood is more deeply etched upon my mind than mother's face and intonation as she tenderly repeated the words that forever endeared to me the Irish with their joys and griefs.

She was wont to stroke our heads and impress us with the pitifulness of the poor, little child crying out in the night,

"Give me three grains of corn, mother;
Give me three grains of corn,
To keep the little life I have
Till the coming of the morn."

Two other poems are most closely associated with her in my memory, Cowper's "Lines to my Mother's Picture," and Percival's "Waking Genius." How many times have I heard her repeat the first with unspeakable pathos—her own idolized mother in her thought—in those lovely years of our Wisconsin life.

But Percival's poem was recited to her children with a fire that we never felt in her so strongly save when she seemed almost to enact the wondrous flight it pictures before our eyes. I know now why she rendered it so often: it was as the eagle "stirreth up her nest and leadeth forth her young"; she feared lest her children might stagnate on that country farm, and she was determined to keep before us high ideals. The poem, addressed to the eagle, is entitled,

WAKING GENIUS.

Slumber's heavy chains have bound thee,
 Where is now thy fire?
Feebler wings are gathering round thee
 Shall they hover higher?
Can no power, no spell, recall thee
 From inglorious dreams?
Oh! could glory so appall thee,
 With his burning beams!

Thine was once the highest pinion
 In the midway air,
With a proud and sure dominion,
 Thou didst upward bear,
Like the herald winged with lightning
 From the Olympian throne,
Ever mounting, ever brightening,
 Thou wert there alone,

Where the pillared props of heaven
 Glitter with eternal snows,
Where no darkling clouds are driven
 Where no fountain flows,
Far above the rolling thunder,
 Where the surging storm
Rends its sulphury folds asunder
 We beheld thy form.

Oh! what rare and heavenly brightness
 Flowed around thy plumes,
As a cascade's foamy whiteness
 Lights a cavern's glooms;
Wheeling through the shadowy ocean,
 Like a shape of light,
With serene and placid motion,
 Thou wert dazzling bright.

From that cloudless region stooping,
 Downward thou didst rush,
Nor with pinion faint and drooping
 But the tempest's gush.
Up again, undaunted soaring,
 Thou didst pierce the cloud
When the warring winds were roaring
 Fearfully and loud.

Where is now that restless longing
After higher things?
Come they not, like visions thronging
On their airy wings;
Why should not their glow enchant thee
Upward to their bliss;
Surely danger cannot daunt thee
From a heaven like this?

But thou slumberest; faint and quivering
Hangs thy ruffled wing;
Like a dove in winter shivering
Or a feebler thing.
Where is now thy might and motion,
Thy imperial flight?
Where is now thy heart's devotion?
Where thy spirit's light?

Hark! his rustling plumage gathers
Closer to his side,
Close, as when the storm bird weathers
Ocean's hurrying tide.
Now his nodding beak is steady,
Wide his burning eye,
Now his opening wings are ready,
And his aim—how high!

Now he curves his neck, and proudly
Now is stretched for flight;
Hark, his wings they thunder loudly
And their flash how bright!
Onward, onward over mountain,
Through the rack and storm,
Now like sunset over fountain,
Flits his glancing form.

Glorious bird, thy dream has left thee,
Thou hast reached thy heaven,
Lingering slumber hath not reft thee
Of the glory given.
With a bold, a fearless pinion
On thy starry road,
None to fame's supreme dominion
Mightier ever trode!

Mother taught me Whittier's "Ichabod"—such an arraignment of Webster as almost no poet ever before charged upon a statesman.



MRS. MINERVA BRACE NORTON.

I never heard that poem rendered with such pathos and appreciation as her voice used to put into it when, at forty-five years of age, she was wont to repeat it to her children :

"So fallen, so lost, the light withdrawn that once he wore ;
The glory from his gray hair gone for evermore.
Believe him not. The tempter has a snare for all,
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath, befit his fall."

The editor of these pages, in a life-long acquaintance with Madam Willard, recalls three most characteristic reminiscences of her remarkable career, and all are connected with the poets.

One scene brings before us the sacred chamber in the first Evanston home where the mother passed the year immediately following the death of her daughter Mary. Whittier's matchless "Psalm" was about that time given to the world in the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*. When it was first read to her the atmosphere seemed illumined and made tender by her deep appreciation, and in the thirty years of her remaining life, a visit was seldom made to her that we did not read or repeat together the lines so dear to us :

"All care and trial seem at last
In Memory's sunset air,
Like mountain ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair."

A souvenir more touching than any other of the thousands which Rest Cottage contains is a volume whose pages are yellow with time, whose illustrations are the finest old steel engravings, whose binding the choicest of antique morocco. It contains evidence of much careful usage, and a date coeval with Madam Willard's young womanhood. It is "The Poems of William Cowper," and brings visions of her poet-hearted youth—that youth whose fires age could not dim, but which was and is bright and beautiful with immortality. This treasured volume bears an inscription presenting it to her eldest daughter at that time of budding womanhood when the mother-life would

transfuse its very heart's blood into nourishment for the life dearer than its own, and yields with joy its choicest treasure as the token.

One other imperishable recollection is that of Madam Willard's radiant countenance as she sat among a circle of ladies in the cozy lecture room of the First Congregational church of Evanston when she was in her seventy-seventh year, morning after morning, and afternoon succeeding afternoon. Of the hundred gracious women gathered there around Dr. Henry Hudson, of Boston (who was lecturing before Miss Brace's class in English literature upon Shakespeare and Wordsworth), whoever might come late, or be absent from a lecture, it was not Madam Willard. Her commanding presence and that of the lecturer on his platform formed the foci of that circle,—intent, eager, intuitive, perceptive, rarely endowed as were the women composing it.

The culmination of all those hours with the great poets was the morning when the class read together Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality" and listened to Dr. Hudson's rare interpretation thereof. But beyond all words was the deep impression which each heart received, according to its receptivity, from the well-spring of sentiment within and the fragments of answering words without, of the truth under consideration. To Madam Willard it was a sacrament, and brought

"Thoughts that lie too deep for tears."

And to one who was privileged to be there, and to spend succeeding hours of the day with her under her own roof, the memory of that day is immortal, but untranslatable into the language of this world.

The passages of Scripture that she loved best were applied by her to every phase of doubt and trust, of creed and action. In her later years, the one hundred and twenty-first Psalm and the fourteenth of John were often upon her lips. Her favorite hymn of these years was Cardinal Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light"—one far more express-

ive of the circumstances of her life than of those of most of the thousands who love it. After an illness she was restored to the circle around the family altar in the sunny parlor of Rest Cottage, to hear the hymn sung especially for her, "How Firm a Foundation," and she broke in at the verse about "hoary hairs," saying,

"How I enjoyed that from my grandmother who lived to be nearly ninety-seven, and then I enjoyed it for my dear father who was eighty-six when he passed away, and now my daughter enjoys it for me, and perhaps she will live on to be as old as I am, and I feel sure she will have friends who will enjoy it just as tenderly for her."

Her daughter writes:

After the Bible her favorite book was Epictetus. She looked herself a sage seated in her large rocking chair and reading for our delectation her favorite passages:

"What, then, is to be done?"

"To make the best of what is in our power, and to take the rest as it occurs."

"And how does it occur?"

"As it pleases God."

"Difficulties are things that show what men are. For the future, in case of any difficulty, remember that God, like a gymnastic trainer, has pitted you against a rough antagonist. For what end? That you may be an Olympic conqueror; and this cannot be without toil. No man, in my opinion, has a more profitable difficulty on his hands than you have; provided you will but use it, as an athletic champion uses his antagonist."

"You are a distinct portion of the essence of God; and contain a certain part of Him in yourself. Why, then, are you ignorant of your noble birth? Why do you not consider whence you came? Why do you not remember, when you are eating, who you are who eat; and whom you feed?"

Her charity was exemplified in the sentiment she frequently quoted in her deep, impressive tones:

"My brother, if thou canst bear with no instances of unreasonable behavior, withdraw thyself from the world; thou art no longer fit to live in it. Retreat to the mountain or the desert, or shut thyself up in a cell. For here, in the midst of society, *offenses must come.*"

Her courage and inspiring sympathy found frequent voice in the words constantly uttered to her children in their youth:

"Never give up. It is wiser and better
Always to hope than once to despair."

Mother said, in the spring of 1892: "We are all so busy that 'The time is short in which to get in any parting words!'" She smiled as she said it, and then seriously added, quoting Tennyson,

"And may there be no sad farewell
For me when I embark."

One morning as we dressed she spoke to me of Mrs. Barbauld's lines:

"Life, we have been long together
Through sunny and through cloudy weather,
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear.
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time, say not 'Good-night,'
But in some other clime bid me 'Good-morning.'"

And mother said, "It is all there, in that one verse. Never were words more true to the human heart's best aspirations and holiest purposes."

Indeed, a volume of household words might readily be made from my recollections of mother's favorite quotations from the poets and philosophers.

Many a time when her children asserted their small opinions in the crude way young people have, she would quietly repeat from her favorite Cowper the following:

. . . "Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men,
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own,
Knowledge is proud that it has learned so much.
Wisdom is humble that it knows no more."

Another motto that she repeated to her children was from some author whom I cannot recall:

"You will have what you take the most pains for."

To her mind this was the pivot of life. She said: "If one took the most pains for character he had no right to complain because he was not rich; if he took the most pains for riches he had no right to complain because he had not education. If he preferred fame to integrity he would probably get it, but he would have made the worst of bargains."

One of her especial favorites was the following, the sublime philosophy of which was well exemplified in her life:

WAITING.

BY JOHN BURROUGHS.

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
 Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea,
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
 For, lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
 For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
 And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
 The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
 Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matters if I stand alone?
 I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
 And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw
 The brook that springs in yonder height;
So flows the good with equal law
 Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
 The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
 Can keep my own away from me.

HER OPINIONS.

Madam Willard once said, "I believe it is not egotism for me who have spent so much time alone to say that there is hardly a quotation from any great author that recurs to me more frequently than this, 'My mind to me a kingdom is.'"

Those who knew her most intimately could testify to the wealth of this kingdom, and the abundant tribute it laid daily at her feet.

In early and middle life the necessity of action, the demands of practical duties filled her time, though never to

the exclusion of some intervals for reflection. But, following the death of her daughter Mary, and the temporary breaking up of her home which occurred soon after, she had more leisure for the indulgence of her meditative nature, and diligently did she improve it. Her hands were often folded now, but not in real idleness. Her thoughts were reaping a golden harvest; the work of life was only transferred from hands to heart and brain. "Never less alone than when alone" was her reply when commiserated on her lonely life.

The most frequent topic of her thought was the continued and conscious existence of those who had "gone before."

"I have never really lost them," she would say, after all her family but one had passed from her earthly sight. "They are here in my room with me every day." God and immortality as revealed in Jesus Christ through the gospel was the key-note of her life, and her eyes were not blind, her ears not deaf, nor her heart unattuned to the revelations of His spirit. So receptive and contemplative a life was hers that the eternal world was the real one, and the turmoil of this had little power over her.

Her daughter Frances writes:

About two years before she left us I came home from a busy day in the city, where we had had endless committees at Headquarters, to find mother and Anna at the tea table; mother said as I came in, "To-day all of a sudden, one of the sweetest old hymns in the world came back to me. I am sure I had not thought of it in almost a lifetime." And there at the table she began to repeat with much feeling:

"There is a land of pure delight
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night
And pleasures banish pain."

In Madam Willard's handwriting on slips of paper are the following sentences:

Of the undiscovered country we may only conjecture, except so far as the Bible teaches. The theory of a dual world strikes me as most pleasant and most reasonable. The butterfly imprisoned in a

chrysalis, the bird in its shell, suggests a spiritual world lying all round us which we are born into when released from this. I love to think that when clothed upon with a spiritual body I shall still be near the scenes of my earthly life.

Life's endearments, I think, will not only survive the crisis but be unspeakably intensified by the supreme event.

Said her daughter :

Mother always speaks of the other world as "home." Her whole concept of a perfect universe is that of a home. Her expression concerning those who early left us is "They hasted to safe shelter on the other shore."

"Blessed is he that expects nothing for he shall not be disappointed," was my hopeful mother's frequent exclamation. I think the root of it was this,—hold everything except character with a loose grasp. Your possessions will then be the easier to give up ; indeed, they will never have been a part of your real self. "For ye seek a country that is not an earthly but a heavenly."

"We are saved by hope" was the motto of her life. "This," she said, "is our part and all the part we have. The existence and love of God is the pulse of our hope and being; whether we live or die all is well with us always." Mother said that in her morning prayer when several of us were down with *la grippe.*

Another time at family prayers we sang :

"In the cross of Christ I glory
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All that's bright in woman's story
Radiates from its form sublime."

This was a new version I had made. I noticed the deep impression that it gave to mother. She was in tears at the close of the hymn.

She was always a believer in the next thing rather than an adherent of the last, and at seventy years of age joined "The Pro and Con Club" organized in Evanston for the discussion of all phases of the woman question, but especially of the ballot for women. Many years before when Neal Dow's heroic efforts resulted in the Maine law, my father said, "I wonder if our poor, rum-cursed Wisconsin will ever have a law like that?" and mother answered, "Yes, Josiah, every state will have that law *when women vote.*" With his usual incisiveness my father inquired, "How will you arrange to have women fitted out with the ballot?" Mother replied, "I shall answer as Paul answered his jailers, 'You have put us in prison, we being Romans, and you must *just come and take us out.*'"

When mother was eighty and sat for her picture, Anna Gordon, wishing to induce that lighting up of the countenance on which the operator so much insists, stood where mother could see her, and pointing with playful finger "laid off" to mother her full belief that, old as she was, she would live long enough to vote. Several pictures were taken on that occasion, but the one for which Anna played this part has a smile most characteristic, and one that shows how thoroughly that sunny nature loved the beams of light that fructify the mind and make up what we call progress.

The last time mother ever left the house except to take a morning ride was on a cheerless day in April before her death in August, when she, who had already taken the trouble to register her name, although the ballot was only permitted to women for school officers, went, with other progressive women of Evanston, climbed the stairs to the public room where the ballot box was located, and cast in her first and last vote. She wrote me about it quite in detail, and with great interest. That was the last letter of the hundreds that I received and cherished from her faithful hand.

Madam Willard's interest in total abstinence reform was evinced by her acceptance of the presidency of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in her own village when she was seventy years of age. On that occasion she made an address, from which the following extract is taken :

I do not expect to fill the place of the former president — I shall lack her repose, which is only acquired by becoming familiar with the duties of a position. Also her tact, her quick perception and ready wit. But if I make a failure, those who kindly suggested me will have to bear the blame,—like many other well-intentioned persons.

I wish to say to the ladies of this association who were present at the annual meeting, that though I shrunk from the responsibility of acting as president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Evanston, still I am not indifferent to the confidence and respect manifested by you in voting me this position, and for which I sincerely thank you. You are all aware that we have a more powerful enemy to combat than either appetite or habit, and that it is found in an organized moneyed and political power. A power that brings a large revenue to government, and in many instances immense wealth to companies and individuals. We might hope to convert every inebriate in the land, and thus bring joy to thousands of wives and mothers and children who now sit in the midnight and sackcloth of



THE VOTING PICTURE.

despair, sooner than to be allowed to place the weight of one small hand upon a lever that should interfere with the liquor dealer's material success. He would say in angry opposition to the gentlest pressure, 'Hands off, invade not the sanctuary of my wealth upon your peril." We may not close our eyes to the fact that this sum of all evils is entrenched in that which is dearest to the heart of the natural man ; in that which he deems the only avenue to position, or influence, social or political, I mean *money*. These thoughts are not new or original. But they are enough to stagger the faith of the bravest soul, unless it be sheltered in the impregnable Rock of the Eternal Ages. Here was the starting point of the Woman's Temperance Crusade. And here is found the secret of its wonderful success. "By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God." But we must work as well as pray, and by so doing strengthen and cultivate our faith. Can we not make this a personal effort? Can we not attack this demon of strong drink as though he were fastening his fangs in our very heart strings? Let us as mothers and sisters and wives imagine our dear ones as they came to us at first, full of promise, full of winning ways. Mothers said, "here is the hope of our future lives, the stay and support of our infirm age." Sisters were fearless, entrenched in the strong fortress of their proud brothers' affection. The young bride could defy the world: "My lover in his strong manhood has become my husband," she said, "my protector for all the coming years." The sons and brothers and husbands were exposed to temptation against which they were not forearmed, perhaps not forewarned. They fell little by little. Friends failed to notice it until the danger became imminent. It was not absolutely "too late," but the friends became paralyzed and hopeless. The intellects of the sons and brothers and husbands became enfeebled and beclouded. They began to falter in their lofty plans and earnest purposes to act a noble part in the great drama of life. Friends sighed and wept, they had little faith to pray, so the sons and brothers and husbands sank lower and lower, swifter and swifter, until they reached the terrible destination where will power was dead and life became a curse. Let us follow them and imagine what they might say to us in their utter despair. Would they not exclaim, "Mothers, sisters, why did you not save us? You were not exposed as we were. You were safe from peril. Why did you not snatch us from this terrible fate? If you had been in our places and we in yours, we would not have suffered this sin to master you. We would have seized you as with the hand of Destiny and held you in a firm grasp until some good angel came to your rescue."

Let us ponder and pray and study the problem of duty each one

for herself. That mothers have a work to do for temperance is readily conceded. But, young ladies, we also appeal to you, and in the name of all that is sacred and dear to the heart of woman, we lay upon you the fearful responsibility of saving your brothers, your lovers, and your future husbands from the terrible fate of the hopelessly inebriate. We believe you feel conscious that to you, more than to others, is delegated this overwhelming responsibility. Take your own way to do it, but be sure that it be done. Think what would be your mental suffering, to look on your own bright hopes, crushed in their budding beauty, to see your ardent aspirations all defeated, and then think what might have been! I believe that I know young ladies who might save scores of young men, who, but for the timely effort they may put forth will, before they dream of danger, be hopelessly engulfed in this whirlpool of ruin. Not all young men have mothers to pity and pray for them, but all young men associate more or less with young ladies. And I think it will be found that at the most critical age, the mother's influence is hardly as persuasive as that of the ideal of a young man's dreams. Work then, young ladies, while you are young and free. Your reward is certain. You shall reap an hundred fold in the swiftly coming years.

Madam Willard was ever ready to give a reason for her belief in God and immortality. To her grandson, Rob, she said one day:

I think God is proclaiming who He is all the time. Who is it, that when you have swallowed your food and can do no more about it, takes it in hand and makes it into blood and muscle and hair and bone? Do you think there is any doubt about somebody busying himself with that? Do you think it would happen of itself? Do you think the machinery that causes this wonderful transformation just came about by chance? You do not need to study any other evidence than the drum-beat of your own heart to know there is a heavenly Father.

What I would have you think of is your soul. To lose it—that must not be. I cannot entertain the thought for a moment.

Her daughter writes:

Mother, Anna and I were sitting at the table one Sabbath day when I asked the question, "What of all things puzzles you most?" Anna said, "How the Creator was created"; Mother, "How such infinitely skillful adjustment between the individual and his environment as life involves can be maintained so long." [She was then nearly eighty-five.] I said, "How one that was so mindful, so tender, and

so fond of us as Mary, has, for twenty-six years, given us no hint or token where she went on the morning of June 8, 1862." Mother looked at me gently, saying, "Why does not the mother-bird tell her chick what she has in mind to do for it? Why does not a human mother tell her unborn babe? God could let us know if it were best, but Mary is with Him, and I feel that she also has been with us always, only we are too dull to know it. While we are in the body we can be admitted to her realm only by faith."

On another occasion, sitting on the balcony with mother, I said, "Do you remember what an unbelieving nature I had, as a child and a young woman?" She smilingly answered, "Oh, yes!" I continued, "I remember feeling absolutely as if I had no need of God." Mother gently replied, "Neither does a hen." She then went on to animadvert upon the analogy between empty-headed gallinaceous fowls and empty-headed young people—that it was only a little more evolution—some more of brain to the square inch—that the latter needed in order "not to think of themselves more highly than they ought to think, but to think soberly, justly, even as God has dealt to every man a measure of faith." She said:

"In this connection there is nothing more telling than those verses that are supposed to have been composed by a chicken just hatched, where he looks scornfully upon his shell, or the remains of it, and says,

"'Who will tell me that I ever was inside?
It is beneath my reason and lower than my pride,'

but, meanwhile, the little chick's back is covered with a portion of the same shining shell, only he does not happen to see it."

Madam Willard's impromptu utterances were among the happiest tributes to her richly furnished mind and her native picturesqueness of utterance, but in the nature of the case it is impossible to preserve their fragrance and aptness.

One which caused merriment among her young children is her remembered reply to their father who spoke of a possible war with England: "I would rather be an Indian and tie my blanket with yellow strings than be subject to the British." There were the revolutionary spirit of her ancestors and her own childish memories of the war of 1812 behind this utterance.

Miss Bessie Gordon once said to her, "Why are there so few ideal marriages?" Madam Willard looked up and

smilingly replied, "Because there are so few ideal people."

Her extempore replies to the friends who frequently arranged surprises for herself or her daughter on their birthdays were always happy and appropriate. At the unique celebration of her daughter's fifty-second birthday, by the gathering on her retired lawn of a party of friends around a cairn of pebbles and stones contributed by loyal hearts from every part of the world, Madam Willard said:

A touch of nature makes the whole world kin. These souvenirs show how swiftly the heart responds to the electric touch of friendship. We have only to whisper or imply the welcome words, "I care for you," when quick as thought is echoed back, "I care for you." I rejoice to believe in the possibility of a true, tender, trustful friendship with all humanity.

In a trying conjuncture she was heard to say, "I will not be unhappy for anybody; nobody *can* make me so, for nobody *shall!*"

One of her latest utterances was in reply to a lament of her daughter over impatience at being called by official engagements from her mother's sick bed. Smiling she replied, "You will have to say as I do sometimes: 'Heavenly Father, why dost thou permit the devil to tempt thy saint?'"

Two of her favorite counsels were:

"If you withhold your meed of praise where it is due, you are simply a defaulter."

"Take your loftiest moods and make them the guiding constellations of your lives."

One of her sayings quoted in the last weeks of her life again and again was, "I am human and whatever touches humanity touches me!"

The last book she read was Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" which she went through twice and greatly enjoyed. Her religion was broadly orthodox and orthodoxly broad. She dwelt upon conduct rather than creeds; to her Christianity meant Christ, not the oriental Christ of ancient records no matter how authentic and

divine, but what she used to call the *Monday* as distinguished from the *Sunday* Christ, Emmanuel, God with us, and with us most when we most need His presence and His power.

One of the enjoyments of her last illness was listening to passages read by Miss Gordon of which the following were favorites :

"To the seven declared tones of music, add seventy million more," she said : "And let them ring their sweetest cadence, they shall make but a feeble echo of the music of God's voice. To all the shades of radiant color, to all the lines of noblest form, add the splendor of eternal youth, eternal goodness, eternal joy, eternal power, and yet we shall not render into speech or song the beauty of our God ; from His glance flows light, from His presence rushes harmony, as He moves through space great worlds are born, and at His bidding planets grow within the air like flowers. Oh, to see Him passing 'mid the stars !"

"Love begets faith," she said. "Where we do not love we doubt. Doubt breeds evil, and evil knows not God."

"What have you to do with my fate?" El-Rami demanded. "How should you know what is in store for me? You are judged to have a marvelous insight into spiritual things, but it is not insight after all so much as imagination and instinct. These may lead you wrong, you have gained them, as you yourself admit, through nothing but inward concentration and prayer — *my* discoveries are the result of scientific exploration, there is no science in prayer!"

"Is there not?" and the monk rising from his chair, confronted El-Rami with the reproachful majesty of a king who faces some recreant vassal. "Then with all your wisdom you are ignorant, ignorant of the commonest laws of simple sound. Do you not yet know — have you not yet learned that sound vibrates in a million million tones through every nook and corner of the universe? Not a whisper, not a cry from human lips is lost, not even the thrill of a bird or the rustle of a leaf. All is heard, all is kept, all is reproduced at will for ever and ever. What is the use of your modern toys, the phonograph and the telephone, if they do not teach you the fundamental and eternal law by which these adjuncts to civilization are governed? God, the great, patient, loving God, hears the huge sounding-board of space re-echo again and yet again with rough curses on His name, with groans and wailings ; shouts, tears and laughter send shuddering discord through His Everlasting Vastness, but amid it all there is a steady strain of music, full, sweet, and

pure, the music of perpetual prayer. No science in prayer! Such science there is, that by its power the very ether parts asunder as by a lightning stroke, the highest golden gateways are unbarred, and the connecting link 'twixt God and man stretches itself through space, between and round all worlds, defying any force to break the current of its messages."

In Miss Willard's copy of "Snow Bound" there is written by her hand on the page from which this extract is taken:

Read aloud to mother in memory of her and our early home. She is in bed—one week now—very weak but very calm and sweet.—Rest Cottage, July 29, 1892.

When I read—

"A prompt, decisive man, no breath
Our father wasted; 'Boys, a path.'
Well pleased (for when did farmer boy
Count such a summons less than joy)
As the buskins on our feet we drew,"

Mother said, "I know just what buskins are," and proceeded to describe them.

When I read—

"We turn the pages that they read,
Their written words we linger o'er,
But in the sun they cast no shade
No voice is heard, no sound is made,
No step is on the conscious floor,"

She said, "I was waiting for that line—'No step is on the conscious floor.'" And when I read—

"As one who held herself a part
Of all she saw, and let her heart
Against the household bosom lean,
Upon the motley braided mat,
Our youngest and our dearest sat
Lifting her large, sweet asking eyes,
Now bathed within the fadeless green
And holy peace of Paradise,"

She said, "Our Mary";
And when I read—

"I cannot feel that thou art far
Since near at hand the angels are;
And when the sunset's gates unbar

Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
And white against the evening star,
The welcome of thy beckoning hand?"

Her eyes were full of tears as she said, "That is Mary waiting for us all."

"Yet love will dream, and faith will trust,
Since He who knows our need is just,
That somehow, somewhere meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through the cypress-trees!
Who, hopeless lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That life is ever Lord of death,
And love can never lose its own!"

Then I read all through Whittier's poem entitled "The Eternal Goodness," which she said was her creed, while she responded from verse to verse with the most tender appreciation; one of her favorite quotations was this:

"Thy greatness makes us brave as children are
When those they love are near."

After our long years of reading poetry together, this was the last time and Whittier's the last verses.

In the last book she ever gave her daughter she wrote: "To my beloved daughter, Frances E. Willard, from her loving and devoted mother, Mary T. Hill Willard.

"Spirit is to action ever bent
And torpid rest is not its element."

Two weeks before she went away Madam Willard spoke into a phonograph by her daughter's request. The following were some of the quotations that she chose:

"Be near me in mine hours of need,
To soothe, or cheer, or warn;
And down the slopes of sunset lead
As up the hills of morn."

"I am not eager, bold or strong;
All that is past.
I am ready *not* to do,
At last ——— at last."

CHAPTER XVI.

HER LETTERS—HER PRAYERS.

As shrubs which are cut with the morning dew upon them do for a long time after retain their fragrance, so the good actions of a wise man perfume his mind and leave a rich scent behind them.—Plutarch.

THE fragrance of her spirit lingers on the pages which she wrote to absent friends. In the earlier years the letters were few compared to the constant messages called forth after the world-wide journeyings of the daughter began.

On the first anniversary of her daughter Mary's death, Madam Willard wrote to Frances :

JUNE 8, 1863.

I held my anniversary yesterday as it was the Sabbath, answering to the very day when our sweet Mary ascended to

"The country of continual calm,
The dwelling-place of peace."

Oh, may we, the remnant of a once happy circle, not only bow submissively to the solemn providences of God, but strive by earnest consecration and fervent devotion to our religion, for such a preparation for our change that we shall appear in the presence of the Eternal Father with joy, wrapped in the mantle of the love of Christ. May we be of the happy number who, living and believing on Him, shall never see death.

OCTOBER 25.

It gives me pleasure to learn that you are not lonely nor unhappy. Though you have not the exuberant gleefulness of the little girls whom you saw from the window that day with such a thoughtful face, I am thankful you have calmness and quiet endurance, and something that you can almost call peace. Your excitement you must now seek in the vitalizing influences of the Holy Spirit. An infinite soul may not find contentment in the gift of a finite world.

Some writer has said, "For suffering and enduring there is no remedy but striving and doing." This remedy you have early adopted.

LATER.

It seems a long time since we said good-by at the gate, but I long ago decided that whatever is best for my children is best for me; so, *I am glad you went away if you are glad.*

(To her daughter in Europe.)

JULY 29, 1868.

I am going this afternoon to Rosehill to stay a little while with our precious graves. I shall there think of and pray for my far-off loved one, while I offer praise and thanksgiving for those of *us five* whose conflict, toil and weariness have triumphantly ended. O God of love! prepare us who are groping our way, catching "glimpses of shining feet that mock our haste," reaching for loving hands we may not clasp, prepare us for their immortality and blessed companionship, when life's work is done.

AUGUST 11, 1868.

Do not borrow care, or take anxious thought for the future of your life. I feel confident God has a plan for you. Ask in *self-surrender* to His guiding care and manifested love and fatherly interest, to be led by His unerring wisdom to such work and condition in life as He sees best for you.

AUGUST 22, 1868.

I do not forget the painful past, though I do not dwell upon it. I realize our losses. They have worn their channels into my life. I should not recognize myself apart from the agonizing experiences of that fatal June—that January! No more could you, your present self. But we shall overtake those who are gone. There must be healing in the glorious future; we can wait "earth's little while." Your father's garden is a constant voice reminding me of his enthusiastic fondness for all that was lovely in nature,—in shrub, in tree and flower. I love to think that perhaps this is only an outward manifestation of an inner spiritual beauty in which our loved ones now rejoice, in perfection more than our limited powers can conceive.

You requested me to follow your travels in my reading. I have despaired of keeping up with you in that way, and am endeavoring to follow you in Johnson's Family Atlas, which I have in my room. This puts my optical nerves to severe tests sometimes, though I am now chasing after you in this way at an encouraging pace.

SEPTEMBER 4, 1868.

The anniversary of the day in which your poor dear father left our home to return no more. Oh, that was a sadly trying day to your

dear father, to you, and to me. I could pray, as Dr. Raymond did at Carrie Reynold's funeral, "God grant that the past may suffice for our earthly affliction."

DECEMBER 29, 1868.

I have read in Prof. B's guide-book and Mrs. Stowe's "Sunny Memories," much about Berlin, and studied its map; have read of Dresden, of Raphael's Madonna di San Sisto, the gem of the Dresden gallery, of the Green Vault and its treasures, of the cathedrals of Strasbourg and Cologne, and of St. Ursula's church.

I rejoice that amidst the adverse influences under which you are placed you still recognize your obligation to the great Author of all being, and that you have a fixed purpose to dedicate all that you are or hope to be to the promotion of the best interests of those with whom you may providentially mingle, and over whom position or circumstances may give you an influence. May every purpose of your heart, every determination of your mind to serve God and humanity be strengthened and intensified. May you and I always realize that the salvation of God and its consequences are the supreme good to be sought, even at the loss of all else.

JANUARY 8, 1869.

I know, my daughter, that your thoughts go back every day, every hour, as do my own, to one little year ago, to the room shut in from all the world, dedicated to prayer, to resigned suffering, to tender watchfulness, and to thoughts of that mysterious world of life immortal that bent over us and was closing around him who had been the guide and support of your young life, and the doting father of my precious children! Who can make any plan for his life more than to consecrate it to God, and to go forward in present duty? How much we need to trust in His promise, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee!" This sustaining trust God has vouchsafed to me; it girds me for each hour with needed strength.

EVANSTON, Jan. 20, 1869.

Things go on very quietly here, except when destiny swoops down upon us in a birth or death.

You and I cannot forget that these are anniversary days. Oh, what kept us in being during those weary days, and more weary nights when the dark wing of the death-angel hovered over us, and we waited, helplessly and hopelessly, his own time! Then the sad home-coming, the solemn funeral service, the burial in midwinter and the desolate weeks that followed! We were girded with strength by an invisible Hand! The same Hand Omnipotent has kept and guided you in a foreign land and me at home in quiet, peaceful

Evanston. I have been much interested in reading the descriptions of Cologne and Strasbourg Cathedrals. How Strasbourg impressed the mind of Goethe in his youth !

JANUARY 23, 1869.

I remember, oh, I remember ! one year ago. This morning is the anniversary of your dear father's last in this world. Oh, how I remember our salutations ! When the next sun arose, he had "another morn than ours."

JANUARY 25, 1869.

Yesterday was the anniversary of the first day of our widowhood and orphanage. It being the Sabbath I was minded to stay at home and think my thoughts, but the day being fine, I concluded to go to church.

JANUARY 27, 1869.

I looked over your father's day-books yesterday, for the first time. It seemed to me I had never felt his loss so much. We had lived together long, much of joy and sorrow had we shared in equally for those many, many years ! I think of him and Mary as infinitely blest compared with us who are still in life's conflict. But by the help of our Infinite Friend we shall be a united band in the purer and holier life. May God grant it for His mercy's sake !

OGDEN, N. Y., July 3, 1870.

MY DEAR MRS. BRAGDON : — It is Sunday, but I am in a Sunday mood. We have no church service to-day. I am occupying a front chamber in the house my father built. Thirty-nine years ago this summer I was busy, with the help of younger sisters and other friends, making preparation for the new life I was to assume a few months later. I was surrounded by the tenderest of parents, the most loving brothers and sisters, all hopeful, cheerful and eager for the unfolding of the future, fearless of whatever it might bring ; too sheltered, thus far, to be apprehensive of the future, too mirthful to deliberate on unknown possibilities, hoping all things, believing all things, and *expecting* all *desirable* things ! All was merry as a marriage bell as, one by one, we swung out into the new life we had chosen for ourselves.

Well, two of us hail to-day from this venerated home, two others live near, one brother is in Michigan, from whom I received a letter last evening. Father, mother, and three dear sisters have found brighter homes than this. I am glad I came east ; my visit is more to me than I expected, still, my thoughts turn tenderly, wistfully and almost anxiously to my own dear home in Evanston, right by your side, with its good neighborhood, its endeared surroundings, its unsurpassed society, its religious advantages ;— the home of my children, the place of our consecrated graves ; my heart secretly yearns toward all these.

I hope you and your dear family are well, and as Mary writes nothing to the contrary, I have the happiness to think you are. I want to congratulate M. on the completion of his college course. I hope what is best to do next may be made clear to him. G. will have to look this matter in the face for two mortal years longer, but the years are swift and make no tarrying, then comes the triumph.

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Time would fail me to allude to all of whom I think with interest and affection, but to my *dear class* in Sabbath school, and all the teachers, I wish a special remembrance.

My Dear Mrs. W.:—I know what mockery words are when the heart is crushed by an unspeakable sorrow! When living near where you are living now, our daughter Mary, nineteen years of age, fair to look upon, lovely in spirit, and charming in all ways, was called from her earthly to her heavenly home. I know the unutterable anguish of such a bereavement! But your heavenly Father will give back to you your precious daughter in spiritual communion and spiritual presence. You will, ere long, experience a new and exalted gratitude for what she will be to you in all the future of your life, in memory and hope.

Yours in sincerest sympathy and condolence,

Mary T. H. Willard.

My Dear Grandson:—I have not heard from you for several weeks, but I think of you and pray for your welfare constantly. I think of you, away from friends who love you, away on the plains exposed to the cold without suitable shelter, when I long to fold you to my heart, to comfort you as a mother comforteth her children. I think of your splendid possibilities; when at your best you are so exceptionally magnetic and winsome! Your aunt F. as well as myself, cares for you tenderly, and would do anything in her power to brighten your life. Please let us hear from you soon. All send love. God be with you till we meet again. Always your loving and devoted grandma.

Mary T. Hill Willard.

My Dear Grandson:—Your letter to your aunt F. is just received. We hear nothing but good of you. Be superior to circumstances; you can stand at the head *if you will*. . . . Don't be in haste to change; think about it very carefully. You know what I think about borrowing guidance and strength from the Source of Infinite Wisdom and Power. Stand on your own merits; call no man master, but every man a brother and every woman a sister, all on a serious and laborious pilgrimage needing mutual help. May the dear Lord keep you, cause His face to shine upon you, and

give you peace, prays your grandma who thinks of you often and often, and always with love.

DECEMBER 20, 1886.

MY DEAR BROTHER JOHN :—So then you are again on the farm! Does it bring back thoughts of your early life, when the breath of the morning was as perfume, and activity an inspiration? Do you reflect sadly that the years are trespassing on your powers, that your limbs have lost their alertness, and memory relaxes its grasp? This is to you and to me only a prophecy of what will be a final youth, a blooming and abounding springtime that shall be fadeless and eternal. Do you wonder sometimes why we are not called home to that higher life to which we have looked forward so long? It cannot be far away, so be of good cheer; we shall join our loved ones before long. You are much in my thoughts and prayers. God is good to you and me. He gave us kind friends who think of us in age and feebleness. He gave me the most loyal daughter that lives. Mother never had a truer child, and could not have one more devoted, or quicker to anticipate the remotest need or wish. You know how kindly she feels and acts toward you. You are a cherished interest upon her heart. You have many friends, and your irreproachable life is a priceless treasure to us all.

We send you our love and Christmas greetings.

MARY T. H. WILLARD (aged 82).

EVANSTON, January 3, 1889.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER : — When I went to the breakfast table this morning a large card tied at the corner with a white ribbon greeted my eyes. I saw it was a birthday surprise. I asked if they could afford to set up the type just for that. I thought it was going to great rounds for my birthday. Imagine my surprise when Anna said it was the dedicatory page of your forthcoming book! I never imagined the book was to be dedicated to me. I regard it as the most delicate tribute I could have received from any source.

I never wished to monopolize your affection, but always felt that the more worthy persons you could love the richer your life would be. Your loyalty to me as a daughter you never gave me the slightest reason to question. I thank you from my heart for this royal testimonial.

We miss you very much.

Prayerfully as always,

YOUR MOTHER.

MY DEAR DR. AND MRS. B. : — It was very kind of you to think of me amid the new joys of your peculiarly blessed and happy life. I have been reading the book — your Christmas gift. The givers will

be present to my fancy as I peruse its pages. I wish heroic Dorothea Dix had not been quite so much afraid of notoriety. I sympathize with the author of the preface in this regard. Still she was grand and wonderful, and very satisfying in spite of her morbid fear that her great life might become a great example.

With affectionate regards and a Merry Christmas,

MARY T. HILL WILLARD.

(To John G. Whittier.)

EVANSTON, December, 1890.

DEAR MR. WHITTIER : — Your precious book is just received. It came yesterday, but was kept from me until this morning, I suppose in the fear that I might be repeating verses when I ought to be asleep. My daughter is very proud of your friendship, as she has a perfect right to be. Professor and Mrs. Emerson called here yesterday on their way home. They spoke of the delight it was to them to meet personally one for whom they had long felt such deep reverence, admiration and love, as yourself.

I *knew* I had no language to thank you as I would for your kind thought of my daughter's mother. Be assured your gracious appreciation of her has gone straight to my heart. Please accept many thanks for the gift which I prize more than I can tell.

Yours gratefully,

MARY T. HILL WILLARD.

(To the publishers of the new edition of "Nineteen Beautiful Years.")

I cannot thank you enough for the dainty and tasteful style in which you have brought out the dear little book. The suggestive sweetness of Mary's picture, the familiar aspect of the old Oberlin home, and the simple narrative of the pure, young, earnest life appeal to us at Rest Cottage with an almost living and breathing reality.

EVANSTON, July 4, 1893.

REV. DR. RANKIN,

Dear Friend :—In our capacity of patriots we sang at prayers a few minutes ago your grand hymn "Long live America" to that noble tune "Die Wacht am Rhein." My granddaughter, Miss Katherine Willard, is with us ; she has a fine soprano voice and has spent several years in Berlin in musical study. She sang your hymn almost divinely, and we decided that it must have been written under a special inspiration. With tears in our eyes we thanked you in our deepest hearts for this inspiring song, and the other ballad on the White Ribbon motto, "For God and Home and Native Land." I feel sure

that you have struck chords that will vibrate long, their inspiration reaching to coming generations.

Very sincerely yours,

MARY T. HILL WILLARD.

Her last letter to her daughter is dated April 18, 1892, and was written during the latter's absence. It treats chiefly of the school election in Evanston. She says, "I went dutifully and deposited my vote for our W. C. T. U. comrade, Mrs. Singleton," and adds, "One thing was demonstrated, the women were there in throngs." She was then well advanced in her eighty-eighth year.

MARCH 18, 1892.

MY DEAR LADY SOMERSET:—Your coming was a benediction; your departure a grief. I deeply sympathize with the parting when you leave for your distant home. I know F. will grieve for the absence of her "strong staff and beautiful rod"; Anna will shed silent tears; the ocean will rave and foam all the same, the engine will speed the departing guest unconscious of the human ties it tortures.

I only write a line out of my heart to assure you of what I have no language to tell, of my admiration and wonder, and gratitude to my dear heavenly Father for your unselfish devotion to the needs and wants and sorrows of our poor bewildered humanity.

May kindest Providence be on strictest duty from shore to shore and evermore.

Lovingly and prayerfully your earnest friend,

MARY T. HILL WILLARD.

EVANSTON, ILL., U. S. A., April 30, 1892.

DEAR LADY HENRY SOMERSET:—Your precious assurances of regard for my daughter and myself have lifted a wonderful burden from my heart, and I know this is more than true in regard to F. To her, you have been like the sun at high noon, filling her life with brightness and cheer. I think you must feel weighted with care, judging from the burden you have taken from my heart. F. has no father, brother, nor sister, except in the spiritual world. She has, as you know, a sister-in-law, and, by the way, a wonderful woman. She has done for her family what I thought quite beyond any possibility in her circumstances. I hope she will know you sometime. She is one of the most appreciative and spiritual of women, and is of superior gifts and education. I hope you will pray for her two bright boys, and, sometime, love her two beautiful daughters.

I want to say something nice about your dear son, but he is so far up among the aristocracy that I dare not trespass—only I will venture a "God bless him."

We are all rejoiced that you have had a pleasant voyage, and that Miss Hood is safely over. Please give her our love,—and accept appreciation, love, admiration, confidence, tender regards, such as I have no language to express, for yourself from

MARY T. HILL WILLARD.

EVANSTON, ILL., July 17, 1892.

MY DEAR LADY HENRY SOMERSET: — I don't know, my beloved English daughter, that I ought to trouble you by repeating what I so often said when you were here—that the burden of care I have felt in prospect of leaving Frank before long has been wholly transferred to you who love her so tenderly and whom she loves as well. I feel as if this blessed Providence had winged me for my flight to that Better Land of which we all are always thinking, and for the call for which I am listening constantly. What you have been and are to me in this regard I can never express. You are a phenomenon to me as I have often said, in nature, in knowledge, in culture, in statesmanlike breadth of outlook, and better than all the rest combined, in the consecration of your wonderful influence to the good of Humanity. I trust that you and Frank have many long and happy years of Christian work before you in which you will be constantly united. Frank has had many friends, tried and true, but never one so richly endowed, so perfectly disinterested, so equipped at every point to make the great cause a success. My prayers are with you for health, happiness, *blessedness*, and the same for that dear son who is so constantly in your heart and in your plans. I know a mother's passionate interest in her child—I know the passionate prayer of a mother's heart. I have beautiful ones to go to "Over There" whom I have been away from a long time. I think I may promise that we will do all that we can to help you and Frank in your great and holy work in the years that remain to you.

I wish to say to dear Helen Hood through you that she has been very much to me. She was my company and comfort in those weeks that Frank and Anna were with you at the East. I fully appreciated her motive in wishing them to go over this summer, and that she would naturally think I could be left for a few weeks. But she would not have felt so if she had seen how feeble I have grown in these last months. I deeply sympathize with her in her terrible bereavement in the loss of our dear Yolande. I had years before gone through such pain and been left breathless and bewildered by the going of my beloved into the other life. I knew she felt the

sympathy and comprehension that I could give because I had so greatly suffered; and she and I shall, in all worlds, be nearer in heart because of the sorrow we have faced together. It is a comfort to think of God's goodness to her in giving her so great a friend and such a work as you have brought into her life.

Believe me tenderly and forever yours,

MARY T. H. WILLARD.

HER PRAYERS.

We miss the shelter of her care,
The almond-blossoms fair and sweet
Which crowned the growth of silent years
And made life's silver crown complete.
—Rev. H. A. Delano.

By the tender forethought of her daughter a few of Madam Willard's prayers were transcribed before the memory of their words had exhaled into disembodied fragrance.

Aug. 12, 1888.—The last time that my brother's four children were together in our home, my mother's prayer at the Sabbath family worship so impressed me that I went directly after to my room and wrote it down as best I could remember. It was as follows:

"Dear Heavenly Father, we know that although we have but temporal bodies, we are undying spirits, and that great destinies await us and that great crises must be passed by each one, even the youngest of us, and one crisis so great and so mysterious that for its emergency we can trust no one but our Infinite Friend. May this meeting be an inspiration to us all, and help us the better to prepare for that great future, where we hope to meet this company and to dwell forever in thy presence. We pray for her who is so far away from us and who would so gladly be with these who are her very own, and who are almost all that remain to her of earthly loves. We know how joyfully she would be with us here this morning. Wilt thou preserve her in peace and safety, and may those who are going to her so soon have a safe journey, may the winds of heaven be propitious and may they make the port in peace. We pray for him who remains with us. May he be a light and solace to all who love him. May he be delivered from the temptations that throng about the pathway of the young, and may we be helped to help him as we ought."

Mar. 19, 1891.—Dearest mother said at family worship as I read the verses for the day, "Thirteen years ago this afternoon we carried all

that was mortal of your brother Oliver to Rosehill." Her prayer followed in which these sentences occurred :

"O God, it seems as though we must *know*, when the future is so near. Our yearning outreach for thyself grows with the years. A great change is just before us and we can but feel we ought to be more vividly assured concerning it. Nothing in all the universe is of so much moment to each one as the *where* and the *what* that lies on the other side of death.

"We ask for love and thou dost give us peace ; we ask for certainty and Thou dost give us quietness ; we ask for exultation and thou dost give us calm. Oh, make us thankful that in health and serenity of spirit our days go on, even though we lack the joy and inspiration that our souls desire. Thou knowest best, and thou wilt in the crisis of our destiny stand by us, as thou hast, all through the years. We took the billows as they came, and, behold, *thou wast there !* "

Another time mother was asking for the restoration of a dear young friend to a Christian life :

"We would not hope for it save that thou art the God of miracles. Help us to think of thy Kingdom which some of us are to enter so soon, and that life free from the imperfections which we shall then have waded through."

In the midst of the discussions of current events, of means and methods and underlying principles, ever going on in those days at Rest Cottage, the prayer which follows comes near in wisdom to that of the prayer of Agur.

SEPTEMBER 15, 1891.

"We thank thee that though we look back over a long distance that we have come since childhood, the way has been a pleasant one. There have been crises that we could not have borne, except for thee. There has been the tumult of battle now and then, but, for the most part, it is a fair and pleasant land over which we look to the far-distant dawn of our mysterious being. We bless thee that as the future looms up before us with the most mysterious crisis of all just coming into view, we do not fear, for we believe that thou wilt carry us through that as safely and as tenderly as thou didst bring us through our birth into this world. Do not suffer us, while yet we linger, to be a hindrance to any in the things that are highest and best.

"Do not suffer any of us to be too conservative, nor too progressive, but hold us to the wise and thoughtful line of the *ever-blessed golden mean.*"

SEPTEMBER 3, 1891.

"We pray for those whom thou hast bound to us by the holy tie of blood. Thou hast willed they should be nearer to us than others. We pray for the young ones so early left without a father's care. We thank thee for their mother's brave and courageous spirit, dwelling in a form so slight and fragile, and we bless thee that they seem to be coming to so much of good. We think of them out in the cross-currents of life, whirled hither and thither, and we pity those who yield to temptation. We pray thee to help us each, that we may give them, not only help, but sympathy, for we feel that is what they most need, separated as they are this morning,— each one of the four,*— by half the world's circumference from each other. Wilt thou pity and protect them, and bring them through all evils into purity and peace."

(Her son's birthday.)

OCTOBER 27, 1891.

"We thank thee for the long stretch of years that has opened to our feet, and that though we wondered and dreaded what was to be, what we feared was never realized. Thy loving, fatherly care has made all the way blessed, and we believe it will be so all through the mysterious, wonderful and blessed future."

(Praying for her daughter.)

"Give light, strength, peace, in all these trying cares. Give intuitional wisdom, if that is needed. Make that Convention in Boston a fountain of power for humanity."

APRIL 16, 1890.

"Our Heavenly Father, we realize that each day is a farewell; each day we bid good-by to some interest that was dear to us, and we know that it is once for all.

"Be thou with those who go from us to-day to their work. We ask thee to give them so much of thy spirit that the work shall be joy to them, and a rich blessing to those to whom they go.

"Help us as these returnless days go by to transform them into the glorious days of God by the indwelling of thy Spirit."

THANKSGIVING DAY.

"'While I live will I praise the Lord. I will sing praises unto my God while I have any being.' Another year we meet for Thanksgiving, and prayer for the continuance of blessings. We thank thee for the mercies of the past year and bow humbly before its griefs. Among our treasures some of us count heavy crosses. Among our

*Her grandchildren, one in Portland, Oregon, one in Baltimore, Maryland, one in New York, and one in Berlin, Germany.

blessings glisten many a tear. Wilt thou so lead us into the joy of thy love that this shall be our best and sweetest year. Give us a foretaste of the bliss of the purer life, the diviner bliss of the family above. May we remember that we have only a little while in which to speak kind words, or do kind acts, or to offer prayer for those we love, for a world in sorrow and sin, and for ourselves. Grant thy blessing upon those who are laboring for the lifting up of humanity, for the suppression of vice and crime, and for the advancement of Christ's kingdom in the world."

AUGUST 16, 1890.

"Lead us to that land where there are no more losses and no more loneliness, where the threat of approaching dissolution stands no longer on the track ahead of us, but life immortal becomes the inheritance of our illimitable souls."

Family worship in the morning.

Sept. 28, 1889.—(My fiftieth birthday.) Mother repeated, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations." I repeated, "And showing his mercy unto children's children to such as keep his covenants." Anna, the Aaronic Benediction, "The Lord bless thee and keep thee." Irene, "There shall no evil come nigh thy dwelling." Kate, "If we ask anything according to his will, he heareth us." Eda, who has been taught to read out of a Bible that we gave her, and who has been with us for years, an intelligent and devoted Swede girl, "But unto you that fear my name shall the sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings." Hymn, "Our Life is a Dream, Our Time is a Stream," and "Guide me, O thou Great Jehovah." Mother prayed, thanking God for all His kindness to me. I read from the old family Bible in which our names are recorded, and chose as my verse for the new fifty years, or for whatever fraction of them to me remained on this planet, Eph. 2 : 22, "In him ye also are builded together for a habitation of God through the spirit."

Sept. 27, 1891.—We sang at family prayers, "I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger, I can tarry, I can tarry but a night," and in her prayer that followed were these words, "Lord, we ask thy presence more and more; oh, give us its uplifting cheer. Thou knowest we too are longing for the sight. Make us not only patient but grateful for our painless days, and with our growing weakness, in the midst of the passing away of our interest in earthly things, may our love of heavenly things increase; and enable us to leave in thy hands those we love, even as we leave ourselves with thee in presence of the great crisis that is just before us."

Once at family prayers she had been asking very earnestly for a higher Christian experience and closed in this characteristic man-

ner, "We ask thee for this, dear heavenly Father, but we know we cannot attain to it by ourselves, and we are not going to try to do it, either."

Mother's last blessing at the table:

"We thank thee, O heavenly Father, for our far-reaching hopes. Make us grateful for food and home and friends. Bless the temperance work and workers. Keep us safe to-night and all our loved ones; and through riches of grace in Christ Jesus may we be brought to break bread together in our Father's house, 'some sweet day, by and by.'"

Her last family prayer:

"We walk out into the mystery, fearless because we trust in thee. We face the great emergency with our hearts full of vital questions that cannot here be answered. We leave them all with thee, knowing thou wilt cherish our wistful aspirations toward Him who loved and has redeemed us. We would know many things thou hast not revealed, but we can only love and trust and wait."

Who does not remember the electric thrill which went through the hearts of the company assembled at Rest Cottage when at the close of the touching funeral services held for Julia Ames, Madam Willard arose to pronounce the benediction? Going to the head of the coffin and looking down into the sweet face, she said:

"Our beloved Yolande, in whatsoever land thou art, the Lord bless thee and keep thee, the Lord make His face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee and give thee peace. And may that peace be with us all, for Christ's sake. Amen."

CHAPTER XVII.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

Others shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong,
Finish what we begin,
And all we fail of, win.

What matter, we or they?
Ours or another's day?
So the right word be said
And life be sweeter made!

Ring, bells, in unreared steeples,
The joy of unborn peoples!
Sound trumpets, far-off blown,
Your triumph is our own.

—John G. Whittier.

IT has been the aim of those who have compiled this volume that the majestic figure of whom it treats should be seen from many angles of vision, thus manifesting more clearly the perfection of her development. To this end, those who have come closest to her in various stages of her life have contributed to this chapter on Personal Recollections.

First in the list must come the name of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Mary Bannister Willard; then her niece, Mrs. Helen Brace Emerson, whose recollections reach from childhood to mature womanhood; Anna Gordon, whose long residence at Rest Cottage made her a daughter in heart; Mrs. Annie Burdick Knox — her children's first teacher; while Frances Griffin's piquant and Mrs. Elizabeth Wheeler Andrew's graceful pens give pictures of what Madam Willard was to those who knew her only in mature life. But each can best tell her own story.



MRS. MARY BANNISTER WILLARD AND HER DAUGHTER MARY.

MY RECOLLECTIONS OF OUR MOTHER.

BY MARY BANNISTER WILLARD.

When I try to begin at the beginning of my acquaintance with my dear Mother Willard, I find myself standing in the old church of Evanston, the one church that we had in those days, where Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Baptist, Methodist, Congregationalist and Unitarian all found a congenial and happy home. We had been having some public exercises connected with either the "Female College," as it was called then, or with some one of the other schools and colleges for which the town is famed. As I remember, nearly everybody had gone, and only a few people were standing by the door, saying last words to each other, as it is so natural to do in a community where everybody knows everybody. But the sight of two distinguished looking strangers arrested my notice, a tall, slender man with iron-gray beard and hair, keen eyes peering out from under shaggy, gray eyebrows, and a kind, sensitive mouth, around which, at this my first sight of him, a shrewd and knowing smile was playing. By his side stood a tall, fine-looking lady, who gave one the sense of largeness in figure, head and face. She was handsomely dressed, for our little town, and wore very gracefully a long velvet cloak, and a long, flowing lace veil, such as were considered elegant in those days. I was puzzled as to their identity for a few moments only, and then knew without being told that the strangers were the father and mother of my choice schoolmates, Frances and Mary Willard. They had not been with us in the college very long, and I, being a day-scholar only, while they were boarders, had not yet become intimate with them, but admired them from afar, the elder for her talent, and because she was the best scholar in school; the other for her gentle beauty and her winsome ways.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard had come to Evanston on the errand that finally gave them to us as permanent residents,

and I believe bought their home by the lake, so long known as "Swampscot," before this visit was ended.

I do not think I became acquainted with either the father or mother of my friends at this time, and it was not until the next winter, when Frances, Mary, and I used to walk home from college together, that I really learned to know their mother.

One noon, as we were all coming home from school, Frank said to me, just as we were nearing my father's house, "Mother told us to bring you home with us to dinner; they've sent us a lot of turkeys from the farm, and we want you to enjoy them with us." No one who remembers what the pleasures of the dinner table are to a hungry school-girl can doubt that I accepted the invitation on the spot, but it was necessary first to run in and tell mother, of whose permission, however, I had no doubt. And it was with a warm greeting from the mother of my friends that we all sat down to dine. It seemed to me then as if I had been admitted to the inner circle, and indeed I had, as I came afterward to understand better than I did then. For the Willard family, quite unlike our own, where my father was always bringing unexpected guests to dinner, often to the utter discomfiture of my poor mother, rarely took any one into the family circle in this informal way. When they entertained, which was liberally and often, it was done with all due regard to their guests and themselves; so it was a rare informal privilege that was mine that day. It may have been for this reason that afterward there were fewer reserves between us girls, and we got on famously together as the years went by, and Mary and I were graduated in the same class, a year after Frank finished her college work with so much honor. During all these years I felt that my friends' mother was my friend no less than they, and in such a large way that I never thought of doubting her co-operation in any of our plans, or afraid to broach any of them to her, as I feared with some of the other excellent mothers of our village. There was always the strong, gen-

erous nod of appreciation, in answer to my crudities, just as if I had been at that moment as old and wise as herself.

She led a very quiet life in those days, and this, perhaps, made her seem more accessible than some mothers of our circle, who either had large families not yet grown up, or were full of all sorts of benevolent and useful enterprises, which we young people were accustomed to think blinded them most singularly to our interests and pleasures. Mrs. Willard was at leisure, and we were accustomed to find her sitting in her quiet room, with nothing more exigent than a book in her hand. I cannot remember that she ever refused us anything that we asked of her, or any help that we came seeking. I was quite accustomed to have my schemes taken with a good degree of allowance at home, and expected to win my points, if win them I could, by persuasion and argument. So this happy unanimity between mother and children struck me very favorably indeed, and I often used to urge it upon my own dear mother as an excellent example to follow. Madam Willard had that delicate flattery of us also, done without words, by simply attending to us, and to all that we said, just as if we were women of her own age. Altogether, she was a very popular person with all the young people, for I think that the young men were as sure of her as we girls.

This same happy faculty she retained to the end, I think, and the children of her children never felt afraid to bring their friends to her in the later times when they knew her as "Grandma." When life grew more serious with us all, and she gave me her welcome and blessing as truly one of the family, she was as hearty and warm in it all as if it were just what she had been wishing her very self for the happiness of the one so dear to her; and if she had ever cherished other hopes, or other ideals concerning the woman to whom she would entrust the home and happiness of her only son, she put them all so far out of sight that I never guessed that they had been. How I wish now, across the field of years, that I had never given her

any reason to think of me other than she thought on that beautiful summer evening when she took me in her arms in a rare embrace, and called me her "dear daughter."

It was the next summer that the great sorrow of Mary's death came upon us all. In the long and weary illness, as well as in the sad hour of that last parting, I remember the mother's constant voice of courage and cheer to the anxious household, and to her suffering child. She was the untiring nurse both night and day, and though she knew exactly the state and progress of the disease, she never allowed her face to betray the discouragement she must have felt, nor suffered any untoward tidings to reach those who could thereby become disheartened.

There is, I believe, a natural division of all womankind into two classes, the wives and the mothers. Few ever display themselves as both, at least, not in any strong degree; and few maintain the exact equipoise of a middle ground between the two. In this case, it was the mother-endowment that predominated, and to an extent that I have never seen equaled. It was manifested most signally in this hand-to-hand fight with death. But at last when all was over, and she who had known no such thing as defeat, found herself bitterly worsted in the struggle, she surrendered so bravely and completely, that it was upon her that everybody leaned for comfort and support. From the long days and nights of watching (for she would let no one take her place), folding the dear, dead hands together, she went back to her rocking chair in her own quiet room, with calm submission and even a tender smile for all who sought her there. It was my first experience of bereavement and I could not comprehend the deep Christian philosophy which could so calmly render back to God His beloved gift. It was not stoical calmness, either, for she loved to talk of Mary, and would laugh as merrily as ever when her bright and witty sayings were repeated. The whole house was pervaded with this spirit of genial acquiescence in the will of God, and it was difficult to think of

the beautiful girl lying so still in the room that had so recently rung with her laughter, with any feeling of gloom or deathlike apprehension. Nevertheless, what it cost her to give up this lovely daughter, full of promise intellectually and socially, was seen a few months later when physical strength gave way, and she was compelled to leave home and seek other surroundings, and a thorough renewing of both body and mind. I think life was a very different thing to her ever after that stroke.

With all this strong affection that seemed the very fibre and fabric of her being, she was as little demonstrative as any one I have ever known. Her caresses were in gently-spoken words, rather than kisses; in constant "appreciations," rather than by way of those little love-pattings that are the common currency between mother and children in so many households. She seemed always too large for these littlenesses of family life, but I never knew her to leave any one in doubt of her tenderest love, wherever that love was given. And I pity the person, whoever he might be, that came to her with complaints of those so dear to her as her own children.

It was quite the same with her grandchildren, in the years when we all lived together. She did not fondle them or hug and kiss them as babies, as most women do, but in their very earliest consciousness was embedded their knowledge of her as adorer and defender. It was on this ground that she and I had our most serious, if not our only differences. They occurred when she thought I was unwisely strict, and I thought her too indulgent. There was one offense, however, that she always felt demanded summary measures; this was picking the flowers in the garden, and it was one that often happened when the little folks were turned out to play. She seemed to feel that flowers have a life of their own to live, and that it is as cruel to deprive them of it as to cut off any other existence. This idea she communicated so impressively to those around her that I cannot to this day see any one

picking flowers just for the sake of doing so, without a bit of her indignation.

One of her strong points in bringing up children was a great deal of praising. If she heard a compliment for any of them, she did not wait long to tell it, and she used to reply to any remonstrance on the subject, such as the fear of making them vain, "You may be sure they will hear all the evil things that are said, so let us encourage them with all the good words we can." And especially she wanted the young folks praised, because, she said, "They have no experience by which to gauge themselves, nothing to show them that their mistakes are not utterly hopeless, as older people have, so it becomes the duty of these same older people to supplement their inexperience with a great deal of that sort of encouragement that will keep them up to the level of their best endeavors and desires." Her philosophy at this point was never, I feel sure, contradicted by her experience. It was a pathetic picture she would give, in setting it forth, of the fearful clouds of sorrow and despair that might darken these young hearts.

I think very few persons of her age had such deep understanding of young life in all its phases, and this I must believe was due very largely to her great mother-nature. She had very gentle, moderate movements with children. There seemed no impulse about them, and never anything like snatching hastily away things which they might not have, not even one of those choice treasures, the moss-roses from the only bush of that kind in the garden. I do not think it is saying too much to call her the embodiment of consideration for old and young, but for the young particularly.

She had known many ups and downs of fortune in her early life, and before I met her, but there came to us all reverses which we shared together, and which gave me an insight, such as I had never had before, into the strength of her spirit. I remember going into the kitchen one morning,

as she was making some of her unparalleled doughnuts, and having some bad news to break to her, I gained such an impression of her dauntless soul as I shall never forget.

She was nearly sixty years old, and the prospect before us just then seemed to promise little in the way of comfort for her old age, and that of her invalid husband; but she laughed almost as a girl would laugh in meeting something she did not quite believe, and altogether as if she were saying,

"Oh, you do not know the goodness and the riches of my dear heavenly Father." I am sure now, though I did not so well understand it then, that this was exactly what she felt, but it sounded just as if she thought there was no telling how many fortunes might fall at our feet before we were through with life. It was this happy and easy adjustability of mind that gave her not only the air, but the very fact of youth. So long as life and health were spared to those she loved, this world had little power to vex her.

Another time, I remember, when it seemed as if a calamity had befallen Frances, and there was apparent if not real injustice in the case, her courageous and indomitable spirit came to the rescue and positively forbade all mourning and discouragement. In the very depth of the night, she appeared at the door of the room where Frances, sleepless and distressed, was wrestling with her grief and disappointment, and opened with an exhortation something like this:

"Frank, I have had a vision. All this is going to be overruled. You are going to rise out of this experience and become far greater, more useful and more influential than you could ever have been without it. Your nest had to be broken up, for it was too comfortable, and you would have settled down into it too much. The Lord knows what He is about, and I tell you, I have had the vision of greater things to come." In speaking of the same experience to me alone, later she said,

"I not only had the vision, but this direct word from

heaven: 'The Lord will destroy the house of the proud, but He will establish the border of the widow.'" I never doubted the reality of that vision. It was this realization of the unseen, this strong spiritual vitality that was the secret of her life. One went to her all these later years as to a seer. She saw the other side of things, and was able to make others see it too. In every sharp trial of my own later experience she had a healing balm such as almost no other could give, for she had that unbounded faith that sees through the present gloom a brighter day to-morrow.

She never lost sight of that individuality which, no matter what might be the sorrows and burdens laid upon it, was under the most sacred obligations to itself. I can hear even now, her earnest admonition, "Well, no matter what happens, you have got your own life to live and to look after. Don't forget that." Her own pervasive personality did not obscure the personality of others. Indeed, I never knew any one more jealous of, or a more earnest advocate of the rights of others. Every form of oppression was hateful to her, but especially the bullying of a child; and she came down with all her weight of wrath upon the luckless boy who was terrorizing a girl. If ever strong sympathies were enlisted for women, everywhere, and in all classes and conditions, it was in her intense nature. It is saying a great deal, I know, but I cannot remember that I ever heard her speak against any woman in the world; not merely those of our own times, but the women of history as well. I note this particularly, for it often provoked me, as I thought one must condemn where there was real wrong. She evidently felt, however, that there would be condemnation enough without her voice, and "the woman in the case" had a mortgage always on her sympathies. Smiling little allusions to some weaknesses of particular women I can remember, but never anything that could cause a woman's heart to mourn.

All this, however, is known to all who knew her as she was. In trying to reproduce the purely personal view of

her life and characteristic traits there is much that must be left unsaid, that would, were it not for the sacredness of family life, throw a far stronger light on the portrait. She had not, so much as many another woman I have known, what Browning calls the "two soul sides,"—one to face the world with, and the other turned full on those she loved. She was what she was so through and through, that, although she may certainly be said to have lived her best and truest life among her own, she gave the same in quality if not in degree to her world outside. Without being absolutely unworldly, she impressed all who came near enough to know her, as most "other worldly," for she was pre-eminently one who

"Believed in soul, was very sure of God."

And yet, now that she is more at home than ever in that spiritual world which was her soul's most natural dwelling-place, I cannot think of her as far away, or at all less interested than of yore, in the life of those she loved on earth.

Berlin, Germany, March, 1893.

MADAM WILLARD.

BY MRS. HELEN BRACE EMERSON.

My recollections of Madam Willard date from the time that her life in Wisconsin began; from the spring evening when she stepped down from the conveyance which had brought her and her husband and children to the hospitable frontier home of my uncle Thompson, near Janesville, Wisconsin.

It was a house of two rooms on the ground floor and one chamber, and it already contained his family,—a wife and two children,—the "hired help," and our family, viz., his sister, her husband and four children, and now were added for the time being, Mr. and Mrs. Willard, Oliver, Frank and Mary, giving a company of six heads of families and nine children. Into this circle of her relations Mrs. Wil-

lard came, a gracious, benignant, dignified woman, making upon me, then a mere child, the impression of the most stately woman I had ever seen, except my own mother, whom she much resembled in a certain queenly bearing.

This impression she made as a young woman upon the young, and all future acquaintance with her only strengthened the first impression. A woman of strong intellect and will, quaint of speech, with a rich fund of humor, and withal a fervor of feeling which often almost instantly suffused her eyes with tears, she yet had always about her an indefinable something, which for want of a better word I will call stateliness. Perhaps it was an outward manifestation of her serenity of nature, of her well-nigh illimitable faith.

Let that be as it may, she never lost it, and in the years when Frank and Anna, her "girls," as she called them, were absent from home most of the time on their errand of mercy and salvation for others, and she was much alone in the Evanston home, living with only a servant, I, as I lived near her, saw no shadow of change. Her life was a serene and steadfast ongoing from the earliest days at Forest Home to the last ones at Rest Cottage. It was a quiet, retired, unobtrusive home-life, and yet it reached out to the community, the country and the world in thought and sympathy, and largely influenced a wide circle of friends, and strangers also, who knew her only through her distinguished daughter. She was ready to pass beyond the home when occasion came for her doing so, and she was a most valued and coveted participator and listener in missionary, temperance and educational meetings, as well as a just and genial critic at literary and art lectures. Once when I called upon her, she took from her writing desk a manuscript and read from it a prayer that she had composed for use on the following day at a great educational gathering of the women of Evanston and Chicago. She had consented to offer the prayer, and had given thorough preparation to it, saying

that, while she should not use her manuscript, one who represented others in prayer could not give too much thought to the matter, and she quoted the custom of many eminent divines in support of her position.

She also said that all public prayer should contain three elements, viz.: thanksgiving, praise and petition. It brought vividly to my mind her reverent attitude and thorough enjoyment of the, to me, rather long prayers of our pastor in my childhood, when she occupied a corner seat in my father's large, square pew. She sat there devoutly, in her brown satin dress and long scarf, bought and made while on a visit to her former home and worn with native grace and ease; it bore with it to our Western parish the taste and flavor of an Eastern city.

A friend once said to her, "I heard your minister this morning and his prayer was a half hour long." Her reply was, "I would as soon hear my Maker addressed as to be addressed myself."

On her seventy-eighth birthday she was decoyed to my home in Evanston, where a company of elderly ladies had gathered to meet her. Of the twenty guests present none were less than sixty-five years of age and some were ninety years old. As Madam Willard entered the parlor they rose to do her honor, when she said archly, but with her usual quiet dignity, "You intimidate me."

Later in the afternoon she was presented by her relatives with a Bagster's Bible. Her gifted daughter, Mrs. Mary B. Willard, had written an appropriate presentation address, which her beautiful granddaughter, Katherine Willard, delivered. In the course of the address allusion was made to the Bible as the "Book of her Counsel."

Although taken entirely by surprise, Madam Willard stepped to the center of the parlors as she received and held the precious volume, and with the dignity of a Roman matron, and the fervor of a Christian heart, delivered such an eulogy upon the Bible as those present had never heard, and one which they can never forget.

Among other things she said, "You have well said that I have made this Book the study of my life and that I have found in it all needed guidance and consolation. I have found it in times of trial an unfailing support. In times of uncertainty it has been as a Rock underneath my feet. In time of bereavement, a never-failing consolation; in time of doubt it has shown me a clear path and enabled me to walk therein. In times of joy it has answered joy for joy in strains of exultation. In times of looking forward to the future it has stood like a mountain peak irradiated with the sun, beckoning me onward and upward."

Words cannot convey the sublimity of her utterance or the raptness of her vision as she stood in the rays of the setting sun of that January afternoon and dwelt at length upon what the Bible is in itself and what it had been to her. She seemed to her spellbound audience like a prophetess of old—Miriam or Anna.

Not less vivid was the impression she left upon those who heard her read Wordsworth and Shakespeare in the class of one hundred ladies in Evanston, led by Dr. Hudson, the Boston Shakesperean scholar. It was his custom to have his classes read aloud from the authors under consideration. But the ladies were at first timid, afraid of their famous teacher, afraid of the sound of their own voices, afraid of not interpreting aright the words of such masters of thought as Burke and Webster, Shakespeare and Wordsworth, and it was difficult to persuade them to begin. Only two at the first meeting could be induced to try, and they were Madam Willard and Mrs. M. B. Norton. These ladies offered themselves on the altar, as, sitting in the front row of seats, they read to the great relief of the class and to the delight of Dr. Hudson, who was a most inspiring interpreter of these authors. Time, space, worlds seem annihilated, and I seem to see and hear now, as then, Madam Willard as she took the part of the preternatural sprite Ariel, in "The Tempest," with great delicacy and finesse, making us feel that flying,

swimming, diving, riding on the clouds were realities as she read,

> "All hail, great Master! grave sir, hail! I come
> To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
> To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
> On the curl'd clouds: to thy strong bidding task
> Ariel and all his quality."

Or with her we heard the invisible Ariel as he sang,

> "Come unto these yellow sands,
> And then take hands:
> Curtsied when you have, and kiss'd
> The wild waves' whist,
> Foot it featly here and there;
> And, sweet sprites, the burden bear."

Again it was one of Wordsworth's matchless sonnets that she gave with fine feeling, or some grand passage from "The Prelude" or "The Excursion" was read majestically. I have in mind a passage she read with exquisite intonations of voice and gradations of meaning from that noble poem, "Tintern Abbey":

> "And now, with gleams of half extinguished thought,
> With many recognitions dim and faint,
> And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
> The picture of the mind revives again;
> While here I stand, not only with the sense
> Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
> That in this moment there is life and food
> For future years."

And a stanza from the magnificent "Ode to Duty" would fall from her lips as if it were a prayer:

> "To humbler functions, awful Power!
> I call thee: I myself commend
> Unto thy guidance from this hour;
> Oh, let my weakness have an end!
> Give unto me, made lowly wise,
> The spirit of self-sacrifice;
> The confidence of reason give;
> And in the light of truth, thy Bondman, let me live!"

She unconsciously demonstrated in these readings, as on other occasions of her life, that she belonged not only to the "aristocracy of intellect," an aristocracy she had exhorted the writer in her youth to reach out after as the only worthy earthly one, but that the spiritual realm was her familiar abiding place.

Dear mother and friend! There are no longer for her even "dim and faint" limitations of mind and soul!

FOURTEEN YEARS AT REST COTTAGE.

BY ANNA A. GORDON.

From the spring of 1878 until August of 1892—for fourteen years—I was one of the happy home circle of which Miss Willard's mother was the central figure, and I count it among the rarest privileges of my life to have been thus intimately associated with so grand a character. To describe her unique personality would be no small undertaking; for no one can fitly measure a character loftier than his own. In the nature of the case he cannot reach up far enough. But among all who have brought to these pages their tributes of veneration and love, no one was more sincerely attached to "Mother Willard" and none tried to be more loyal.

When I first saw Madam Willard she was seventy-three, but the brightness of her spirit made her seem "seventy-three years young" rather than old, and most truly might it be said of her that "Die when she would, she would die in her youth."

Her sunset of life was ideal; her good cheer, sympathy and keenness of mind illumined these closing years of her life with a radiance as rare as it was beautiful. Physically she bore her years so well that it was a household pleasantry to recall the greeting she received one morning at the railway station when she and her daughter were leaving Janesville, Wis., where Miss Willard had spoken the night before, and though there were thirty-five years difference in their ages the mother was complimented



ANNA A. GORDON.

on the "admirable address" she had made the previous evening. That this was an exaggeration is apparent, but it gives a hint of the unwearying vigor and courageous bearing which were among her most pronounced characteristics.

Of all the persons I have ever known she was the most imperturbable and self-sustained. Her Christian philosophy was equal to any strain that might be put upon it. She believed in God, in duty and in immortality. So far as any one can testify, her faith in Christianity was never moved by one hair's breadth through all the changing scenes of a life that had known much of hardship, contradiction and bereavement. She was less dependent on others for her happiness than any one of whom I have had knowledge. Quietly seated in that serene upper room, which we all looked upon as the "Chamber of Peace," she read her favorite authors, made her many scrap-books, folded circulars and documents innumerable in the interest of the cause she loved; wrote letters in her fair, clear hand with uniform exactness and deliberation, and was always ready to welcome with a motherly smile and hearty greeting those who sought her presence, sympathy or counsel.

Combined with this strong individuality that did not lean on others for support was a warmth of interest in all sorts and conditions of people that proved her well-nigh universal sympathy.

One of her grandchildren has well said, "I never left grandma's presence without feeling cheered and comforted."

She always dwelt on the best qualities of those about her and believed in them so thoroughly that they were sure to blossom out in the sunshine of her kindly faith.

I hardly ever entered her room but she had a bit of poetry, or a pithy paragraph, or an eloquent quotation from some great orator which she would read aloud with her rare appreciation while her eyes would kindle or her lips quiver according to her humor or the pathos of the words.

When the white ribbon birthday book, with its hundreds

of quotations from women of all times, was being prepared, her interest and criticism were invaluable. She had keen discernment and discrimination in determining the aptness of a phrase or the appropriateness of a selection.

She was a great lover of music but I never heard her voice in sacred song save on one or two occasions when in sweet, clear tones, though slightly tremulous, she sang a line of some dear old hymn she had loved as a child, so deeply absorbed in showing us the beauty of words or music that she quite forgot she "could not sing."

At the age of eighty-five she wrote the following charming bit of verse which has been recited all over the world by the "little soldiers newly mustered in to the army of temptation and of sin."

LITTLE PEOPLE.

The world will be what you make it,
Little people;
It will be as you shape it,
Little people.
Then be studious and brave,
And your country help to save,
Little people.

When we walk into the gray,
Little people,
And you into the day,
Little people,
We will beckon you along
With a very tender song,
Little people.

If war is in the air,
Little people,
When we make our final prayer,
Little people,
We will pass along to you
All the work we tried to do,
Little people.

So be valiant for the right,
Little people,
For a battle you must fight,
Little people;

'Twill be glory when you win,
But to falter would be sin,
Little people.

Then be studious and brave,
Little people,
And your country help to save,
Little people,
From whisky, rum and gin,
And the evils they bring in,
Little people.

One of her favorite occupations was to watch the children of the neighborhood as they passed Rest Cottage on their way to school. She would speak of them in a sort of half soliloquy, with a voice of infinite tenderness and sympathy, hoping and praying that they might have friends in their youth and inexperience; that they might make their way nobly and well along the intricate path of life, and into a safer and a better world.

With all her good cheer she seemed sorry for the little ones, and there was often much of the minor key that we hear in Mrs. Browning's "Cry of the Children," a poem of which she was particularly fond, and which she never read without tears. Indeed, the only note that was not jubilant in all the many keys that her varied conversation struck was when she talked of the pitiful little child let loose in this great grinding mill of a world. I used to think she saw again her own beloved little flock who in the life at Forest Home were almost totally dependent on her for comfort and inspiration, and that she also saw the children of her only son who, as she advanced in years, seemed to her more and more like her very own and for whom she felt the utmost solicitude. This was especially true of the first-born of her four grandchildren. Her faithfulness to this dear youth was without bounds; her prayers "rose like a fountain" for him "day and night"; her dying thoughts turned toward him with an infinite hope. Her beautiful hand, when we laid her away, held his last letter which she said was "good enough to go to

heaven on," and when among the mountains of the far West he learned that she was gone, he wrote the most heartbroken letter of the hundreds that were received, saying, "Grandma was my idol; she loved me just the same whether I did well or ill."

One of the salient features of Madam Willard's character was promptitude; well did she keep us "up to time." The breakfast hour was usually announced in her firm, cheerful tones resounding through the little cottage home as she called out, "Come, girls, come. Aren't you coming? We can't wait."

Family worship followed as a matter of course, even if owing to early trains or for any other reason Madam Willard had to conduct the service alone.

No indebtedness was allowed to remain peaceably outstanding. "Have you paid the pew rent?" "Have you attended to the grocery bill?" "Have you looked after Eda's wages?" These were questions frequently asked.

Another marked trait was orderliness. Nothing was ever out of place in her room and no amount of fatigue would prevent her even in her most advanced age from putting any article she had used precisely where it came from. In this she thanked nobody to help her. Indeed, we all felt that one of her greatest pleasures consisted in being able to feel, as she did until within a few weeks of her last hours, that she added no greater burden to the household than if she had been in her prime. She was endowed with that most distinctive quality of motherhood—the desire and purpose to help every one else but not to allow them to help her. She attended to all the details of her own toilet and used often to compliment herself on her ability to tie a handsome bow under her firm and forceful chin. That this habit of self-help was one that grew out of purely unselfish motives was clearly proved the last few weeks before her final illness, when we insisted on a few ministrations in matters we felt she had no longer the strength to attend to for herself, and she playfully though

gratefully acknowledged that there was "no luxury like being waited upon." She took the greatest care of her health, often saying, "In this household of busy women there is nothing I can do that will help you all along so much as to keep well."

When she was seventy-five years old Miss Willard asked if she would like to revisit the old home in Danville, Vt., which she had left when she was but eleven years of age. Madam Willard entered heartily into the plans, went with us to New York city, which she had never seen, evincing as much interest in its notable sights and sounds as if she had been a girl in her teens. She climbed the elevated railway and spent an afternoon at Coney Island, delighting in its pageant of outdoor sports, its dwarfs, its merry-go-round and even submitting to the ordeal of a silhouette.

She went sightseeing in Boston and was our guest at Auburndale for several days, evermore a happy, blessed memory to us all. An emergency requiring Miss Willard's continued presence at the East, her mother insisted on returning to Chicago alone, declaring she should have no anxiety. Wholly unaccustomed to travel, Madam Willard made the then forty-hour trip with as little ado as if she had been a commercial traveler by profession.

The following year she accompanied the delegation of Illinois women to Washington to attend the annual convention of the National W. C. T. U. She endured with equanimity the trying tangents of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, and when I met her on her arrival at midnight she was the first to step off the special car in which the delegates had traveled, and with the most cheerful cadences declared herself "not specially tired," although the pale-faced, woe-begone looking delegates who followed her freely admitted their extreme fatigue and declared that she had been the life of the party.

Rest Cottage revolved around Mother Willard as its central luminary. We were all her satellites, and chief among

us in that character was her devoted daughter. No question was so frequently on Miss Willard's lips as, "What would mother like? Let everything be as mother would wish." And a hundred times I have heard her say to her mother, "You know that your wish is my law." If she often went out into the work and left her mother, it was because that grand and self-reliant nature said to her, "It is my highest pleasure that you should go."

I never knew a mother and daughter of whom it would be more difficult to think as having a disagreement, difficulty or alienation.

The mother was always the daughter's inspiration, as Miss Willard's words, both spoken and written, have borne abundant testimony. But this was nowhere so manifest as in the home, and it was apparent that while Miss Willard, who in my opinion is more courageous than the average woman, did not equal her mother, who was more courageous than the average man, she had a greater intellectual hardihood.

One of the most interesting features of the home life was the pleasant argumentation and raillery between mother and daughter, one representing a curious mingling of caution with progressiveness, and the other that more daring and adventurous spirit so necessary to a reformer. In nearly every instance Madam Willard sooner or later decided that "Frances was right," and eventually joined her in her new "departures."

Others have spoken of the underlying tenderness of Madam Willard's character manifested in her remarkable consideration toward every one about her, and most of all to those who were dependent on her good-will; they have fitly characterized the religious devotion that pervaded her daily life; her love of the beautiful in nature, art and literature; the upspringing of her spirit to meet every great-hearted manifestation of character or conduct; with many other salient traits of this nature rarely endowed and richly cultured by the long discipline of life.

Of that wonderful "home-going" her daughter has written as no other could. Its climax was the wondrous light that lay upon her face for several minutes long after the power of speech or recognition had passed away—a veritable transfiguration.

I think that nothing in my life has so revealed to me the inner glory of the world that is to come. While all this was vivid in my memory, a few lines descriptive of the hallowed scene came to my thought, and only at Miss Willard's insistence are they added to these loving recollections of a great soul:

Our household saint lay dying at the noon of night,
The sacred stillness far exceeding midnight's calm;
As those, her best beloved, beheld the solemn sight
As if an angel bathed her brow with heavenly balm.

One touch, and all the lines of age and pain had fled;
Eternal peace stole over the heroic face;
Glory divine encircled the benignant head
Tracing in light the pattern of its earthly grace.

Fainter the music of her dying moan became,
Its tender cadence caught from seraph's song of love;
And now they knew Christ stood beside her—spoke her name—
His mother's name—beloved all human names above.

Brighter the glory grew as angels gathered round
To bear her spirit on their strong and restful wings;
With bated breath the watchers listened—but no sound—
Naught but the aching silence separation brings.

The radiance lingered lovingly, as loth to leave
The habitation of a soul so truly great
And thus illumined heavenly welcome to receive
Our "Saint Courageous" passed within the pearly gate.

Rest Cottage, Aug. 27, 1892.

MADAM WILLARD IN 1851-1853.

BY MRS. ANNIE BURDICK KNOX.

(*This lady was the first teacher of Madam Willard's daughters.*)

"She walks a queen among women," was my first impression of Madam Willard. After an intimate acquaintance, she impressed me as being the perfection of womanhood and she was my crowned ideal of motherhood; more and perhaps better—a complete motherhood, for did she not mother those she did not bear?

I became an inmate of the family early in our acquaintance. I was to do what I could in teaching her two daughters.

I have often wondered how it was that my burden of youth and excess of inexperience was admitted to such an important place in such a family. It is safe to state that I went through an ordeal that has ever been a wonder to me. The question, "Why was I chosen for this position?" is yet unanswered. But now I know the sequence of a visit she made at my father's house. She remained over night with the request to be allowed to share my room with me. We sat and talked before retiring, we talked after retiring till the "wee sma' hours" were almost spent. The next day I kept saying to myself, "What a dear good woman Mrs. Willard is. What an interest she takes in other people. She seems interested even in me. I love her already. But—but—she knows all about me. How stupid—how silly she must think me, for she questioned me so that my whole life is an open book to her. What can she see in poor me to interest her so,—she who towers so above all women?"

She said, "I think you have never been rightly understood." "Surely if everybody could get at my inner life as she has done; if everybody talked to me as she has talked; if people reflected goodness as she reflects it, I know I too could be good and useful." When a few days or weeks after this delightful day and night spent with this incom-

parable woman, the position in her family was offered me, I never once thought of the visit as having anything to do with it. I found that both Mr. and Mrs. Willard were very careful to know with whom their children associated, thus shielding them in early life from the evil of bad companions. Mrs. Willard was a keen observer, yet to me she never seemed to be looking for the faults of people, but rather for the good traits that they possessed. If the individuals who were about her did not grow better and wiser it was certainly their own fault, for she always, when she found good in any one, would try to bring it out and make the most of it. I think she never let a good deed, a resolve to do better, or a fine trait of character go by unnoticed, but with wise, appreciative words would encourage one to live up to the best that was in him. I shall never forget nor cease to be thankful for the influence of the Willards on my own life. How often I used to say to myself, "How easy it is to be good here; everybody goes in the right direction. I can but follow."

If I might lift the curtain of the past and let all who read this poor tribute to our Saint Courageous' memory look in upon those blessed Sabbaths which I spent at Forest Home with Madam Willard, how gladly would I do so.

I thought then, I think now, that no sanctuary was more blessed with God's presence than was the room where I sat close by her side, while she read aloud, explained what she read and discoursed in her own inimitable style, of the things to be. I believe all who knew her acknowledged her to be a brilliant conversationalist. Her talks on these memorable Sabbaths were such as might have been spoken from almost any pulpit, and that to instruction and spiritual uplifting.

Mrs. Willard's wit was sparkling but never unkind. I believe one must always have felt conscious of his faults in her presence. I am quite sure I did of mine. Yet she never said sarcastic words to one and seldom referred to the faults of others. I think it was her own purity, and the

high ideal of what we ought to be, that she held up for all to see and imitate, that convicted most, and convinced them that her model was the true one to follow. She had a way of making a home atmosphere about her. I never felt myself to be a stranger in her house, such an air of peace and safety pervaded everything.

Whatever she found to do she did it with her might. She was a model housekeeper. Those who only knew her in her later years, when her loving daughter had surrounded her with so many comforts, and there was no need for her to be longer active in household duties; when she availed herself of the peace, rest and quiet that love and the years had brought her and so was enabled to live more completely in the intellectual and spiritual world; — such people, who knew her only in those last restful years, can scarcely imagine what a busy, active life she led in her earlier days. It was not always easy to get help, — good house-help, — in those Forest Home years, so it sometimes happened that Mrs. Willard was left with the entire household duties on her hands, excepting the washings, a German woman of the vicinity taking time from her own home labor to help one day in each week at Forest Home. Mrs. Willard was exquisitely neat in her housekeeping. In this, as in all she undertook, she was thorough, and her thoroughness was of the superlative degree. So I thought then, so I still think. She dignified labor and raised it to her level, never once giving one the idea that she considered labor degrading. It was delightfully refreshing to watch her at her housework. With her beautiful, shapely white hands so deftly skillful, her sweet face so genial, so full of solar light, she went about the daily routine, gleaning for us here, as in all her undertakings, many lessons for future use. She taught me how to make the most delicious bread, as well as other dainties and substantials, for which culinary accomplishments I afterward gained a fame almost equal to that of "Samantha Allen."

Forest Home, under Mrs. Willard's administration, was in order from garret to cellar, no dust, no darkened, gloom-inspiring room anywhere; but a cleanliness, a daintiness of arrangement and an artistic, soft toning of lights made all the rooms bright and cheerful.

"Plain living and high thinking," if not expressed in words, was nevertheless a plan acted upon in the Willard home—a belief of Madam Willard's expressed in words something like these:

"Most of the people who live in cities live so high, so fast, that the body soon succumbs to the inevitable. What chance has spirit or intellect under such conditions? The soul is hampered by this misuse of the body, which God meant to be kept pure and beautiful, a temple for Himself wherein He could make His abode; by His wisdom directing the thoughts and actions; thus giving happiness and length of days to His children, instead of the early graves to which such abuse of life surely leads."

REMINISCENCES.

BY MISS FRANCES E. GRIFFIN.

It was during Miss Willard's attendance upon the convention at Cincinnati that for several mornings after we had read the news concerning the convention in which Miss Willard was so interested, and for which our prayers continually ascended, her mother and I would drift into conversations like these:

"The worries and anxieties of this life," Madam Willard would say, "are to be compensated in the rewards of the other, and they sink into insignificance when we think of their value in connection with doing the will of God." I would say, "It is a great pleasure to see one who is so thoroughly grounded in the belief that she will live hereafter. The doubt has always hung upon my mind of a possibility to the contrary. I have felt that it must be so and yet the thought has always been mixed with a doubt that harassed my mind." She would then brighten up with more

spirit than about any other question and answer, "Why, I have no more doubt that I shall live again than that I am living now; indeed, the fact that I am living now is less apparent to me than that I shall live when I have laid away this mortality and that the hours are numbered when I shall begin that other life. I have no fears concerning it,—I begin already the anticipation of the great pleasure I shall have in seeing those loved ones who have gone to the other shore," pointing as she said this to their pictures which hung along the wall in front of her. "I never glance at those faces without such satisfaction of mind these days—I think no longer of the sorrow at their loss which I once felt. I look at Mary's and say, 'When we lost her it nearly killed us; she was so full of life and loveliness and sweet affection toward us that it seemed we couldn't bear the loss.' Now I think, 'She is so safe we do not have to pray for her any more. She has been spared all the sorrows of a long life—she knew nothing of disappointments nor anxieties of any sort. Life was to her only the brief pleasure of a spring day and so she left us all, fresh and lovely as she was, and I know that in a few days more I shall have the joy of her presence, and that it is to continue forever.' When I look at the picture of her father I think, 'Now the cares that were his, in which I so sympathized, the anxiety of business that pressed upon him, and all those burdens of life are removed—he is safe and saved; I pray for *him* no more.' And when I look at the picture of my son who was always affectionate and tender and thoughtful of me I have the same sense of relief in knowing that he is safe and happy and expecting me, and that I have left to pray for only Frank, which I do unceasingly. Her work is not yet done and I must leave her here, and yet I hope and believe I shall be of more use to her on the other side than, because of my feebleness and decaying faculties, I could be here."

The picture that she gave was so vivid concerning a reunion with these loved ones that my heart leaped with

a new expectancy as I thought of the many whom I had loved and who were likewise there to wait for those whom they had loved here, and before I had thought I said, "I would like to have you carry a message to some whom I love, for I know you will see among the radiant ones my mother, who came upon the world's scenes a year later than yourself, but who has been gone to her reward now more than twenty years. I would be glad if you would tell her of me and of your kindness, and as I have destinies in the interests linked with your daughter, the two mothers there may unite in love and guardianship." She accepted the message in solemn earnestness as one who was to carry words into another world, and said, "It may be that this mother whom you love so much is about you and nearer you than you have any idea of, and it may be that she has had the guardianship of you through all these years in which you have been at work for God and humanity. It is to me a delightful thought to think that those whom we love are able to look upon us and are able to protect us and to guide us."

In these later days, when old animosities between the two sections had softened so that I, as a descendant of many generations of slaveholders, could sit and talk of sectional differences with her who was always a most ardent Abolitionist, the subject was frequently brought up between us, and it surprised me to find that there was a broadness of vision and a kindliness of spirit in all that had moved Madam Willard upon this subject which I had been taught to believe could not exist in the heart of one who had been an enemy to the peculiar institution under which I had been raised. I frequently said that our section had not had justice done it, nor had the truth been revealed at any time when discussions were rife. Gently she would answer, "I haven't a doubt that it was impossible to get the whole truth concerning the things which deeply interested us both. I have no doubt that it was all represented in a stronger light

than was consistent with truth in many instances. I am sure there were generous and philanthropic men as slaveholders in whose households and on whose plantations order, justice and mercy found a congenial home. It is natural to suppose that as we were, both North and South, descendants of God-fearing men, that kindness of heart, and sympathy and tenderness, were as common among you as among us. I have never doubted that those who stood by slavery as a principle would recognize the evils of the slave trade and admit that the first steps in this matter were the evils that had to be combated along the way. It seems to me that there ought to have been a different way out of this than the one which led through the sea of blood which submerged us for four years. I can appreciate your prejudices of race, or your race distinction, and how completely it is a part of your nature when I consider that you have only looked upon this colored race as slaves, vicious in tendencies, and deteriorating from all worthiness of character if associated with, and I believe you yield to a most natural impulse in accepting a separation of the races. With us, who do not see the most degraded of the class, it seems narrow, and unworthy of a philanthropist who recognizes God as a common father. I am sure that as you look into this matter you will come to view it in another light, and look upon it as I do."

We would often talk upon the woman question; to me it was still a new theme and the advanced position of women was not accepted by those of my section whose good opinion I desired. It seemed to me that Madam Willard had never had need of any conversion on the subject, that she had always lived in the atmosphere which was only recently enveloping me. I am sure that she must have been from the beginning an original thinker, one who depended upon herself for her thoughts and for the principles that guided her actions. She would say:

"It seems to me that no woman who thinks about the

matter will hesitate to recognize the need of the utmost cultivation of mind and heart since, as the mother of the race, a woman needs instruction and cultivation along all lines. I early made up my mind that my children, daughters equally with the son, should have all the education that their minds and the opportunities I could command should be able to give them, for when a woman is well educated she holds her destinies in her own hands and controls the happiness of her home in a large measure."

In speaking of tenderness toward children I told her of the love I bore for a little niece and she said, with pathos in her voice:

"I am sure children do not have all the sympathy they deserve. I am sure of one thing, as I have thought more about it, we blame too much and praise too little. I can recall instances of my children remembering a word of praise of mine much longer than they ever remembered any other incident connected with the circumstances. Children should be helped as much as possible and encouraged all the time. It never hurts. Love is a great helper, tenderness and sympathy are the best teachers. Children understand these things very early."

MEMORIES OF SAINT COURAGEOUS.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH WHEELER ANDREW.

A year ago we were pilgrims on the Indian Ocean, faring toward ancient Hindustan. Evening after evening my friend and I were wont to climb to the bow of the vessel and, attaining to its farthest and highest point, there watch the brilliant glories of a tropical sunset. We sang the old familiar hymns, and communed with God, while He spread out before us such a panorama of shifting colors on sky and water as could surely be seen only amid the magnificence that dowers the far East. We were high removed from all clang of machinery, and went flying through the air with a motion that was full of exhilaration. Below our dizzy

height stretched a sea of glass for smoothness, and beyond this, toward the Western fires, wheeled a royal procession of colors, breaking into a thousand fantastic forms—pale azure, kingly purple, flaming scarlet and crimson, all merged finally into a golden glory that seemed in truth a reflection from the other world, amidst which the sun dropped behind the horizon, and we were left with a sense of having witnessed a solemn pageant of "the glory which passeth away" from the earthly side, yet with a glimpse also of "the glory which surpasseth" and "remaineth" forever, in the "city which hath foundations."

This is the scene which rises before me as I think of the ineffable beauty surrounding Madam Willard's last hours and abundant entrance into the everlasting Kingdom. It is what we all expected and desired for her,—we who knew her profound hold upon God, and her prescience concerning eternal and invisible things. We are not surprised to hear that her sun went out of sight in cloudless splendor, and that light from heaven itself illuminated her victorious countenance: it is in perfect harmony with the life she led.

I once heard Joseph Cook discourse on "a full-orbed nature"; and the ideal then presented to the yearning hearts that listened *she* made real and beautiful in her daily living. Doubtless in this memorial volume there will be many different views presented of her life and character; this will but emphasize the truth of what I have just said regarding her wonderful balance of faculties, and the rare and varied ministration she was able to give to others.

Nearly twenty years ago I first heard her voice in a crowded meeting for the women of all denominations in Evanston, during the week of prayer. It was the day set apart for special prayer for families, and mothers were there, full of eager longing for help, and unspeakable desire for the eternal interests of their children. Many words had been spoken of love and anxiety, of advice and exhortation; but when Madam Willard arose and began speak-

ing, instantly the atmosphere was changed, and it was as if she gathered all our hearts in her hand of gentle, irresistible authority, and warmed them at the fires of courage and infinite hope that glowed in her own breast. She forbade fear and doubt; she claimed the promises of the covenant-keeping God, and urged us forward, in language that thrilled with spiritual power, to the highest exercise of faith. Hers was the voice of God to us that day. At the close of the meeting I ventured to clasp her hand and thank her. She asked me to come to her freely, and from that day we have been friends in the deepest and holiest sense. Only fragments of the unnumbered precious talks we had together float back to me at this far distance from my journals, wherein are recorded many of her wise words. Never did I sit with her for an hour in that "chamber of peace," her own room, but that I went out from her presence with my spirit lifted into a sweeter calm and surer sense of the eternal verities. I cannot think how any soul could possibly have remained petty, groveling or fearful within the range of her personal influence.

The light of the morning was on her face, not the shadow of the eventide. I remember words she spoke to me when she was past eighty-three years old, like this, "I often feel that I can say with David in the early morning, 'I could run through a troop' or 'leap over a wall.'" She pleaded for joyfulness in the Christian life, and when I went to her in an hour of discouragement, exclaimed, "It is not the Lord's will that you should let your head hang down like a bulrush!" and even yet I seem to hear her kindling tones as she went on with a wondrous paraphrase of the fifty-eighth chapter of Isaiah, ending with what she considered the most perfect summing up of a gracious and beautiful womanhood: "And the Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drought, and make fat thy bones; and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not."

She had strong convictions regarding the sacredness of

the individual, and never allowed this to be forgotten in her large sweep of hope and desire for the universe. How forcibly she spoke out to the young, the timid, those who were in danger of letting opportunity escape them because their hands had not yet obtained strength from the Lord for the warfare in which every servant of Christ must engage in this world! She urged also that no soul should allow his gifts to be swallowed up in the activities of another. Once she said, regarding this, "Every human being has the right to the premium on his own talents; God meant it so; and anything else is bondage." She, herself, possessed a fine, innate dignity which was one of her greatest charms, and might be likened in another way to the invisible coat of mail said to be worn by all royal natures.

But standing out pre-eminently in my thought of her are three qualities in which she was remarkable: courage, love and spirituality. Every decision and experience of her life attest the first, even to the grapple with the last enemy, whom she so gloriously conquered. Her name is enshrined to-day in thousands of hearts the world over as "Saint Courageous." One has said, "God will not make manifest His work through cowards," and the Word is full of adjurations to that holy boldness which fell on the apostles with the gift of the promised Spirit, which sent them forth as burning flames to scatter the gospel fire to the uttermost part of the earth.

Our friend was in herself the very embodiment of love. "In her tongue was the law of kindness." Her actions, thoughts and speech were all in accord with the charity set forth in the thirteenth of First Corinthians. Love was the heart of her creed. She used to quote that exquisite phrase of George MacDonald's, "*Love alone is inexorable.*" Concerning dear ones out of Christ, how tenderly solemn her words one twilight hour of counsel and prayer together; "I am convinced that we should pray much for them, far more than we talk to them; and

above all, *love them forever.*" On this same occasion her spiritual vision seemed unusually clear — the third wondrously developed faculty of which I have spoken — and she talked of her absolute confidence that God would have many activities for her after the garment of flesh should have been laid aside. She said, "I gladly stay for my daughter's sake as long as God wills ; but I often wonder whether I shall not be able to do far more for her, and for all whom I love, and for this world in which I take so deep an interest, when no longer imprisoned in the body. It seems to me the most reasonable thing possible, and I look forward to it with keen anticipation." I have never known any one, who, with not a trace of superstition or foolish sentimentality, yet unfalteringly sent her gaze so far into the great mystery of the unseen, as did our translated friend. Her blessed dead were as real to her as the daughter of her love who still remained. She said, "I have no sense of separation from them ; they are alive ; they are mine." She lived in the very heart of that glorious paradox, and "endured as seeing Him who is invisible." Her spirit was brave and steadfast in all the vicissitudes of life, and she often gave expression to her faith in the lines :

> "My bark is wafted to the strand
> By breath divine ;
> And on the helm there rests a hand
> Other than mine."

She has crossed the threshold. With tear-dimmed eyes we have watched her departure from the home of which she was the heart and center, from the one left all desolate therein, and from countless friends who held her dear, but we praise God for the radiance that streamed back as she passed through the gates into the city, and the promise of eternal life to us also when our warfare is ended.

Melbourne, Australia.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONDOLENCES.

No stricken heart ever had such world-wide sympathy as have you.
—Mary Allen West.

FROM nearly a thousand beautiful letters and telegrams of sympathy received at Rest Cottage after the departure of Madam Willard, the following extracts are made. The many which could not be quoted are equally prized; some of them, too, are of exceeding delicacy and beautiful appreciation. The aim has been to select such extracts as are representative, the preference being given to those which throw light on the impression made upon others by Madam Willard's character.

(From Mrs. Gertrude Whittier Cartland and John G. Whittier.)

HAMPTON FALLS, N. H., 8 Mo., 11, 1892.

OUR DEAR FRIEND: — We learn by the papers of to-day that thy beloved mother is released from her long waiting in the Borderland and passed through "the covered way" that opens into the glorious light beyond,— into the presence of Him, whom not having seen, she has so loved and faithfully served. We know how desolate the earthly home must seem without her; but how few, my dear friend, have such a precious legacy of holy memories left them as it is thy privilege to enjoy. . . . I think Cousin Greenleaf, whose heart is with thee under this fresh bereavement, intends writing thee to-day.

In the same enclosure Mr. Whittier sent one of the last messages penned by his hand, written exactly one month before his own funeral day:

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND: — I cannot let cousin Gertrude's letter go without expressing my deep and tender sympathy with thee. I know what it is to lose a mother,— a loss I have never forgotten.

But how much we have to be thankful for in the blessed assurance that all is well with our dear ones.

Go, call for the mourner and raise the lament,
Let the tresses be torn and the garments be rent,
But give to the living the passion of tears,
Who walk in a valley of sadness and fears,
Who are pressed in the combat, in darkness are lost;
But weep not for those who shall sorrow no more,
Whose warfare is ended, whose trial is o'er.
Let the song be exalted, triumphant the chord,
And rejoice for the dead who have died in the Lord!

I am sure the calling hence of thy beloved mother will only stimulate thee in thy work for the living. We can leave our dead with the Lord. They are safe with Him. His blessing be with thee!

Ever affectionately thy old friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

ASTORIA, ORE., Aug. 9, 1892.

DEAR MISS WILLARD: — What shall I say to you, now that earth's sorest trial and highest honor is yours—becoming "the child of parents passed into the skies"! . . . Our dear ones are not very far from us; the vail between grows thinner every day. No stricken heart ever had such world-wide sympathy as have you; you are enveloped in the prayers of thousands, and thousands of loving hearts mourn with you.

To me it comes as a sore personal loss. . . . I am so grieved not to have been with her at the last. The one great thing which made me loth to go to Japan was the fear that I should never see her again. Yet, somehow, she seems nearer to me now than before. How blessed must the reunion have been with your father, and Mary and Oliver. And dear Yolande will be so glad to see her! Oh! to think of their joy, reunited in the presence of the Beloved, makes me long to be there. . . . May the dear Father-and-Mother-God have you in His tenderest keeping.

MARY ALLEN WEST.

THE SALVATION ARMY, NEW YORK CITY, Aug. 14, 1892.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND SISTER: — I have but recently learned of the great sorrow that has clouded your home life. Knowing how deeply you loved your sainted mother and for how many years you have been wrapped up in each other, I can understand somewhat the terrible blank and loneliness her promotion will mean to you. That she was aged and that the event was more or less expected might seem to those who had never known a mother's companionship, to lessen the sorrow and desolation of your heart. But I am

sure that it has been to you just as sore a testing time—just as bitter a cup—as such a parting can ever be.

I do pray that the dear everlasting arms may uphold and comfort you.

I am sure that the knowledge of the joy, comfort and pride she always took in you must be a solace at this time, and also to know that all the sorrow is yours, and all the joy and family reunion is hers in the palace of rest to which she has gone.

My heart is full of love and sympathy for you, but I realize how poor is human sympathy at such an hour and how far short of reaching the deep wounds of the heart which the loving touch of Christ alone can heal.

Praying that "as one whom his mother comforteth" He may comfort you, believe me, ever yours affectionately; in service for the unloved and unmothered millions of our country,

MAUD B. BOOTH.

(From Mr. A. W. Gutridge. Organizer for the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America.)

ST. PAUL, MINN., Aug. 12, 1892.

I had intended to call upon you on Monday the 8th inst. But on Sunday morning I read of the death of your mother, so I delayed my return two days in order to attend the funeral. I attended the services at the church, and also those at the cemetery. I did not feel like breaking in upon your thoughts there, but I met Miss Guernsey, and asked her to convey to you, not the regulation token of sympathy, but my heartiest congratulations upon your having had such a mother. The present should be moments of supremest happiness and joy to you. If not, what is there on earth to bring such?

I admired very much the many bright and touching things said by the various speakers, but I could not quite free myself from the impression that the most beautiful sentences spoken, both as to style and sentiment, were quotations from your mother's own writings or sayings.

Mrs. Josephine Nichols, President of the Indiana W. C. T. U., said, in her annual address, October, 1892:

Madam Willard's name is a name of blessed memory, not only to every white-ribbon woman, but to all womankind. An example of strength, yet with every element of character of perfect refinement in fibre. A mother devoted and self-sacrificing, yet loyal to the highest discipline. A woman tender and loving in every relation in life, yet without the softness that indicates weakness of will power; a born leader among her fellows, yet simple and earnest as

a child; a Christian staunch and stalwart in the ruling of her own life, but full of a boundless charity for the foibles of weaker spirits,—surely her life, broadened by knowledge, developed by discipline and mellowed by the ripening of an age and experience attained to by few, is a light for other women, set on a hill, where it cannot be hid, but will bring to women of every class a warmth and brightness that will invigorate and bless. No darkness could be around her going away, for it was only the perfect rounding up of a blessed and blessing-giving record. Truly it is well for us to say, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

(From Countess Ida Wedel-Jarlsberg, President W. C. T. U. of Norway.)

With the deepest reverence I have read everything in *The Union Signal* about the sainted Madam Willard. Oh, what an example to us all! It seems to me to be those words, "walk in the light," *lived out.*

(From Miss Laura Billings.)

WOODSTOCK, VT., Aug. 11, 1892.

I heard of your loss only yesterday. My thoughts went back at once to the morning in Evanston when I heard your mother read Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality." What a serene, beautiful old age hers was, and what a peaceful going home! I am so glad that I had that glimpse of you both together.

(From Mrs. Katharine H. Donalson, of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society.)

She was a very great woman. Just now I remember a letter she wrote me after reading a speech my brother [Hon. Wirt Dexter] had made in defense of some oppressed man or woman. It was a letter full of thought and beautifully expressed. I knew that such words from your mother—from such a woman—would please my brother, so I sent the letter to him. After reading it he wrote me, asking if he might keep it, saying that it was a remarkable letter, and in its majesty of thought and dignity of style reminded him of Sidney Bartlett of Boston.

(From Bishop W. X. Ninde.)

Few of your many friends could have felt a more tender reverence for your honored mother than did we. Both Mrs. Ninde and myself cherished an almost filial love for her. I shall never forget my last interview with her in Rest Cottage. Her almost youthful vigor and sprightliness amazed me. God be praised that she was so long spared, not only to you who knew and loved her best, but to the friends who were so happy as to share her friendship, and who could never hear from her, or indeed, think of her, without feeling a new inspiration to noble living.

(From Rev. Dr. M. S. Terry, of Garrett Biblical Institute.)

She seemed always to welcome my calls, and always left with me some word of hope to cheer that lingered many a day. How has she stamped upon my soul the impress of her lofty nature and unselfish life! Indeed, Evanston is not to me now what it was when "Saint Courageous" was at hand.

(From Joseph Cook.)

CLIFF SEAT, TICONDEROGA, N. Y., Aug. 9, 1892.

Her presence was an inspiration. But I doubt not that she is nearer to you now than she ever was before. Her mission as guardian and ministering spirit has just begun!

(From Rev. Dr. E. L. Parks, of Atlanta, Ga.)

Her very presence and every expression of her saintly countenance were always benedictions, and many of her words are treasured in my memory as a sacred heritage.

(From Mrs. John B. Finch.)

Your dear mother was an inspiration to me, spiritually and intellectually. Knowing her has made me a stronger and better woman.

(From Miss Esther Pugh.)

Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel? Yea, indeed, with keenest sorrow we do know that the life which has flowed like a great river fructifying all its borders has gone out into the boundless sea of immortality.

Hers was that rarest life which had a cultured intellect, a quick power of observance, a keen discrimination, a heart divinely equipped for life or for death, a faith immutably centered upon God and His word, and which held in calm, serene equipoise of soul a complete mental control up to the threshold of four-score years and ten. The fact that for many months I came in and out of her home at all hours has turned to me so many of the facets of the marvelous cutting of her character, that I am asked to give a brief glimpse of some of them,—just a faint, reverential, affectionate picture.

At the morning worship we listened to the "favorite" hymns (and there were many) but it was only the best poetry, the finest sentiment that had that title. The prayer of this blessed saint at this hour was more communion than supplication, and the absent were always remembered in this talking face to face with God.

Later, I see her tall, commanding figure, with so little visible weight of years, framed in the doorway of Miss Willard's Den, as from the morning paper, in which she kept step with the pace of the whole world, she brought some special item, or from the books which she read with the zest of youth she gave a thought.

The grace of the noon hour meal brought the world-wide force of the white-ribboners always into remembrance before the throne, and I always felt that the prophetic influence of that voice *must* vibrate the world around.

Were there afternoon callers in the parlor each must learn some lesson from that store of wisdom in whose presence was never small talk or gossip. Was it the Sunday evening "sing," those hours seem the very entrance to the gates of pearl as hymn after hymn, the "favorites" again, were sung to the accompaniment on the piano by Anna Gordon.

In the ordinary conversation there was only the best and highest thought, but lighted with the keenest wit and quickest flashes of humor, like sunshine on snow, so scintillating and bright. Did some of our hearts need mothering, how quickly that great mother heart responded, and now how doubly bereaved we are as we have lost another mother, so ready, so sympathetic was she to us. Whatever might be the object of interest in the house she entered into it with zest and appreciation ; hers was a dignity to which all interests might be carried.

But my narrow limitations do not at all suffice for justice to this most remarkable woman. We find old age does not necessarily impair the faculties, nor use nor years dim the powers. To have known Madam Willard intimately, to have been admitted to the inner sanctuary of her life, has been a rare privilege, indeed.

(From Miss Florence Balgarnie, National Lecturer of the British Women's Temperance Association.)

REDRUTH, CORNWALL, ENGLAND.

At Rest Cottage I always felt that the Unseen was about as real as the Seen. . . I shall ever esteem it one of the great privileges of my life to have enjoyed the society of so *grand* a woman as Madam Willard, even for a brief space.

(From Mrs. Jessie Brown Hilton.)

CHICAGO.

The tender mother and wise adviser of all young mothers is gone. I have often turned to her life with her children, and studied her methods and words, as the most perfect model I could find ; and I have wished that I might take the perplexities of motherhood and the anxious questionings of other mothers to her, and ask her, in her gentle wisdom, to solve them for me.

(From Mrs. J. A. Pearsons, Evanston, one of Madam Willard's nearest friends for thirty years.)

Madam Willard was more to me than any one — those connected with her family life can understand my meaning. Her strong, good

sense and insight into character made her a judge of human nature; such was her attachment to her friends, and her unswerving fidelity to them, that even when she must differ from them, or reluctantly reprove, one could but feel that it was done from the highest sense of duty, and with the purpose of ultimate good. In her society, hours diminished to moments, and I always carried away reflections on topics of public interest, as well as what concerned my own immediate need, generally in the way of advice upon a course I was about to pursue, but often in entanglements that I fear my unwisdom may have led me into. I can say that I loved her, trusted her, and miss her, oh, so much.

My dear daughter Helen writes:

Received *Union Signal* with F. E. W. in the corner. How can I ever thank her enough for the opportunity of knowing of these last days — beautiful, beautiful! Think of the many who will read those words, who, from fear of death, are all their lives subject to bondage, and then think of the good the record of that mother's Christliness will do. I was not looking for her to die! Somehow I had thought she would live alway. How you will miss the sweet, strong presence on your street.

Belle says it cannot be a very great change for her calm spirit. She must be quiet and self-possessed even in heaven.

(From Rev. Dr. H. B. Ridgaway, President of Garrett Biblical Institute.)

DARLING'S REGENT HOTEL, 20 WATERLOO PLACE,
EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.

After all, none but those who lived near you, or have been in intimate communion with you, can fully understand the strong and tender relations subsisting between you and your mother. The relation was more than that of mother and daughter. Her great and good heart sympathized with your every feeling and aspiration, but her massive intellect, richly furnished with varied knowledge and experience, was back of and underneath all your plans. Her wisdom was as unfailing as her love.

(From Prof. H. A. Scomp.)

EMORY COLLEGE, OXFORD, GA., Aug. 15, 1892.

In the departure of your mother all who love the cause of reform feel that a factor, silent but potential, has ceased to act along lines perceptible to mortal ken. Hers was the patience of the saints,—a virtue far more rare than readiness to *do*. To the W. C. T. U. she was the Phanuel's daughter, the aged prophetess, who for these long years had departed not from the temple. *We*, at a distance, only saw her now and then at the great feasts, in the Court of the Women,

and near as possible to the altar. *You* saw her daily at the altar of incense, ministering and offering the morning and evening sacrifice. The worship will continue, but the priestess of the household has gone. Yet the Shekinah remains. The spiritual presence will hover about its old abode and make itself felt in "strength and healing."

(From Rev. and Mrs. P. S. Whitman.)

TOCCOA, GEORGIA, Aug. 15, 1892.

We have just heard of the decease of your dear mother and our beloved friend. Thirty-nine years ago, when we first knew her, she was in the prime of life. Indeed, from what we have heard of her, she was all her life a woman in her prime.

I think your mother's education and natural endowments were such as to fit her for *any* line of service in the cause of her Master. As for her experience in motherhood,—*that*, indeed, was of incalculable value to the world. But this was not all. That experience was an additional training in her own education, which made her more than the peer of any man for the distinctive service of wooing the lost and leading them out of darkness into the marvelous light of the Gospel.

(From President J. W. Bashford.)

OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, Aug. 22, 1892.

In my brief visit with your mother one year ago last May, I was impressed with the freshness of her sympathies. She was as young in spirit as Mr. Gladstone, with a clearer view of the problems of the twentieth century than has that marvelous statesman. . . I could understand why you named that nestling place where mother was, *Rest Cottage*.

(From Mrs. Angus Campbell.)

MEMPHIS, TENN.

Perhaps you will not remember, but I ever shall, the one glimpse I had of your benignant mother in Rest Cottage in her own sunny upper chamber. . . How often that strength-giving watchword, "*It is better farther on*," comes to me out of the fog, like a bell from the shore. We rejoice that her exultant song rings true from "over there" in that same crescendo strain.

(From Mary E. Garbutt, Corresponding Secretary, Southern California W. C. T. U.)

The white ribbon sisters of Southern California want me to tell you that they love you and sympathize with you in your great sorrow. . . Saint Courageous seemed our mother too, and we feel as if something had gone out of our lives, now that God has taken her away. The blessed influence of her life fell on us like the dew, and we know we shall be better women because she "passed this way."

(From Mrs. Eilen Soulé Carhart.)

ANN ARBOR, MICH., Aug. 20, 1892.

To me your mother seemed a strong, loving, honest, earnest woman, whose heart beat in sympathy with all mankind, whose eyes would dim more quickly at others' trials than at her own. . . .

I saw her but seldom, yet I loved and honored her so truly that I feel impelled to tell you of my sympathy with you in your deep bereavement.

(From U. S. Senator Henry W. Blair.)

MANCHESTER, N. H., Aug. 17, 1892.

Your blessed mother! No world can lose her without sorrow, and there is none which her presence will not make better and happier than it could be without her.

(From Mrs. Mary A. Livermore.)

MELROSE, MASS., Aug. 16, 1892.

I learned yesterday that your blessed mother had "put on immortality." I was expecting it from the fact that she had premonitions that the end of earth was nigh at hand. . . . The time would never have come that you could spare her, but the hour had arrived, when, fully ripened for the other life, it was meet she should vacate the body and be born into heaven. My first remark when I knew of her departure was, "She will be a great loss to the W. C. T. U." Comparatively few members knew her personally, yet all *knew* her, would have done anything for her pleasure or assistance, and all had in mind an ideal of her. *She was a spiritual force in the W. C. T. U.* . . You have in her now "a friend at court."

"Europe is not so real to me,—
The Alps not so eterne,—
As that dear land for which, at times,
Our hearts do inly burn;

"And not more sure am I that those
Whom ocean's waves divide,
Will meet again, some happy day,
And linger, side by side;—

"Than that the day will surely come,
When we, and all we love
Will meet again, with clasping hands
In that dear land above."

(From Rev. S. F. Jones, D. D. For five years Madam Willard's pastor.)

COTTAGE CITY, MASS., Aug. 14, 1892.

Oh, the joy of such a life! the grandeur of such a character! the magnificence of such a consummation! Oh, the inestimable legacy of such a womanhood and motherhood! She was so gentle and so strong, so tender and so true! . . I shall never forget my first visit with her, nor any visit since. She always refreshed me.

(From Mary Warner.)

ST. JOHN, N. B., Aug. 17, 1892.

Sitting in your room on a sunny day of early spring, and talking with your beloved mother of my mother, she said, "Is *she* anxious to go home, too?" There was such longing in the tone that when I knew her journey was ended, I felt to rejoice with her.

(From Dr. Kate C. Bushnell, round-the-world missionary of World's W. C. T. U.)

BRISBANE, QUEENSLAND, Sept. 16, 1892.

I realize how strong my love for her has always been, and that no other woman of her years could have caused the same sense of deep personal loss in her passing away, save my own dear mother. We did not know why, until now, but Mrs. Andrew and myself have been led to very constant prayer for you for weeks past.

(From Mrs. Emma A. Cranmer, President W. C. T. U. of S. Dakota.)

ABERDEEN, S. DAKOTA, Aug. 19, 1892.

I had the pleasure of meeting her once, and shall never forget her sweet, strong face, her tender smile and cordial greeting.

(From Rev. H. A. Delano.)

EVANSTON, ILL.

Beautiful, sacrificing, firm, she has kept your light-house, and sent you forth. She was,— if anybody saw and talked with her ten minutes — an explanation of yourself. "The bands of ribbon white around the world" were woven by her hands, first of all. But the best is yet to come.

(From Prof. Sue M. D. Fry.)

LE SUEUR, MINN., Aug. 15, 1892.

What a lovely life, what a lovely old age, what a heritage to her child! May our lives be like hers.

(From Mrs. Elizabeth Wheeler Andrew, round-the-world missionary of the World's W. C. T. U.)

BRISBANE, QUEENSLAND, Sept. 16, 1892.

You will continually remember what an unusual manifestation of His love you have had in the possession,—not only in the first instance, but for so blessedly long a period,—of such a mother, the

very and only woman, it has always seemed to me, who could have been your mother; and who apprehended, with almost prophetic instinct, what you were to be and do in the world, and freely lavished all her magnificent powers of love and sympathy, intelligence and enthusiasm, prayer, and almost superhuman helpfulness, to forward your work for the bringing in of the heavenly kingdom.

(From Mrs. Cynthia Hanchett. A friend of thirty years standing.)

WAVERLY, IOWA, Aug. 14, 1892.

It seems almost impossible that I shall not have the privilege of going to her room and telling her all my doubts and fears. She always knew just the help to give.

(From Mrs. Jane Bancroft Robinson, former Dean of the Woman's College, Evanston.)

The calm philosophy with which she viewed life, the hopefulness, the all-prevailing optimism concerning the sure victory of all that is good and desirable; these rare characteristics in one that had attained so great an age, always impressed me whenever I came into her presence.

(From Mrs. D. P. Kidder, one of Madam Willard's oldest friends.)

Mrs. Willard has seemed to me in her life to magnify the sphere of a woman in her own home,—being not only polar-star and magnet in her family, but a fountain-head, quietly gathering in from all outside sources to send out streams of mighty influence through her children.

(From Madam Willard's niece, Mrs. Emily Gilman Walker.)

One could not have spent several months with Aunt Willard during those ripe and eventful years of her life, as I did, without having a store of precious memories. As noteworthy I might mention her interest in and regard for her faithful domestic. "I should regret," she once said, "any circumstance that would break up this household if for no other reason than that it would leave Eda without a home." Another characteristic was the skill she showed in turning to account the most trivial things. Aunt Willard seemed to me without deficiencies, without redundancies, a perfectly rounded character, whose soul-windows were ever open toward the heavenly Jerusalem. In this focus of divine influence her whole being gathered strength and serenity to perform the varied duties of life, and in its conflicts to stand as one that overcometh.

Sadly will be missed her noble presence, her wise words and loving deeds, but we like to believe her hallowed influence will ever enrich Rest Cottage and rest like a benediction upon its inmates. Happy they who knew and loved Madam Willard!

Williamstown, Mass. EMMA C. BASCOM.

"I enter into it all vicariously," she said to me, "and I often think I enjoy it more than Frances does; for she is too busy to take it all in." I hope for humanity's sake it will be a long time before you go to her in the "Bright Beyond." But when you do, there, as well as here, I am sure she will point out for you many joys upon which you may enter, because she reached home first.

Charleston, S. C. S. F. CHAPIN.

(From Pundita Ramabai.)

I have the sweetest and tenderest remembrance of Madam Willard. She made a deep impression on my mind, and I consider it a great privilege to have met and conversed with such a holy and lovely woman.

One might well covet the precious memories of such a noble mother. What a legacy!

Chicago. MARY MARILLA HOBBS.

I can almost see her, for heaven is nearer than Evanston, and as one of the redeemed who have come to that heavenly home out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, "to her is granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white"; she sees the face, at last, of Him whom she so loved and served here, and His name is in her forehead. Don't you wonder what that name is? May it not be "Saint Courageous"?

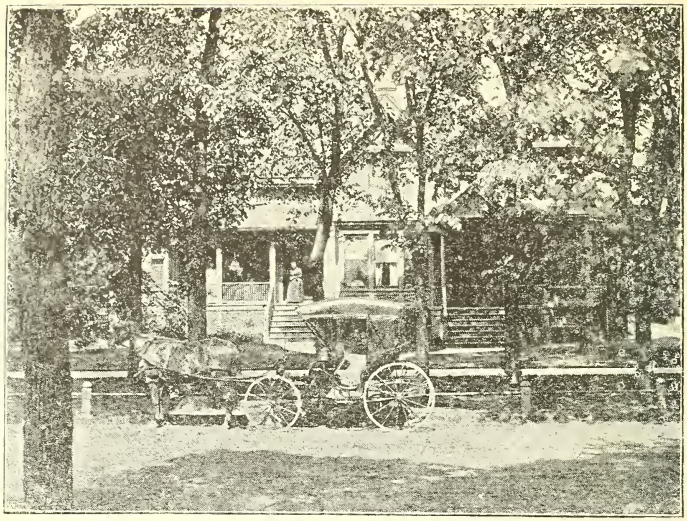
Louisville, Ky. JENNIE CASSEDAY.

Among the list of letters, telegrams and cablegrams, which are omitted, because their messages are so purely of personal sympathy with the bereaved, may be found the names of the general officers of the World's and National Woman's Christian Temperance Unions; the names of superintendents of departments in the World's and National unions; also of nearly all the State presidents of the W. C. T. U., together with a large number of which the following may be considered representative: Mrs. Frances Folsom Cleveland, Mrs. Bertha Honoré Palmer, Miss Susan B. Anthony, Mrs. Rachel Foster Avery, Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, Miss Kate Sanborn, Mrs. Helen Ekin Starrett, Miss Mary A. Lathbury, Mrs. Letitia Youmans, Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson, Mrs. Margaret Bottome, Mrs. Mary Grant Cramer, Mrs. John B. Finch, Mrs. H. C. McCabe,

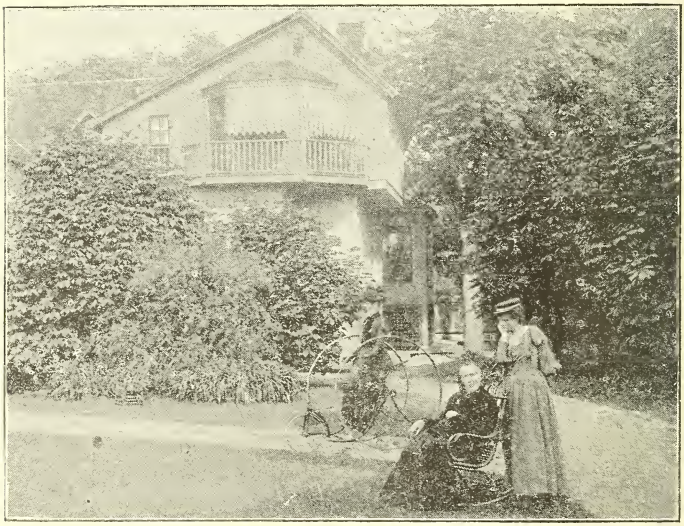
Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, Mrs. Matilda B. Carse, Miss Jessie Ackermann, Mrs. Frances J. Barnes, Mrs. Clinton B. Fisk, Mrs. John P. St. John, Colonel and Mrs. George W. Bain, John G. Woolley, Dr. Arthur Edwards, of the *Northwestern Christian Advocate;* Dr. J. M. Buckley, of the New York *Christian Advocate;* Bishop R. F. Foster and Bishop J. H. Vincent, of the Methodist Episcopal Church; President F. W. Fisk, of Chicago Theological Seminary; Hon. J. B. Fairfield, U. S. Consul at Lyons, France; Dean Alfred A. Wright, of Cambridge, Mass., and the sculptor, Lorado Taft, of Chicago; while England, Canada, India, China, Australia, Africa and the far isles of the sea all united in placing their tokens of loving sympathy at the feet of the daughter as she entered the untrodden path of sore heart-loneliness.

It was especially marked that the majority of friends, whether or not they had personally known Madam Willard, still recognized her as the guiding star, the motive power in the daughter's life. Perhaps the underlying spirit of all could not find better concrete expression than in the lines of the poet, quoted in Dr. Delano's address at Madam Willard's funeral, and herewith appended as a fitting *raison d'etre* for this chapter:

Great is the symbol of being, but that which is symboled is greater,
Vast the created and known, but vaster the inward creator.
Back of the sound broods the silence; back of the gift is the giver.
Never a daisy that grows but a mystery guideth its growing;
Never a river that flows but a majesty scepters its flowing;
Never a Shakespeare that soared, but a stronger than he did enfold him,
Nor ever a prophet foretells but a greater than he hath foretold him.
Back of the canvas that throbs, the painter is hinted and hidden;
Into the statue that breathes, the soul of the sculptor is bidden.
Space is nothing to spirit; the deed is outdone by the doing;
The noblest are reared by example, and blossom by nursery wooing.
Back of the foreguard and leader, stands silent, heroic, some other;
And colossal behind the achievement, stands meekly that angel—the mother.



REST COTTAGE—FRONT VIEW.



REST COTTAGE LAWN.

Madam Willard (Aged 87), with her granddaughter, Miss Katherine Willard, and her relative, Miss Irene Fockler.

(This was the last picture ever taken of Madam Willard.)

CHAPTER XIX.

AFTER THOUGHTS.

All care and trial seem at last,
Through memory's sunset air,
Like mountain-ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair.

—J. G. Whittier.

"AND then they came to a land where it was always afternoon." This sentence from one of our deep-hearted authors seems to make for itself a place in everybody's memory. Out of our busy and often weary days we look away to the calm hills with their misty light, and think how pleasant it would be to dwell there; and because the picture in the sentence I have quoted rests brain and heart, we cherish it. In like manner each of us, I hope, has landscapes in his memory that rest him on the dusty pathway of his active years. To me the home life—now forever in the past—is the pleasant land where I delight to dwell. It was June weather always at our house, because my mother's spirit radiated enough light and warmth to make the dull days bright. She was the play-house of her children, the college of her youthful son and daughters, the society of their early prime, the atmosphere and landscape of their meridian years. To count her in was to have a good time always; to count her out was to feel that the sweetest tone was missing from the music, the fairest color gone from the picture, the charm broken, the home changed to a house. She never knew that she had wrought this spell; no one would have been more surprised to hear it said. Nor can I tell just how it came

about; perhaps it was a thing of feeling rather than of thought, and not susceptible of close analysis. As the compass always swings level in its binnacle, so my mother seemed to maintain an equilibrium undisturbed by all the jar and tumult of her difficult surroundings; she "stood four square to every wind that blew," and was as sunny and bright in the barrenness of a frontier farm, miles away from anywhere, as she was in the beautiful college town in which many of her previous years had been invested for purposes of culture. A single discouraged word her children never heard from her; the more forbidding were the circumstances, the more blithe her spirit grew. Her voice was full of circumflex and rising notes, with very little of the falling inflection; her smile was an inspiration; her soft, cool hand upon our foreheads was the spell that made us good. She never expected us to be bad children. I never heard her refer to total depravity as our inevitable heritage; she always said when we were cross, "Where is my bright little girl that is so pleasant to have about? Somebody must have taken her away and left this little creature here who has a scowl upon her face." She always expected us to do well; and after her long and beautiful life when she was sitting in sunshine calm and sweet at eighty-seven years of age, she said to one when asked what she would have done differently as a mother, if she had her life to live over again, "I should blame less and praise more." She used to say that a little child is a figure full of pathos. Without volition of its own it finds itself in a most difficult scene, it looks around on every side for help; and we who are grown way-wise should make it feel at all times tenderly welcome, and nourish it in the fruitful atmosphere of love, trust and approbation. She used to watch from her windows the little children going by to school, and breathe a benediction on them, hoping that everybody would be kind and considerate toward the young explorers.

With such a mother my home life was full of inspiration;

she encouraged every outbranching thought and purpose. When I wished to play out-of-doors with my brother, and do the things he did, she never said, "Oh, that is not for girls!" but encouraged him to let me be his little comrade; by which means he became the most considerate, chivalric boy I ever knew, for mother taught him that nothing could be more for her happiness and his than that he should be good to "little sister." By this means I spent a great deal of time in the open air, and learned the pleasant sports by which boys store up vigor for the years to come. She used to take me on her knee and teach me the poems of which she was most fond, explaining what the poet meant, so that even at an early age I could understand much that was dear to her. Then she would place me—a fragile little figure—on chair or table, and have me repeat these poems, "suiting the action to the word." Once when a neighbor came in and told her that Frankie was standing on the gate-post making a speech, and warned her that she must curb my curious taste, mother ran out delighted, took me in her arms, and, without criticising me for having chosen such a public pedestal, told me she thought I would better "say my pieces" to her rather than to any one who might pass by, because she understood them better, and could help me to speak them right. Thus without reproof, but by substituting the more excellent way, she had the rare and happy art of securing obedience without seeming to seek for it. To my mind the jewel of her character and method with her children was, that she knew how without effort to keep an open way always between her inmost heart and theirs; they wanted no other confidant; everybody seemed less desirable than mother. If something very pleasant happened to us when we were out playing with other children, or spending an afternoon at a neighbor's, we would scamper home as fast as our little feet would carry us, because we did not feel that we had gained the full happiness from anything that came to us till mother knew it.

I remember when at fourteen years of age I ventured to send one of my crude little compositions to the village paper, I took no one into my confidence but her. My father would have said, "You are not ready yet; wait till you are older." My brother, ever tolerant as he was, would have thought it curious that I should imagine that I could write something to the people that they would wish to read; this would not have been in any unkind spirit, but as the outgrowth of his own shy and timid nature. But mother said, "Well, my child, you can but try. I do not see any harm in it; I should be glad to have you write. And if he does not publish what you send to him, the editor will perhaps give you some good suggestion." She always took a positive rather than a negative attitude toward what her children wished to do; she always encouraged them to try, seeking to help their growth along lines chosen by themselves rather than foreordained by her. I remember in my earliest teens I had heard of Frances Burney and how she wrote a book, and, I think, was reader to the Queen. Having the same first name, I said I should like to do that; and mother, instead of making fun of me, replied, "That would be a noble aim; but one must creep before he walks, and walk before he runs. The best way to achieve what Miss Burney did would be just what you are doing now: to write your compositions just as well as you know how, to keep practicing; little by little you will improve if you are patient and persevering."

Another time, when I took it into my head that I should like to be a mighty hunter, a sort of Amazon or Lady Stanhope, mother said, "Very well, you can make believe now. You and your sister and brother can picture out our farm as a great country, and you can map it into subdivisions, such as you find on the map of the East or the West, whichever you prefer; and you can explore it and write about it. After awhile you will see whether this way of working suits you, or perhaps you will find something more helpful." It was that beautiful spirit indicated in

one of her favorite expressions, "Let a girl grow as a tree grows."

From the first I had set my face against housework. My father declared that this was treason; he quoted to me Mrs. Hemans' lines from her poem, written after attending prayers in a girls' school. I remember those lines which were most distasteful to me:

> "Her lot is on thee,
> Silent tears to weep, and patient smiles to wear through
> suffering's hour."

My father said this half seriously, half quizzically, but he kept on saying it. "Women are for the house," was his great principle, "men for the world." "But," I replied, "that is not fair; for men have not only the world but the house, and I think women ought to have not only the house but the world." Mother never raised an issue with my father — I never heard her argue with him in my life; she quietly lived out her own sentiments, not antagonizing his; but she did not require me to learn either sewing, cooking, or anything pertaining to what is called housework. She started me on all these lines, taught me to knit and sew; I mean taught me as much as I would learn of these arts, — taught me the reasons why the house must be cleanly, wholesome and attractive — which it always was. She could no more have sat down in an untidy kitchen or parlor than she could have worn disordered raiment. Although not married until she was in her twenty-seventh year, after having been a delightful teacher of the young from her fifteenth year, she became a famous housekeeper, and had special skill in preparing for the table just the dishes that we all liked best; so that even my father, who was not given to praise, was free to say, "Nobody beats your mother as a cook." But she had not an electrotyped mind; she did not think that every girl born must do just what every other girl did; she had so clear an intellect that it was natural to her to think it might be best for each one to follow out his or her strong-

est desire in respect to occupation — I mean, of course, when that desire was good and wholesome; so that when my mother found her eldest daughter was constantly busy, willing to work hard, but devoted to books, to writing and speaking, she quietly permitted her to do these things. I shall never forget when my first article appeared in print. I was about sixteen years old. When my father returned from the town four miles away, I walked quite a distance to meet him and jumped into the buggy, asking him if the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, which was our church paper, had come yet. He said, "Yes, here it is." I glanced over its pages and saw my little essay, signed "Evangeline." Vaulting out of the buggy without a word, I ran ahead of the weary old farm horse, and, rushing into mother's presence so breathless that I well-nigh fell by her side, I flung the paper into her lap and said, "Look there!" But I did not tell my good father, who was so accustomed to my escapades that he never even inquired why I had suddenly entered on a race with old Jack. Indeed, I had many secrets with my mother, which drew us very near each other, for she had had the wit to be so sympathetic that I early learned in her presence to think aloud. No trout is half so shy as a sensitive little child or growing youth or maiden; the first stern word will seal up the young spirit like a heart entombed, but the tender and appreciative response will ever keep the most perfect *rapport* between a child and those who invoked his being and, to a great extent, compelled his destiny.

Both my parents gave much attention to the physical basis of their children's well-being; they dressed us throughout in good warm woolens, which in the cold climate of Wisconsin were suitable most of the year. They fed us on the products of pasture, field and garden. One chief article in their creed for us was early to bed and early to rise. They believed that Nature gives us better sleep in the early part of the night, and that we should have always eight hours of sleep in every twenty-four. "Books

in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything," was their programme for our moral and intellectual training.

One of the special features of our home life was the courage manifested by my mother in every emergency. She believed that women, if they would only train themselves, might have just as cool nerve as men; she thought that their capacity to endure pain was greater than that of men, and she meant to illustrate one woman's power to hold herself well in hand. I remember once when she was driving with my sister and myself, both little girls, in the carriage with her, pioneering over an unknown road, we ran into quicksands, and the horse well-nigh disappeared; she was perfectly quiet, and talked to us and to him in a cheery way, until some men saw our dilemma and came with rails of wood to pry us out.

Another time, when a kerosene lamp on the parlor table flamed up in the most frightful manner, and we all thought it would burst in our faces, mother took it steadily by its ornamental pedestal, and said to me in deep, steady tones, "Open the front door." It was about nine o'clock in the evening, and the door was locked. I never felt so much like running away in my life as then, for I considered that every one of us was in mortal danger, and I was certainly in mortal terror; but something in my soul said, "You must not desert your mother," so I flew along the hall in front of her, unlocked and held wide the door, while she advanced like the masterful being she was, walked to the edge of the piazza, and with one tremendous impulse flung the blazing lamp into a snowdrift. We gathered round her with white faces, but she was imperturbable, and even smiling.

Once, when one of our western storms sent everything whirling and broke off large trees on the lawn like pipe stems, there was a general run to the cellar, as the blue darkness of the storm gathered around. My mother stood in the midst of the scared group, and lifted her hands and

poured forth her great heart in prayer to God. I have always felt that the real secret of calmness in a nature so intense as hers was the rock foundation of her Christian faith. Her religion was not a Sabbath garment, but the work-a-day attire of all the year round. In God she lived and moved and had her being consciously. We knew that she could say with a great philosopher, "Two things strike my soul with awe, the starry heavens, and the sense of ought in the human soul." There was no cant in her religion; she said very little about creeds and formulas. One of her most frequent expressions was, "To be carnally minded is death, but to be spiritually minded is life and peace." And this was a favorite proverb: "Tell me with whom thou goest, and I will tell thee what thou doest." George MacDonald's great saying, "Nothing is inexorable but love," was frequently upon her lips, indeed her whole life illustrated it. "Peace on earth, good will to men," seemed to be the summing up of her plan of daily life; her pathway from cradle to skies was one long train of light.

* * *

A more devoted mother never lived. When my brother Oliver lay with a broken leg in the heat of July she sat beside him night after night with her hand on his wrist while he slept, fearing lest he might stir and in ever so slight a degree disturb the perfect knitting of the bone. He did not know this at the time for she slipped away in the morning lest he should be anxious on her account. She would never suffer any one but herself to nurse my father or any of the children. Night after night she sat beside us when we were ill, and for nearly one hundred nights she bore the brunt of our father's last illness, under which her beautiful brown hair grew gray, but I never heard from her a word of petulance or admission of weariness. I have sometimes thought she carried this too far, and have told her many a time that because I was the fragile one among

her children and brought up by hand—and left-handed at that—and cared for by her until I was twelve years old or more as if I had been a little child at her knee, I was less capable of meeting the practical details of life than would have been desirable. But mother never would admit my criticism. She always said, "If you had not been ever since you were born the busiest of busy beings, I should think there was some sense in what you say, but if you have not done the everyday details of life, you have always been ready and willing to help others in the things you could do well, and they have been more than glad to relieve you in the things that for your sake they like to do."

* * *

When she was eighty-four, my mother said to me one day in her reminiscent tone: "I sometimes wonder, as I think it over, that I minded it so little when you were away almost all the time for so many years, and I lived here in this house. It is well for you that neither of your parents took on unnecessary care. Your father never worried; he never lay awake or tossed upon his pillow. He often said to me that he did not lose sleep through care. He had a philosophical way of looking at everything, indeed we both had, and you inherit it. The Thompson generosity, the Willard delicacy, the Hill purpose and steadfastness, the French element coming from the Lewis family, make up a unique human amalgam."

Mother was fond of music, and on the farm she taught herself to play on the melodeon. She was always studious to acquire, and we felt, although she did not say it, that she had a purpose to keep along with her children, so that they should not look upon her as antiquated, or come to acquirements themselves that made her a less congenial comrade. In this she surely showed the subtlest wisdom.

I think the key to mother's long and tranquil life is to be found in the conscientious care with which she required

herself to sleep. Many an evening, so many that it became a proverb in the family, she would take her leave of us before the circle around the evening lamp was broken, saying, "I must go to bed and to sleep, for my children's sake, that I may still be young-hearted when I am old." Of course this made us think that sleep had magic in it, and the habit was sedulously followed by my sister and myself, and so far as I know, by my brother.

One of my mother's most frequent stories when she was taken to task for not initiating her daughters early into the routine of daily domestic cares, was this: "I once read about two Arabs entering on a competition between their favorite steeds. They flew over the ground as by magic, and for a long time were neck and neck, as if their horses had been paired; then one shot a short distance ahead of his rival, and he who was left behind called out, 'Did your horse ever do a day's plowing?' 'Yes,' was the answer, 'just one day.' 'Then I will win the race,' proudly exclaimed the Arab whose horse had been left a little behind, 'for the steed I ride has lived a free life always, and never knew a plow.' He urged him forward with every token of affection and of confidence, outstripped the Arab who had thought to gain the race and came in with grand strides to the goal far in advance of him."

* * *

In the year 1887, when she was eighty-two years old, I gave my mother a beautiful copy of Daily Thoughts selected from the writings of Charles Kingsley by his wife. I had seen this book on the table in the "Prophet's Chamber" at "Cliff Seat," the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cook. At my request Mrs. Cook ordered a copy of the book from London which I gave to mother asking her to write a little every day, and she did so, with no break throughout the year. It is my choicest memorial of her, and is in appearance an illustration of her remarkable neatness, for it was so carefully kept that there is not a blot on any of its

pages, and the entire volume looks as if it were fresh from the publisher. Sometimes she wrote the occurrences of the day, at others she would copy a favorite quotation. Below are given some extracts:

Jan. 3.—To-day completes my eighty-second year. My brother John was eighty yesterday.

"I mourn no more my vanished years."

Jan. 5.—"Take your loftiest moods and make them the guiding constellation of your lives," so says great-hearted Joseph Cook.

Jan. 8.—

"Kind hearts are here, yet would the tenderest one
Have limits to its mercy; God has none."

Feb. 1.—I cannot write my inmost thought. It refuses to be imprisoned in my vocabulary.

Feb. 2.—That my dear, loyal daughter has such an exacting and intensely busy life, with so little rest, is a grief to the one who once

"Rocked her in the cradle all the day."

Feb. 4.—The eternal years! The hourly miracle of life! "O love divine; O Helper ever present, be with me when all else is from me drifting, be Thou my strength and stay."

Feb. 6.—"God is love," and "Eternal life by Christ" are the two great facts of Bible teaching.

Feb. 12.—John Bright has truly said: "The methods employed to gain success must be persevered in to retain it."

Feb. 17.—"He builds too low who builds below the stars."

Feb. 21.—

"May I reach that purest heaven,
Be to other souls the cup of strength in some great agony,
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused."

Woman in this age is endeavoring to ascertain her special calling, and she thinks the unfolding will not come to her second-hand.

March 2.—Oh, the mystery of life, and full of meaning as of mystery! This isolation, this individual responsibility and destiny, how they press upon my spirit, but

"Heart to heart we'll bide the shadows
Till the mists have cleared away."

March 12.—"Duty done is the soul's fireside."

March 22.—Why do my days go on, go on? The three score and ten are past by more than a decade. Is it that I may be the central care and thought of those whose orbit lies outside of home, or is it that I may keep nightly vigil for imperiled loved ones?

March 25.—

"I sometimes feel the thread of life is slender,
And soon with me the labor will be wrought;
Then grows my heart to other hearts more tender,
The time is short."

Apr. 5.—Returns indicate the adoption of the prohibitory amendment in Michigan.

Apr. 9.—That my years have been passed with those whose early religious and intellectual training was not unlike my own gives grateful memories.

Apr. 13.—All at home. A busy household at Rest Cottage. "He setteth the solitary in families." Took a drive with F. and A. and our good Alice Briggs.

Apr. 21.—Organizations are relentless in their demands upon the responsive. There is a limit to human endurance. Let this be a warning to W. C. T. U. workers.

May 4.—No matter how well the track is laid; no matter how strong the engine is made; when you find it running on the down grade put on the brakes! Moral: Don't overwork.—*Addressed to the W. C. T. U.*

May 6.—"What is excellent, as God lives, is permanent."

Hearts are dust, heart loves remain.—*Emerson.*

May 7.—It must be possible that the soul made should absolutely meet the soul that makes; Lord, till I meet Thee thus life is delayed.

"I am not I until that morning breaks,
Not I, until my consciousness eternal wakes."
—*George MacDonald.*

May 19.—I am rising I know toward the skies; the sunshine is on my head. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me.
—*Victor Hugo.*

May 23.—Why is it that I allude so seldom to those tangible things that control my thinking and inspire my prayers; that revel in my consciousness and point me upward to that Presence I feel but cannot see?

May 28.—

"He will give back what neither time nor might
Nor passionate prayer nor longing hope restore,
Dear as to long blind eyes recovered sight—
He will give back those who are gone before."

May 30.—Decoration Day comes not with a roll-call of enemies, but with a loving roll-call of friends; sectional feeling is passing away.

"Under the laurel the blue,
Under the willow the gray."

Several of our household at Rest Cottage went to Rosehill to witness the exercises attending the decoration of the soldiers' graves. I was glad to learn that none of the graves were forgotten, but those of the unknown dead were as tenderly and beautifully decorated as were the monuments of those who acquired national fame.

June 5.—It is raining; I cannot go to church so I sit here and query: Who is sufficiently impressed with the fact that our casual friendships and social minglings have so much to do with shaping not only our character but our final destiny?

July 22.—Pundita Ramabai is a marvelous creation. She has a most comprehensive intellect, as open to perceive truth as the daisy to the sun. I went to hear her speak in the meeting of the W. C. T. U.

Aug. 17.—Autumn is coming. It has few demands upon the aged, but for those in meridian life it is freighted with exacting responsibilities and cares.

Sept. 10.—The days go by, oh, how swiftly, presaging that the future hastens to be here. "My times are in Thy hands."

Oct. 27.—The birthday of my dear son Oliver. He was the beginning of our strength; he was inspiration, brilliancy, buoyancy and sunshine in our home.

Oct. 31.—The toilers will leave Baltimore this morning for North Carolina. "God be with them till we meet again."

"God did anoint thee with His odorous oil
To wrestle, not to reign."

Nov. 1.—A small unkindness is a great offense.—*Hannah More.*

Nov. 7.—My dear husband's birthday. There was much of faith and hope, much of contentment and home comfort, much of care and sorrow in our lives. "All things work together for good to them that love God."

Nov. 16.—To-day the National W. C. T. U. convenes in Nashville, Tenn. May wise counsels prevail and Christian unity be promoted, and may the interests of temperance and purity be greatly strengthened and intensified.

Dec. 4.—I have been reading H. W. Parker's argument for the unseen. He relates it as a fact that dying people often appear to behold the beings and glories of another world, and infers that he who

believes in a personal God acknowledges that there is at least *one* unseen being near us; one glorious inhabitant of an unseen world, and that he who believes that man is made in the image of God must realize that every human assembly that he enters is really *an assembly of spirits* unseen.

Dec. 8.—The Kansas prohibitory law was declared valid by the United States supreme court, Washington, December 5. The judgment of the court was pronounced by Justice Harlan, in a long and elaborate opinion.

Dec. 14.—Are we not anxious sometimes for a glory to be revealed in our consciousness that belongs only to another world?

Dec. 27.—

Love watches o'er my quiet ways,
Kind voices speak my name;
And lips that find it hard to praise
Are slow at least to blame.
Methinks the spirit's temper grows
Too soft in this still air,
Somewhat the restful heart foregoes,
Of needful watch and prayer. —*Whittier.*

Dec. 31.—Good-bye, dear journal; you have occupied a moment now and then that but for you might not have been so pleasantly employed. I shall no longer confide to you in language of my own nor that of others the secrets of my consciousness. I have a tender feeling toward you somehow, and this is more than a formal leave-taking.

1887 has uttered its message. It has assured us of but one thing, and that is, it will never be repeated. A little is photographed on the memories of the observant, a few extracts have been recorded by those who wield the pen. The year has left some scars, but it has also healed many wounds. Its discipline has been mild when safety would permit, stern only when well-being so demanded, and then with every possible mitigation consistent with our highest interest and the interest of good government.

* * *

At different times during the eighteen years of life at Rest Cottage, after I entered the temperance reform, we had hardly less than a score of white ribbon friends and helpers who lived under the same roof with us, though "on the north side," with their own *menage*, as we kept the south side quiet and independent for mother's use and comfort, no one being with her except Anna Gordon and



A GROUP OF REST-COTTAGERS.

JULIA A. AMES. ALICE E. BRIGGS. HELEN L. HOOD.
MARY ALLEN WEST.
RUBY I. GILBERT. FLORENCE LANCASTER. IRENE FOCKLER.

myself, until, within a year or two before she passed away, her young kinswoman, Miss Irene Fockler, came to be with us. Many a time did mother inveigh against the old-fashioned complaint that women could not live together in peace, and instanced the fact that we never had an unkind word with any of our large and varying family. When she said this I used to think, "Who could have the heart or face to be cross-grained in the presence and atmosphere of a spirit so serene, considerate and motherly as yours?" Every member of the household loved and looked to her for counsel, but most of all for comfort.

I wish here to record the names of those good and sister-hearted women who once lived in Rest Cottage and who were so thoughtful of my mother; who brought her so much good cheer and who loved her hardly less than they did the mothers that most of them had lost:

Miss Mary Allen West, for years editor of *The Union Signal* and later our lamented round-the-world missionary who in 1891 died in Japan; she was one of my mother's nearest and dearest friends—a great-natured woman who lived but a short time at Rest Cottage but was a frequent guest.

Miss Helen L. Hood, who could never do enough for Saint Courageous, as she loved to call her.

Miss Julia Ames ("Yolande"), of whose tender friendship for us all much has been written in her biography, entitled "A Young Woman Journalist."

Miss Alice Briggs, who was like a daughter to my mother.

Miss Ruby Gilbert, the staunch and true.

My dear preceptress, Mrs. Mary Hayes Jones, and her daughter, Miss Lillie Jones.

Miss Caroline Mitchell, an accomplished lady from Michigan, and several others who were with us for a briefer period. On Sunday evenings we were wont to have what is called in old-fashioned language "a sing," mother's favorites being usually rendered. She especially en-

joyed Newman's "Lead, kindly light," Havergal's "Consecration Hymn," Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar," with the old time favorites, "There is a land of pure delight," "Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah," "Gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us," and especially "How firm a foundation ye saints of the Lord" and "Help our fallen brother rise." The sacred melodies of the colored people deeply touched her heart, and she almost always called for one entitled, "Mother, rock me in the cradle all the day." This hallowed hour was closed with prayer by some one of the kindly group designated by our household saint, though when she felt able we always begged her to offer prayer.

* * *

On June 10, 1888, which was the twenty-sixth anniversary of our Mary's funeral day, when she was slowly recovering from a long illness, my mother said, coming into the Den where I was writing, and standing near the door, with her beautiful hands raised and clasped as her frequent custom was, "When I slip away before long, as I shall, you must be consoled by remembering how long you have had your mother; how much of our pilgrimage we have walked together, and that you are already over the roughest of the road, for you are well-nigh fifty and I am in my eighty-fourth year. Then you must be glad and grateful that I was not a clog or hindrance to you, but kept my health so long and retained my spirit of good cheer and tried to make your home a real and happy one. And then you must be glad that you are able to keep up such a home, one that grows more beautiful and pleasant every year, and is hallowed by so many sweet and sacred memories. Few daughters could have done for their mothers what you have done for me. From the other side I can help you more, perhaps, while I leave you untrammeled, for I cannot bear to be an invalid on the hands of one whose life is so greatly and so growingly burdened. I have never been a hindrance to you in anything, and you do not know how it would grieve me to become one now. If I were not here

you would be likely to spend your winters South, and your throat seems to require it as you grow older, and the organic trouble so increases. But I can never live anywhere but here. I am a sort of snail and Rest Cottage is my shell."

* * *

One day, when she was eighty-five, she came into the Den with a copy of Dante's "Divine Comedy" in her hand, and said, "Just stop work for a minute; I want to read you something that ought to be put up here as a motto; it is what I have tried to teach you from the first: '*He who knows most, him loss of time most grieves.*'" And so I put it up and there it stands a true memorial.

* * *

Many a time in her letters as in her philosophy, she said to me, "It will be yours to wrestle, not to reign." She fully understood the contradiction that comes of contending against organized political movements, the alienation of old-time friends, the chilling atmosphere of public apathy, the galling cross-fire of harsh criticism, the gibbet whose threatening form stands at the cross-roads of public opinion; she knew that the outworking of such a movement as was begun among women by the temperance crusade would require generations. She never discouraged me by look or word, but to keep me steady and chastened she would remind me of all this without recounting it, in these words full of pathos and significance: "It will be yours to wrestle, not to reign."

My mother was the religion of her children. What she did was right, what she thought was inspired, what she doubted was despised. She had the rare power of drawing our young spirits to her own as the sun draws the tides.

* * *

She had the social tact that is diffusive but not effusive; that fine aroma of delicate appreciation of the best in others exhaled from her spirit and her lips, often becom-

ing evanescent before it reached the point of positive expression. When more than one person was present she did not fall into the habit (almost universal among persons of small imagination, even though they may have had great opportunity) of speaking to one and ignoring the rest, but her keen, bright glance took in the group, and she made every member of it feel included in the sweep of her dutiful attention and generous sympathies. Like an exotic her graciousness of manner bloomed on the prairie soil even as among New England hills, and everybody who came into her presence left it with a feeling that he had been "mothered."

* * *

Many a time have I heard her with tearful eyes and thrilling voice repeat the following lines to some dear prodigal:

"No star is ever set we once have seen,
We always may be what we might have been."

Mother was most remarkable for what I like to call the diplomacy of kindness; she could think of twenty things to do to show one's good feeling toward another, where most people — perhaps equally well intentioned, would only think of one. Her very attitude, so attentive and respectful toward those by whom she was surrounded; her serious, sympathetic gaze, straight into the face of her companion; the full, tender tones of her remarkable voice, the kind hand often placed on their hands, on the shoulder of a youth, or on the head in blessing; the devoted interest in what interested them, not saying much about her own affairs; the delicate consideration shown in her listening attitude, for she was not a monopolist in conversation; the motherly questions about the health of their friends as well as of themselves; their plans, prospects, successes; the moral dignity of her entire presence; — these were among those tokens of her exceeding mindfulness of nature that will not be forgotten by any who enjoyed her acquaintance — not to say friendship.

My dear cousin who has helped me in preparing this volume has often said to me that of all whom she had ever met my mother had the most complete gift of appreciativeness, not only toward the world of nature and of books, but toward the world of men and women round about her.

* * *

It will doubtless appear that like the moon my mother had but one side to her character, and that unlike the moon it was always full-orbed, but I have no disposition to shun declaring my full knowledge of her foibles and faults as clearly as I have tried to set forth her charms and virtues. Perhaps one of her faults was that she always stood up stoutly for herself and squarely declared that she always did what she thought was best. She would sometimes say this in the tones of a judge—seldom in those of an advocate,—often with the peculiarly quizzical look that meant, "You need not think I am self-righteous, for I'm not, and don't know how to be." She was not in the least self-assertive of her opinions or self-laudatory, but she quietly held her own against all comers as to such lines of thought and action as she had laid down. One who knew her as few did smilingly said she was as dignified and self-reliant as one of the big trees in California. Many and many a time after we had grown to years of understanding have we smiled into her face as she closed her controversy with the one sententious utterance, "I did what I thought best." *We* were always wishing we had done otherwise; she looked upon this as a weakness. "Why, did you not do at the time what you knew to be right and best? That is why you had reason given to you; that is what the voice of conscience tells you should be done; no being in the universe can hinder you from doing it, and I am free to say that by God's grace I have all my life done that which I believed to be best." Hers was a nature absolutely without remorse, but she was so equable and so tolerant toward others that when any one forgot his verse

at family worship or our young friends in their confusion failed to respond when their turn came, mother looked up smilingly with, "This is a good one, 'Blessed are the peacemakers.'" When Pundita Ramabai was at our home and at family prayers was unable at a moment's warning to think of a passage of Scripture to recite in her turn, my mother, looking at her with the tender affection that heroic Hindu scholar must inspire in every thoughtful mind, said, "Pundita, repeat to us some of the wisdom of your poets." Then in melodious Sanscrit, the little Hindu widow, daughter of a Brahmin priest, recited a passage from the Vedas, saying to me afterward that she never before had met such broad toleration.

* * *

In my journal at twenty years of age, I find these words: "I thank God for my mother as for no other gift of His bestowing. My nature is so woven into hers that I tremble to think what would become of me if the bond were severed and one so much myself had gone over the dark river. She does not know, they do not any of them, the four, know how much my mother is to me, for as I verily believe, I cling to her more than ever did any other of her children. Perhaps because I am to need her more."

The sacredness of motherhood was early impressed for a lifetime upon me by the frequent recital of Fanny Forrester's poem, "My Bird," which mother found floating on the current of weekly journalism and committed to memory, and which she loved to recite to her two little girls as we sat one on each arm of her rocking chair at twilight. With an arm around each one of us, with deep voice she would begin:

Ere last year's morn had left the sky
A birdling sought my Indian nest,
And folded—oh, so lovingly—
Its tiny arms upon my breast.

There's not in Ind a lovelier bird,
This earth holds not a happier nest.
Oh, God, thou hast a fountain stirred,
Whose waters nevermore shall rest.

* * *

Nothing gives such solidity and steadfastness to life as the anchorage of a great heart in a pure home. Whatever chanced or changed I always knew that "she was there." As I turned my face homeward after a difficult temperance tour, I knew the door would open ere I reached it, the soft, kind hand would be outstretched, the kindling glance, the piquant smile would greet me, and the tender voice would say, "How good it seems to see you; all goes well here." Then as I broke forth in admiration of her cheery welcome, she would lead me into the house, saying with her arch look, "You make a business of praising me, you have fitted yourself out with an ideal and apply it to your mother, like the dutiful daughter that you are."

She said once, "I have a world full of people to sympathize with; many to love; some to deplore; and on the whole, sufficient to interest and keep the sympathies of my heart alive. I have none but kindly feelings for any human being; and there is no person whom I would not gladly comfort if I could; and so 'my days go on, go on,' 'without haste, without rest,' while the ideal future lends inspiration to my buoyant hopes."

She often said, "Do not desire to live as long as I have, for although my lot has been exceptionally blessed and my freedom from pain, both physical and mental, well-nigh complete in life's long afternoon and twilight, still it remains true that it is a heavy thing to live until the years accumulate upon your forehead as thickly as they have on mine."

* * *

In my Bible I find this marginal note dated 1885:

"Mother thinks this the greatest verse in the whole

Book." The verse is as follows: "If a man keep my saying, he shall never taste of death"; verily she proved this to be true.

* * *

Rev. Elisha W. Carver, for many years a home missionary of the Congregational church, came with us at twenty years of age from Oberlin, where he was a student in the college to the new settlement in Wisconsin. He writes:

Your mother was an inspiration that has never left my life; she was indeed like a mother to me in those lonely days, her kindness was as if I had been her son, and when I married she spoke to me with a frank purity of purpose and helpfulness that did much to ennoble my thoughts of womanhood. She once said to me, referring to some mischievous action of her daughter Frances, "I should not dare to punish her except by words, she is such a highstrung little thing, nervously, that I fear she might go into spasms if I should do so. I have therefore never given her a blow and never shall."

* * *

"Some are born great, some achieve greatness, some have greatness thrust upon them." Of my blessed mother, all these affirmations are true. There are not many men, and as yet but a few women, of whom, when you think or speak, it occurs to you that they are great. What is the line that could mark out such a sphere? To my mind it must include this trinity—greatness of thought, of heart, of will. There have been men and women concerning whose greatness of intellect none disputed, but they were poverty-stricken in the region of the affections, or they were Liliputians in the realm of will. There have been mighty hearts, beating strong and full as a ship's engine, but they were mated to a "straitened forehead." There have been Napoleonic wills, but unbalanced by strong power of thought and sentiment, they were like a cyclone or a wandering star. It takes force centrifugal and force centripetal to balance and hold a character to the ellipse of a true orbit.

Our "Saint Courageous" was great in the sense of this

majestic symmetry. The classic writer who said, "I am human, and whatever touches humanity touches me," could not have been more worthy to utter the words than was this Methodist cosmopolite who spoke them to me within a few days of her ascent to heaven. She had no pettiness. It was the habit of her mind to study subjects from the point of harmony. She did not say, "Wherein does this Baptist or this Presbyterian differ from the creed in which I have been reared?" But it was as natural to her as it is to a rose to give forth fragrance, to say to herself and to others: "Wherein does this Presbyterian or Baptist harmonize with the views that are dear to me?" Then she dwelt upon that harmony, and through it brought those about her into oneness of sympathy with herself. She was occupied with great themes. I never heard a word of gossip from her lips. She had no time for it. Her life illustrated the poet's line:

"There is no finer flower on this green earth than courage."

She who left us lately had courage of intellect and heart, and physical courage as well, beyond any other woman that I have known.

"We are saved by hope." This was the motto of my mother's life. "This is our part, and all the part we have," she used to say. "The existence and love of God are the pulse of our being whether we live or die."

Some characters have a great and varied landscape, and a light like that of Raphael's pictures; others show forth some strong, single feature in a light like that of Rembrandt; some have headlands and capes, bays and skies, meadows and prairies and seas; the more scenery there is in a character, the greater it is,—the more it ranges from the amusing to the sublime. My mother's nature had in it perspective, atmosphere, landscape of earth and sky.

She was not given to introspection, which is so often the worm in the bud of genius. "They are not great

who counsel with their fears." Applied Christianity was the track along which the energy of her nature was driven by the Divine Spirit. She would have been just as great whether the world had ever learned of it or not. "Mute Miltons" are not all "inglorious," and, however small the circle might have been in which she spent her days, she whom we loved and for awhile have lost, would inevitably have been recognized as one adequate to the ruling of a State or a nation with mild and masterly sway. The fortunes of the great white-ribbon cause gave her a pedestal to stand upon; she had been, in her beautiful home, a mother so beloved that she drew all her household toward her as the sun does the planets round about him, but she became a mother to our whole army. She came to the kingdom for a sorrowful time when homes were shadowed over all the land and her motherly nature found a circle as wide as the shadow cast upon the republic by the nation's dark eclipse. Perhaps, until then, she had not been a radical so pronounced as she became in these later battle years, but what she saw and learned and suffered, out in the cross-currents of society and the great world, made her as strong a believer in the emancipation of woman as any person whom I have ever met. She had no harsh word for anybody; no criticism on the past. She recognized the present situation as the inevitable outcome of the age of force, but her great soul was suffused to its last fiber with the enthusiasm of woman. She believed in her sex; she had pride in it; she regarded its capacities of mental and moral improvement as illimitable but at the same time she was a devoted friend to men. How could she be otherwise with a husband true and loyal and with a loving and genial son? All her ideas upon the woman question were but a commentary upon her devotion to that larger human question which is the great circle of which the woman question is but an arc. Oftentimes I have said to myself, "If this temperance movement had come to women in her day what a great magnetic leader she would have been. How wholly she

would have given herself to the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, seeing in it the outcome of all her hopes and prophecies for the protection of the home and the regnancy of "two heads in counsel, two beside the hearth."

But she has gone from us, whose pathway from cradle to skies was one long train of light. She who

> "Allured to brighter worlds and led the way."

Let us go forward with the work we have in hand, inspired by the thought that not only does God work in us "to will and to do of His good pleasure," but that

> Eyes do regard us in Eternity's stillness,
> And there is fullness, ye brave, to reward you;
> Hope, and despair not.

* * *

In the old pastures by the river I was wont to watch the beautiful green grub filling itself with food from the hazel twig, to which it was attached, and cradling itself for the mysterious change by which it should become ethereal instead of cumbersome. It used to come to me then in the dim thought of childhood, that when the grub shelled out the fascinating little airship of the skies, another grub crawling along the bough of my pretty hazel bushes would not even know what had occurred, but so far as its dull intelligence could take in anything, would be sure to regard its disrupted comrade as having met with some great calamity, for the grub's eyes are too heavy to see the bright, ethereal butterfly; perhaps, indeed, the change was looked upon as a disaster when its first birth-pangs and its last came on the dead larva.

We have a right to think that so it may be—nay, it must be—as between the soul and body. It is far more conformable to reason, that a viewless and beautiful being should rise from the ruins of the human form than from the ruins of the grub. Suppose a man should build a ship and freight it with the rarest works of art, and in the very building and the freighting should plan to convey the ship out into midocean and there scuttle it with all its contents!

Here is the human body, in itself an admirable piece of mechanism, the most delicate and wonderful of which we know; it is like a splendid ship, but its cargo incomparably outruns the value of itself, for it is made up of love, hope, veneration, imagination "and all the largess of man's unconquerable mind." Why should its maker scuttle such a ship with such a freightage? He who believes that this is done is capable of a credulity that far outruns the compass of our faith.

Death cannot be an evil, for it is universal. It must be good to those that do good, because it crowns man's evolution on the planet earth.

"Lord, we can trust Thee for our holy dead."

CHAPTER XX.

ADDRESS OF LADY HENRY SOMERSET AT THE MEMORIAL SERVICE OF THE NATIONAL W. C. T. U. CONVENTION HELD IN DENVER, COL., OCTOBER, 1892.

BELOVED COMRADES: — You have heard so much that is tender and true that anything I can add must seem, in a measure, superfluous. When I think about this memorial service I am reminded of the time in my own city, a year or so back, when the streets were blocked for three or more hours with an immense throng, such as has not been called together since we laid our Wellington to rest; and the whole of the heart of that great city went out as they saw that multitude, because they were laying to rest the Mother of the Salvation Army, Mrs. Catherine Booth. To-day I feel that we are holding the memorial service of one who is not the mother only of one whom we all revere and honor, but who is, in the truest sense, the Mother of the White Ribbon Army.

I can hardly tell why such an honor should have been accorded me as to be the one privileged to speak to-day about a life so grand and beautiful as the one we hold in tender memory. I imagine it must be because it is sometimes easier to appreciate the magnitude of a country or a character when it is seen from a distance. And you, to whom the name of Madam Willard has been loved and familiar for many years, have doubtless contracted the habit of looking upon her as a woman to be loved and admired. Therefore, no doubt, when this selection was made it was thought that one coming from afar was per-

haps more able to judge of the scope of the character of this rare woman. Power of appreciation is largely opportunity for comparison, and in the varied life that I have led, the many scenes which have come before me and the different classes of men and women with whom I have associated, I have acquired possibly some discernment as to the really great and noble.

When I came to your shores, a stranger, now just a year ago, the name of Frances Willard was as familiar to me as it is to women all over the world who are in any way associated with works of philanthropy or the upbuilding of the home. I had read her life, and had some knowledge of her work, and with that work, of course, her mother's name was closely associated. But only when I crossed the threshold of Rest Cottage could I realize what a factor that mother had been in her great career. I have mingled with those who are called noble because of hereditary descent; I have talked with empresses and queens, with princesses and princes, but when I took the hand of Madam Willard and she welcomed me to her heart and home, I knew instantly and instinctively that here was one of the world's great women; a lady of such fine, delicate instinct, with a mind so cultivated and purified by continued aspirations toward the good and true; with a face so serene and full of all that inherent worth which came to her through her spotless ancestry and her own natural purity and refinement, that I at once classed her with all the greatest and noblest I had ever met. I need not dwell here upon the way in which that home circle impressed me, but as I turn the pages of my Bible, I find a note entered there which I wrote the first night I came beneath that roof: "October the 28th, 1891—a day to be remembered in thanksgiving. Rest Cottage, Evanston."

There is at all times something divinely pathetic about a soul that stands upon the borderland of the great, new country beyond. There is always something that strikes a tender key about a life that is so soon to be merged into the

fuller life of immortality. It is only when the leaves have left the tree and the bare arms are lifted against the clear winter sky that you can see how every tendril, every twig turns heavenward, and looking upward through the bleak and bitter blasts waits to be clothed upon with immortality. Such seemed to me to be ever the attitude of the mind of her who has been called "Saint Courageous." Her heart was made upon an heroic mould. She was one who knew what it was to bear hardship patiently. To have gone forth from the refinement and intellectual cultivation of one of the first colleges of America to a life upon a prairie farm, taking into that life all the delicate instincts, all the mental cultivation and all the educational enthusiasm of her nature and implanting them in that new soil, demanded nothing short of an heroic courage.

We hear often of the lives of the mothers of great men, but when the lives of the mothers of great women are written, and Frances Willard's name stands upon those pages, it will be the mother who made her all she is for the cause of woman and humanity, who will stand emblazoned in the forefront of that army.

I understood something of the wonderful power that Madam Willard had of detaching herself from the material and living in an atmosphere of poetry and literature when I learned how on that Wisconsin farm, in the midst of the routine of household cares; in the midst, oftentimes of hard physical toil, she still kept her mind so filled with high thoughts and glorious fancies that she gained laurels from her friends for the best knowledge of the works of Pope, and was considered to be one of the finest reciters of Shakespeare and other masters of our literature.

A picture will always remain in my mind of the peaceful parlor in that sweet and restful home, of Madam Willard in her rocking chair, with her Wordsworth in her hands; and that voice that seemed to be untouched by the hand of time, with its clear, resonant sound, speaking to us the words of that glorious ode, "On Intimations of Immor-

tality." And it was almost with a prophetic sound that she read those words familiar and ever exquisite:

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star
Hath had elsewhere its setting
And cometh from afar.
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God who is our home."

Immortality was the key-note of her life. It seemed to be breathed through her,—the power of the Divine in humanity, the evolution of all that was great and good, which was to have its fulfillment in the Beyond, and I suppose that no one could have taken a more optimistic view of all the great questions of our day than did this great and tranquil soul. I have never met a woman who had attained her years, however large her mind and keen her intellect, who did not dwell more readily on questions of the past than on the interests of the immediate present. But Madam Willard's mind, so incisive and so clear, seemed to be as keenly alive to everything of present import as to anything that had taken place in former years. Her step was ever the first while yet the household was sleeping, and she it was who read the news before any other had seen the morning papers. Alert, eager, interested in all that affected men and women, it was this wonderful love for humanity which led her to lay aside all her individual interest and merge it in the great cause to which she had dedicated her dearest and her best. And when that one whom she loved more than life was making in a single year pilgrimages to every state and territory throughout this great continent (a feat that has never been accomplished, so far as I can learn, by any other) the mother's heart, although it might be throbbing with anxiety, had in it that diviner instinct of womanhood that made the world her family, and she cared more that this work of mighty

rescue should be accomplished than that the daughter whose companionship she prized so much should be obliged on her account to stay one hour longer at home.

In the roll-call of the great by and by, when the names of those who have wrought heroically in the great fight here are called by the Great Commander, there will be many of the patient watchers, of the quiet waiting hearts, who endured anxiety, sorrow and loneliness by their own firesides for the sake of the great work in the world's harvest fields, who will come forward to receive as bright a crown as any that could have been won by those who have toiled for the world's sake.

There was a light and shade about Madam Willard's character that rendered her one of the most delightful conversationalists I have ever met. Indeed, I do not believe that any one has true pathos who has not also a keen sense of humor.

So natural did her passing seem from this life to the fuller life beyond that as she lay there awaiting the summons that was to bid her go out through the great gate of Eternity, she had still a cheery, pleasant word ; she looked at life as quietly, as calmly, as reasonably as she had done when she sat by her fireside. She had nothing to change. Her life had always been struck in the key that was set to the songs of immortality. She had nothing to fear, for life to her had always seemed "a life hid with Christ in God." And so as she called for the little keepsakes that she wished to give to those around her bed, and her daughter begged her to give with each some little message, she smiled and said, "If I were to do that I should simply *turn into literature!*"

And now as I speak about those last days, there are two things that I have it in my heart to say: I know of no trait of character that so endears us to each other as that which will never withhold its best from any selfish motive that it belongs exclusively to us ; and I think the beautiful generosity that bade Miss Willard give to every white rib-

bon woman in the ranks of this great army the full beauty of those last hours, reserving nothing, but giving all, was one of the truest pieces of unselfishness that I have ever witnessed. It would be better, I think, for the world and for humanity at large, if all we had and all we knew that brought us closer to the Divine, if those moments when the gates ajar seem somehow to be so left open for awhile that the glory from beyond shines through them, we could tell out to one another. Our life is so bound up down here altogether, that all things which make the path easier and the dark river brighter and the beyond clearer should be passed along "like bread at sacrament." And therefore I have rejoiced that she withheld nothing from you, but that as her mother's life was consecrated to the interests of this great cause, so the account of that wonderful translation belongs to us all.

In those last moments, she who was so soon to go and leave her child named me in an especial manner, which has left upon my heart a deep sense of responsibility, and I would like to say that I stand here with a feeling of deep humility about this very matter. No one knew better than Madam Willard that in the rank and file of this great army there is not a white ribbon woman who would not willingly do all she knew to help her leader; that on no life has been poured out more loving devotion, more tender care, than on the President of this Association. And I think, perhaps, the only reason that she singled me out especially in those last hours was because that standing aloof, as it were, from the work in America, I am able in a way to help her in her work as founder of the World's Union. I look upon it as the greatest privilege I know that in this charge I stand not alone but am bound up with every sister of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

This service has almost closed but we linger a moment to look back upon that which is precious and bright; and as we meet here, speaking of her whom we all love,

we know that we, too, are out upon the billows of life, and that we may be brought into the harbor sooner than we think; but whether tossed by the storm, whether brought through with sails all broken and masts all bent, or whether riding triumphantly the gale, we know that the evening brings all home. I pray that when that time may come and Heaven's gates are opened, it may be with all sails set, with all masts manned, with the glory of the full breeze blowing through the white sails of our life's ship, that we may enter that harbor with the triumphant and vanquishing glory with which Madam Willard went home.

ON HEIGHTS OF POWER.

MEMORIAL HYMN OF THE WHITE-RIBBONERS.

[Written by Miss Willard immediately after her mother's death, and first sung in her memory at the Memorial Service of the Denver National Convention.]

Love's light illumines the pathway ye trod,
Comrades of yesterday, now saints of God;
Gracious and great were your souls in their stay,
Greatest of all in their going away.
Blessing the world that you loved and you left,
Soothing the hearts that your going bereft;
Death did not daunt, and you feared not your fate,—
Sweet sang your souls, "We must love, trust and wait."

CHORUS.—

Born into beauty and born into bloom,
Victors immortal o'er terror and tomb,
Fast fall our footsteps—we follow from far,
Love's light leads heavenward, from gates left ajar.

Faith that makes faithful and Truth that makes true,
Hallow our hearts from the heights gained by you;
Happy white-ribboners, home-like is heav'n,
God girds and guides us through help you have given.
Motherly spirits of sweetness and might,
We wear your symbols in ribbons of white,
"Christ and His Kingdom" our watchwords will stand;
Banners of peace shall enfold every land.

CHORUS.—

APPENDIX.

GENEALOGY.

So many inquiries relative to her descent have been addressed to Miss Francis Willard that it is deemed best to embody here for reference the genealogical data of the Willard and Hill families in her line.

WILLARD.

1. Major Simon Willard (Puritan), son of Richard Willard, born at Horsmonden, County Kent, England, in the early part of the year 1605. Emigrated to Cambridge, Mass., in 1634. With his pastor and friend, the Rev. Peter Bulkely, and twelve other families, he founded the town of Concord, Mass., in 1635. In his later years, at the invitation of the authorities of the neighboring town of Lancaster, he removed thither, where his wide reputation and distinguished abilities made him at once the leader.

A strong Non-conformist and a man of affairs, he was, for many years, one of the most conspicuous men in the New England colonies. He died at Charlestown, Mass., April 24, [O. S.] 1676.

2. Henry Willard, fourth son of Major Simon Willard and Mary Dunster, his wife, was born at Concord, Mass., June 4, 1655. Married Mary Larkin, July 18, 1674. Died, Lancaster, Mass., 1701.

3. Henry Willard, Jr., eldest child of Henry Willard and Mary Larkin, his wife, was born at Concord, Mass., April 11, 1675. Married Abigail Temple, July 21, 1698. Died at Lancaster or Groton *after* 1747.

4. Abraham Willard, eldest child of Henry Willard, Jr., and Abigail Temple, his wife, was born at Lancaster, Mass., (perhaps about 1699). Married Mary Sawyer, Feb. 27, 1723. Died at Lancaster 1731.

5. "General" Abraham Willard, Jr., son of Abraham Willard and Mary Sawyer, his wife, was born at Harvard, Mass. Married Mary Haskell, of Harvard, in 1747. Died "in the French war" probably not far from the age of thirty. He left three children, Abraham 3d, Elijah and Annis.

In most of the records possessed by branches of the Willard family, the names of Abraham Willard and of Abraham Willard, Jr., are made identical. The confusion probably arises from the destruc-

tion of the records of Lancaster in the Indian wars, and the loss of dates which could have been gained from these records; also from the facts that the names of both father and son were Abraham, that the Christian names of the wives of each were Mary, and that each died young, leaving three children. There were, in fact, *three* Abraham Willards, father, son and grandson.

6. Elijah Willard, second son of Abraham Willard, Jr., and Mary Haskell, his wife, was born at Harvard, Mass., March, 1751. He was a soldier in the army of the Revolution, and fought at the battle of White Plains. He married Mary Atherton, of Harvard, and was for forty years pastor of the Free Baptist church at Dublin, N. H. Died at Dublin, Aug. 19, 1838, aged eighty-eight.

7. Oliver Atherton Willard, third son of Rev. Elijah Willard and Mary Atherton, his wife, was born at Harvard, Mass., May 12, 1784. Married Katherine Lewis, daughter of Col. James Lewis and Martha Collins, his wife, of Southboro, afterwards of Marlboro, Mass. He removed first to Wheelock, Vt., and in 1816, to Ogden, N. Y., where he died of malarial fever, May, 1826, at the age of forty-two.

8. Josiah Flint Willard, eldest child of Oliver Atherton Willard and Katherine Lewis, his wife, was born at Wheelock, Vt., Nov. 7, 1805. Married Mary Thompson Hill, at Ogden, N. Y., Nov. 3, 1831. Removed to Oberlin, Ohio, in 1841; to Janesville, Wis., in 1846, and to Evanston, Ill., in 1858. Died in Churchville, N. Y., Jan. 24, 1868.

The children of Josiah F. and Mary T. Willard who survived infancy were:

Oliver A., born Ogden, N. Y., Oct. 27, 1835, died Chicago, Ill., Mar. 17, 1878.

9. Francis E., born Churchville, N. Y., Sept. 28, 1839.

Mary E., born Oberlin, Ohio, March 5, 1843. Died, Evanston, Ill., June 8, 1862.

HILL.

1. Valentine Hill, of Dover, N. H., in 1640. Married Mary, daughter of Theophilus Eaton, leader and first governor of the New Haven colony.

2. Nathaniel Hill, son of Valentine Hill and Mary Eaton, his wife. Married Sarah Nutting whose family were among the earliest settlers of Dover, N. H. Was deacon of Oyster River (now Durham) Congregational Church, and also bore the title of captain.

3. Samuel Hill, son of Nathaniel Hill and Sarah Nutting his wife. Married June 12, 1718, Sarah, daughter of John Thompson Sr., of Oyster River, and aunt of Nathaniel Thompson, son of John Thompson, Jr.

4. Samuel Hill Jr., eldest child of Samuel Hill and Sarah Thompson, his wife, was born in Durham (afterwards Lee, N. H.,) Oct. 6, 1720. Married Jan. 17, 1754, Abigail Huckins, a descendant of Robert Huckins who was a leading citizen of Dover, N. H. in 1640.

Samuel Hill Jr., died in Danville, Vt. His wife, Abigail Huckins Hill, born in Lee, N. H., Feb. 20, 1733, died in Ogden, N. Y., Dec. 30, 1829, aged nearly ninety-seven years.

5. John Hill, son of Samuel Hill Jr. and Abigail Huckins his wife, was born at Durham, N. H., October, 1772. Married Feb. 4, 1796, his second cousin, Polly Thompson (daughter of Nathaniel Thompson of Holderness, and grandniece of Sarah Thompson Hill, his grandmother). Removed to Danville, Vt., and thence in 1816, to Ogden, N. Y. John Hill died, Ogden, N. Y., June 22, 1858. Polly Thompson Hill, his wife, was born in Holderness, N. H., Feb. 6, 1772, and died, Ogden, N. Y., Dec. 17, 1843.

6. Mary Thompson Hill, daughter of John Hill and Polly Thompson, his wife, was born at North Danville, Vt., Jan. 3, 1805. Married, Ogden, N. Y., Nov. 3, 1831, Josiah Flint Willard. Died, Evanston, Ill., Aug. 7, 1892.

7. Frances Elizabeth Willard, daughter of Mary T. and Josiah F. Willard, born Churchville, N. Y., Sept. 28, 1839.

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